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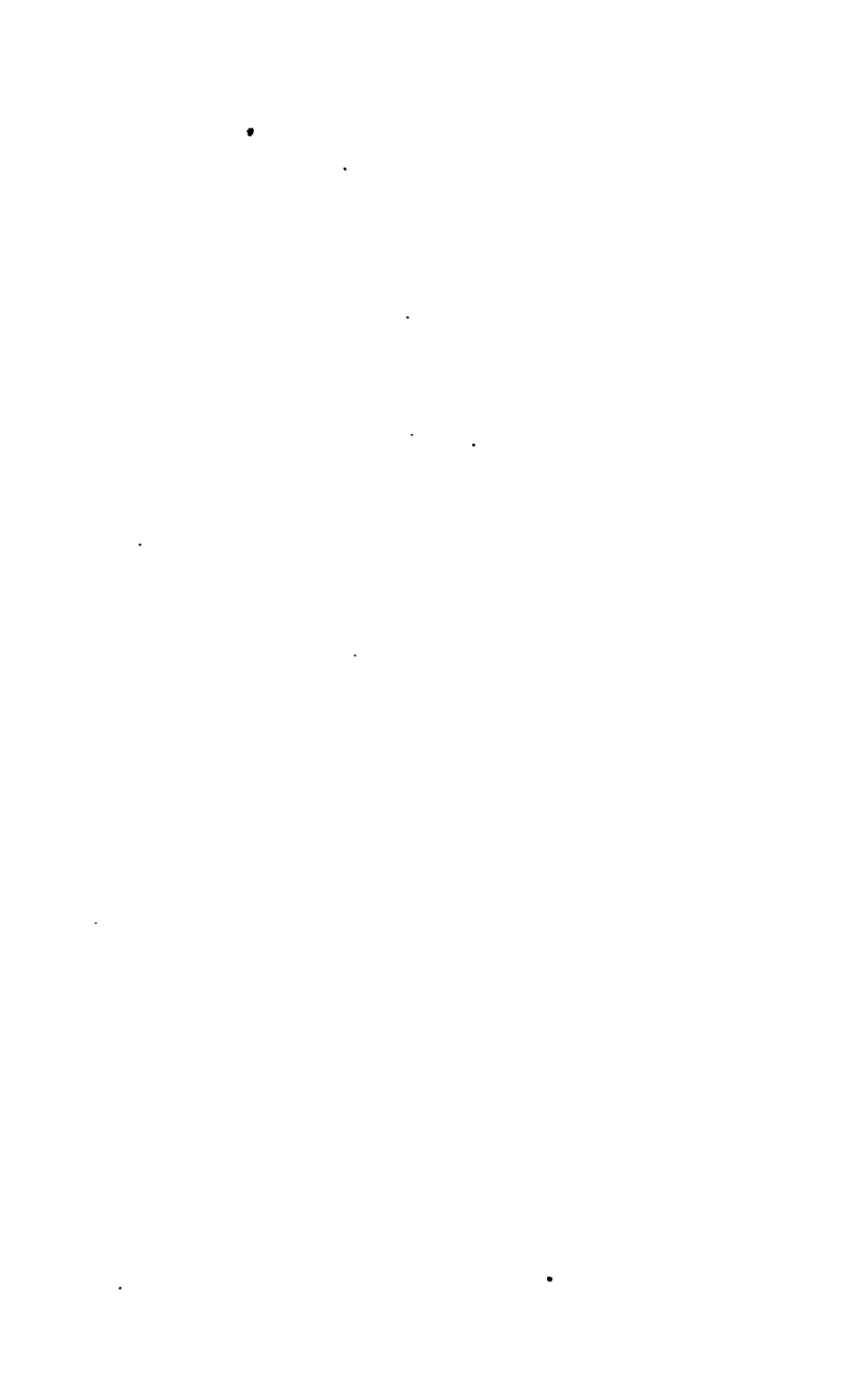
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1917





FATHER AND DAUGHTER;

A TALE.

BY MRS OPIE.

"Thy sweet reviving smiles might cheer despair,
On the pale lips detain the parting breath,
And bid hope blossom in the shades of death."

MRS BARBAULT

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THE

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE night was dark—the wind blew keenly over the frozen and rugged heath, when Agnes, pressing her moaning child to her bosom, was travelling on foot to her father's habitation.

"Would to God I had ~~never~~ left it!" she exclaimed, as home and all its enjoyments rose in fancy to her view. And I think my readers will be ready to join in the exclamation, when they hear the poor wanderer's history.

Agnes Fitzhenry was the ~~only~~ child of a respectable merchant in a country town, who, having lost his wife when his daughter was very young, resolved, for her sake, to form no second connexion. To the steady, manly affection of a father, Fitzhenry joined the fond anxieties and endearing attentions of a mother; and his parental care was amply repaid by the love and amiable qualities of Agnes. He was not rich, yet the profits of his trade were such as to enable him to bestow every possible expense on his daughter's education, and to lay up a considerable sum yearly for her future support; whatever else he could spare from his own absolute wants, he expended in procuring comforts and pleasures for her. "What an excellent father that man is!" was the frequent exclamation among his acquaintance—"and what an excellent child he has! well may he be proud of her," was as commonly the answer to it. Nor was this to be wondered at; Agnes united to extreme beauty of face and person, every accomplishment that belongs to her own sex, and a great degree of

that strength of mind and capacity for acquiring knowledge supposed to belong exclusively to the other.

For this combination of rare qualities Agnes was admired ; for her sweetness of temper, her willingness to oblige, her seeming unconsciousness of her own merits, and her readiness to commend the merits of others—for these still rarer qualities Agnes was beloved ; and she seldom formed an acquaintance without at the same time securing a friend.

But short was thy triumph, meet Agnes ! and long was thy affliction !

Her father thought he loved her (and perhaps he was right) as never father loved a child before ; and Agnes thought she loved him as a child never before loved a father. " I will not marry, but live single for my father's sake," she often said ; but she altered her determination when her heart, hitherto unmoved by the addresses of the other sex, was assailed by an officer in the guards who came to recruit in the town in which she resided.

Clifford, as I shall call him, had not only a fine figure and a graceful address, but talents rare and various, and powers of conversation so fascinating, that the woman he had betrayed forgot her wrongs in his presence ; and the creditor who came to dun him for the payment of debts already incurred, went away eager to oblige him by letting him incur still more. Fatal perversion of uncommon abilities ! This man, who might have taught a nation to look up to him as its best pride in prosperity, and its best hope in adversity, made no other use of his talents than to betray the unwary of both sexes, the one to shame, the other to pecuniary difficulties ; and he, whose mind was capacious enough to have imagined schemes to aggrandize his native country, the slave of sordid selfishness, never looked beyond his own temporary and petty benefit, and sat down contented with the achievements of the day, if he had overreached a credulous tradesman, or beguiled an unsuspecting woman.

But to accomplish even these paltry triumphs, great knowledge of the human heart was necessary ; a power

of discovering the prevailing foible in those on whom he had designs, and of converting their imagined security into their real danger. He soon discovered that Agnes, who was rather inclined to doubt her possessing in an uncommon degree the good qualities which she really had, valued herself, with not unusual blindness, on those which she had not. She thought herself endowed with great power to read the characters of those with whom she associated, when she had even not discrimination enough to understand her own ; and, while she imagined it was not in the power of others to deceive her, she was constantly in the habit of deceiving herself.

Clifford was not slow to avail himself of this weakness in his intended victim ; and, while he taught her to believe none of his faults had escaped her observation, with hers he had made himself thoroughly acquainted. But not content with making her faults subservient to his views, he pressed her virtues also into his service ; and her affection for her father, that strong hold, secure in which, Agnes would have defied the most violent assaults of temptation, he contrived should be the means of her defeat.

I have been thus minute in detailing the various and seducing powers which Clifford possessed, not because he will be a principal figure in my narrative, for, on the contrary, the chief characters in it are the Father and Daughter ; but in order to excuse, as much as possible, the strong attachment he excited in Agnes.

It has been remarked by a female writer of celebrity, that "love, however rated by many as the chief passion of the heart, is but a poor dependant, a retainer on the other passions—admiration, gratitude, respect, esteem, pride in the object ; divest the boasted sensation of these, and it is no more than the impression of a twelvemonth, by courtesy, or vulgar error, called love." And of all these ingredients was the passion of Agnes composed. For the graceful person and manner of Clifford she felt admiration ; and her gratitude was excited by her observing that, while he was an object of attention to every

one wherever he appeared, his attentions were exclusively directed to herself ; and that he who, from his rank and accomplishments, might have laid claim to the hearts even of the brightest daughters of fashion, in the gayest scenes of the metropolis, seemed to have no higher ambition than to appear amiable in the eyes of Agnes, the humble toast of an obscure country town ; while his superiority of understanding, and brilliancy of talents called forth her respect, and his apparent virtues her esteem ; and, when to this high idea of the qualities of the man, was added a knowledge of his high birth and great expectations, it is no wonder that she also felt the last mentioned, and often, perhaps, the greatest, excitement to love, "pride in the object."

When Clifford began to pay those marked attentions to Agnes, which ought always, on due encouragement from the woman to whom they are addressed, to be followed by an offer of marriage, he contrived to make himself as much disliked by the father, as admired by the daughter ; yet his management was so artful, that Fitzhenry could not give a sufficient reason for his dislike—he could only declare its existence ; and for the first time in her life, Agnes learned to think her father unjust and capricious. Thus, while Clifford insured an acceptance of his addresses from Agnes, he, at the same time, secured a rejection of them from Fitzhenry ; and this was the object of his wishes, as he had a decided aversion to marriage, and knew, besides, that marrying Agnes would disappoint all his ambitious prospects in life, and bring on him the eternal displeasure of his father.

At length, after playing for some time with her hopes and fears, Clifford requested Fitzhenry to sanction with his approbation, his addresses to his daughter ; and Fitzhenry, as he expected, coldly and firmly declined the honor of his alliance. But when Clifford mentioned, as if unguardedly, that he hoped to prevail on his father to approve the marriage after it had taken place, if not before, Fitzhenry proudly told him he thought his daughter

much too good to be smuggled into the family of any one ; while Clifford, piqued in his turn at the warmth of Fitzhenry's expressions, and the dignity of his manner, left him, exulting secretly in the consciousness that he had his revenge ; for he knew the heart of Agnes was irrecoverably his.

Agnes heard from her lover that his suit was rejected, with agonies as violent as he appeared to feel. "What !" exclaimed she, "can that affectionate father, who has till now anticipated my wishes, disappoint me in the wish dearest to my heart ?" In the midst of her first agitation her father entered the room, and, with "a countenance more in sorrow than in anger," began to expostulate with her on the impropriety of the connexion which she was desirous of forming. He represented to her the very slender income Clifford possessed, the inconvenience to which an officer's wife is exposed, and the little chance there is for a man's making a constant and domestic husband who has been brought up in an idle profession, and accustomed to habits of intemperance, expense, and irregularity.

"But above all," said he, "how is it possible that you could ever condescend to accept the addresses of a man whose father, he himself owns, will never sanction them with his approbation ?" Alas ! Agnes could plead no excuse but that she was in love, and she had too much sense to urge such a plea to her father. "Believe me," he continued, "I speak thus from the most disinterested consideration of your interest ; for, painful as the idea of parting with you must be to me, I am certain I should not shrink from the bitter trial, whenever my misery would be your happiness ; (here his voice faltered) but in this case, I am certain that by refusing my consent to your wishes I insure your future comfort ; and, in a cooler moment, you will be of the same opinion." Agnes shook her head, and turned away in tears. "Nay, hear me, my child," resumed Fitzhenry, "you know I am no tyrant ; and if after time and absence have been tried in order to conquer your unhappy passion, it remain un-

changed, then, in defiance of my judgment, I will consent to your marriage with Mr Clifford, provided his father consent likewise ; for, unless he does, I never will ; and if you have not pride and resolution enough to be the guardian of your own dignity, I must guard it for you ; but I am sure there will be no need of my interference, and Agnes Fitzhenry would scorn to be clandestinely the wife of any man."

Agnes thought so too ; and Fitzhenry spoke this in so mild and affectionate a manner, and in a tone so expressive of suppressed wretchedness, which the bare idea of parting with her had occasioned him, that, for the moment, she forgot every thing but her father, and the vast debt of love and gratitude she owed him ; and throwing herself into his arms, she protested her entire, nay, cheerful acquiescence in his determination. " Promise me, then," replied Fitzhenry, " that you will never see Mr Clifford more, if you can avoid it ; he has the tongue of Belial, and if....." here Agnes indignantly interrupted him with reproaches, for supposing her so weak as to be in danger of being seduced into a violation of her duty ; and so strong were the terms in which she expressed herself, that her father entreated her pardon for having thought such a promise necessary.

The next day Clifford did not venture to call at the house, but he watched the door till he saw Agnes come out alone, and then, having joined her, he obtained from her a full account of the conversation she had had with Fitzhenry ; when, to her great surprise, he drew conclusions from it which she had never imagined possible. He saw, or pretended to see, in Fitzhenry's rejection of his offers, not merely a dislike of her marrying him, but a design to prevent her marrying at all ; and, as a design like this was selfish in the last degree, and ought not to be complied with, he thought it would be kinder in her to disobey her father, and marry the man of her heart, than, by indulging him once, flatter him with the hope she would do it again, till by this means, the day of her marrying, when it came at last, would burst on him with tenfold horrors.

The result of this specious reasoning, enforced by tears, caresses and protestations, was, that she had better go off to Scotland immediately with him, and trust to time, necessity, and their parent's affection, to secure their forgiveness.

Agnes, the first time, heard these arguments and this proposal with the disdain they merited ; but, alas ! she did not resolve to avoid all opportunity of hearing them a second time ; but, vain of the resolution she had shown on this first trial, she was not averse to stand another, delighted to find that she had not over-rated her strength, when she reproached Fitzhenry for his want of confidence in it. The consequence is obvious ; again and again she heard Clifford argue in favor of an elopement ; and though she still retained virtue sufficient to withhold her consent, she every day saw fresh reason to believe he argued on good grounds, and to think that parent whose whole study had been, till now, her gratification, was, in this instance at least, the slave of unwarrantable selfishness.

At last, finding neither time, reflection, nor even a temporary absence, had the slightest effect on her attachment, but that it gained new force every day, she owned that nothing but the dread of making her father unhappy, withheld her from listening to Clifford's proposal ; 'twas true, she said, pride forbade it, but the woman who could listen to the dictates of pride, knew nothing of love but the name. This was the moment for Clifford to urge, more strongly than ever, that the elopement was the most effectual means of securing her father's happiness, as well as her own ; till at last, her judgment became the dupe of her wishes ; and, fancying she was following the dictates of filial affection, when she was in reality the helpless victim of passion, she yielded to the persuasions of a villain, and set off with him to Scotland.

When Fitzhenry first heard of her flight, he sat for hours absorbed in a sort of dumb anguish, far more eloquent than words. At length he burst into exclamations against her ingratitude for all the love and care he had bestowed on her ; and the next moment he exclaimed

with tears of tenderness, "Poor girl! she is not used to commit faults; how miserable she will be when she comes to reflect! and how she will long for my forgiveness! and, O yes! I am sure I shall long as ardently to forgive her!" Then his arms were folded in fancy round his child, whom he pictured to himself confessing her marriage to him, and upon her knees imploring his pardon. But day after day came, and no letter from the fugitives, acknowledging their error, and begging his blessing on their union—for no union had taken place. When Clifford and Agnes had been conveyed, as fast as four horses could carry them, one hundred miles towards Gretna-green, and had ordered fresh horses, Clifford started, as he looked at his pocket-book, and, with well dissembled consternation, exclaimed, "What can we do? I have brought the wrong pocket-book, and have not money enough to carry us above a hundred and odd miles further on the north road!" Agnes was overwhelmed with grief and apprehension at that information, but did not for an instant suspect the fact was otherwise than Clifford stated it to be.

As I before observed, Agnes piqued herself on her knowledge of characters, and she judged of them frequently by the rules of physiognomy; she had studied voices too, as well as countenances; was it possible, then, that Agnes, who had from Clifford's voice and countenance pronounced him all that was ingenuous, honorable, and manly, could suspect him capable of artifice? Could she, retracting her pretensions to penetration, believe she had put herself in the power of a designing libertine? No! Vanity and self-love forbade this salutary suspicion to enter her imagination; and, without one scruple, or one reproach, she acceded to the plan Clifford proposed, as the only one likely to obviate their difficulties, and procure them most speedily an opportunity of solemnizing their marriage.

Deluded Agnes! you might have known that the honorable lover is as fearful to commit the honor of his mistress, even in appearance, as she herself can be; that

his care and anxiety to screen her even from the breath of suspicion are ever on the watch ; and that, therefore, had Clifford's designs been such as virtue would approve, he would have put it out of the power of accident to prevent your immediate marriage, and expose your fair fame to the whisper of calumny.

To London they set forward, and were driven to a hotel in the Adelphi, whence Clifford went out in search of lodgings ; and, having met with convenient apartments at the west end of the town, he conducted to them the pensive, and already repentant Agnes. "Under what name and title," said Agnes, "am I to be introduced to woman of the house?" "As my intended wife," cried her lover, pressing her to his bosom, "and in a few days, though to me they will appear ages, you will give me a right to call you by that tender name." "In a few days!" exclaimed Agnes, withdrawing from his embrace, "cannot the marriage take place tomorrow?" "Impossible!" replied Clifford, "you are not of age—I can't procure a license—but I have taken these lodgings for a month—we will have the banns published, and be married at the parish church."

To this arrangement, against which her delicacy and every feeling revolted, Agnes would fain have objected in the strongest manner ; but, unable to urge any reasons for her objection, except such as seemed to imply distrust of her own virtue, she submitted, in mournful silence, to the plan ; and, with a heart then, for the first time, tortured with a sense of degradation, she took possession of her apartment, and Clifford returned to his hotel, meditating with savage delight on the success of his plans, and on the triumph which he fancied awaited him.

Agnes passed the night in sleepless agitation, now forming and now rejecting schemes to obviate the danger which must accrue to her character, if not to her honor, by remaining for a whole month exposed to the seductions of a man, whom she had but too fatally convinced of his power over her heart ; and the result of her re-

flections was, that she should insist on his leaving town, and not returning till he came to lead her to the altar. Happy would it have been for Agnes, had she adhered to this resolution, but vanity and self-confidence again interfered; "What have I to fear?" said Agnes to herself; "am I so fallen in my own esteem that I dare not expose myself even to a shadow of temptation? No! I will not think so meanly of my virtue; the woman that is afraid of being dishonored is half overcome already; and I will meet with boldness the trials I cannot avoid."

O vanity! thou hast much to answer for! I am convinced that, were we to trace up to their source all the most painful and degrading events of our lives, we should find most of them to have their origin in the gratified suggestions of vanity.

It is not my intention to follow Agnes through the succession of mortifications, embarrassments, temptations, and struggles, which preceded her undoing; (for secure as she thought herself in her own strength, and the honor of her lover, she became at last a prey to her seducer,) it is sufficient that I explain the circumstances which led to her being in a cold winter's night houseless and unprotected, a melancholy wanderer towards the house of her father.

Before the expiration of the month, Clifford had triumphed over the virtue of Agnes, and soon after he received orders to join his regiment, as it was going to be sent on immediate service. "But you will return to me before you embark, in order to make me your wife?" said the half-distracted Agnes; "you will not leave me to shame as well as misery?" Clifford promised every thing she wished; and Agnes tried to lose the pangs of parting, in anticipation of the joy of his return. But on the very day that Agnes expected him, she received a letter from him, saying that he was under sailing orders, and to see her again before the embarkation was impossible.

To do Clifford justice, he, in this instance, told truth; and, as he really loved Agnes as well as a libertine can

love, he felt the agitation and distress which his letter expressed ; though, had he returned to her, he had an excuse ready prepared for delaying the marriage.

Words can but ill describe the situation of Agnes on the receipt of this letter. The return of Clifford might not be expected for months at least ; and perhaps he might never return ! The thought of his danger was madness ; but when she reflected that she should, in all probability, become a mother before she became a wife, she rolled herself on the floor, in a transport of frantic anguish, and implored heaven in mercy to put an end to her existence. " O ! my dear injured father ! " she exclaimed, " I who was once your pride, am now your disgrace ! and that child, whose first delight it was to look up in your face, and see your eyes beaming with fondness on her, can now never dare to meet their glance again."

But, though Agnes dared not presume to write to her father till she could sign herself the wife of Clifford, she could not exist without making some secret inquiries concerning his health and spirits ; and, before he left her, Clifford recommended a trusty messenger to her for the purpose. The first account she received was, that Fitzhenry was well ; the next, that he was dejected ; the three following, that his spirits were growing better, and the last account was, that he was married.

" Married ! " cried Agnes, rushing into her chamber, and shutting the door after her, in a manner sufficiently indicative to the messenger of the anguish she hastened to conceal—" Married ! Clifford abroad ; perhaps at this moment a corpse—and my father married ! What, then, am I ? A wretch forlorn—an outcast from society ! no one to love, no one to protect and cherish me ! Great God ! wilt thou not pardon me if I seek a refuge in the grave ? "

Here nature suddenly and powerfully impressed on her recollection, that she was about to become a parent ; and, falling on her knees, she sobbed out, " What am I ? did I ask ? I am a mother, and earth still holds me by a tie too sacred to be broken ! "

Then, by degrees, she became calmer ; and rejoiced, fervently rejoiced, in her father's second marriage, though she felt it as too convincing a proof how completely he had thrown her from his affections. She knew that his reason for not marrying again was, the fear of a second family's diminishing the strong affection he bore to her ; and now it was plain that he married in hopes of losing his affection for her. Still, this information removed a load from her mind, by showing her Fitzhenry felt himself capable of receiving happiness from other hands than hers ; and she resolved, if she heard he was happy in his change of situation, never to recall to his memory the daughter, whom it was so much his interest to forget.

The time of Agnes' confinement now drew near—a time which fills with apprehension even the wife who is soothed and supported by the tender attentions of an anxious husband, and the assiduities of affectionate relations and friends, and who knows the child she is about to present them with, will at once gratify their affections and their pride ; what then must have been the sensations of Agnes at a moment so awful and dangerous as this ! Agnes, who had no husband to sooth her by his anxious inquiries, no relations or friends to cheer her drooping soul by the expressions of sympathy, and whose child, instead of being welcomed by an exulting family, must be, as well as its mother, a stranger even to its nearest relation !

But, in proportion to her trials, seemed to be Agnes' power of rising superior to them ; and, after enduring her sufferings with a degree of fortitude and calmness that astonished the mistress of the house, whom compassion had induced to attend on her, she gave birth to a lovely boy ; and from that moment, though she rarely smiled, and never saw any one but her kind landlady, her mind was no longer oppressed by the deep gloom she had before labored under ; and when she had heard from Clifford, of her father's being happy, and clasped her babe to her bosom, Agnes might almost be pronounced cheerful.

After she had been six months a mother, Clifford re-

turned ; and in the transport of seeing him safe, Agnes almost forgot she had been anxious and unhappy. Now again was the subject of the marriage resumed ; but just as the wedding day was fixed, Clifford was summoned away to attend his expiring father, and again was Agnes doomed to the tortures of suspense.

After a month's absence, Clifford returned, but appeared to labor under a dejection of spirits, which he seemed studious to conceal from her. Alarmed and terrified at an appearance so unusual, she demanded an explanation ; which the consummate deceiver gave at length, after many entreaties on her part, and feigned reluctance on his. He told her his father's illness was occasioned by his having been informed that he was privately married to her, and that he had sent for him to inquire into the truth of the report ; and being convinced, by his solemn assurance, that no marriage had taken place, he had commanded him, unless he wished to kill him, to take a solemn oath never to marry Agnes Fitzhenry without his consent.

"And did you take the oath?" cried Agnes, her whole frame trembling with agitation. "What could I do?" replied he ; "my father's life in evident danger if I refused ; besides the dreadful certainty that he would put his threats in execution, of cursing me with his dying breath ; and, cruel as he is, Agnes, I could not help feeling he was my father." "Barbarian!" exclaimed she ; "I sacrificed my father to you ! An oath ! O God ! have you then taken an oath never to be mine?" and, saying this, she fell into a long and deep swoon.

When she recovered, but before she was able to speak, she found Clifford kneeling by her ; and, while she was too weak to interrupt him, he convinced her that he did not at all despair of his father's consent to his making her his wife, else, he should have been less willing to give so ready a consent to take the oath imposed on him, even although his father's life depended on it. "O ! no," replied Agnes, with a bitter smile, "you wrong yourself ; you are too good a son to have been capable of hesitating

a moment ; there are few children so bad, so very bad as I am ;" and bursting into an agony of grief, it was long before the affectionate language and tender caresses of Clifford could restore her to tranquillity.

Another six months elapsed, during which time Clifford kept her hopes alive, by telling her he every day saw fresh signs of his father's relenting in her favor ; " at these times, lead me to him," she would say, " let him hear the tale of my wretchedness ; let me say to him, ' for your son's sake I have lost the best of fathers, the happiest of homes, and have become an outcast from society ;' then would I bid him look at this pale cheek, this emaciated form, proofs of the anguish that is undermining my constitution ; and tell him to beware how, by forcing you to withhold from me my right, he made you guilty of murdering the poor deluded wretch, who, till she knew you, never lay down without a father's blessing, or rose but to be welcomed by his smile ! "

Clifford had feeling, but it was of that transient sort which never outlived the disappearance of the object that occasioned it. To these pathetic entreaties he always returned affectionate answers, and was often forced to leave the room in order to avoid being too much softened by them ; but, by the time he had reached the end of the street, always alive to the impressions of the present moment, the sight of some new beauty, or some old companion, dried up the starting tear, and restored to him the power of coolly considering how he should continue to deceive his miserable victim.

But the time at length arrived, when the mask that hid his villany from her eyes fell off, never to be replaced. As Agnes fully expected to be the wife of Clifford, she was particularly careful to lead a retired life, and not to seem unmindful of her shame, by exhibiting herself at places of public amusement. In vain did Clifford paint to her the charms of the play, the opera, and other places of fashionable resort. " Retirement, with books, music, work, and your society," she used to reply, " are better suited to my taste and situation ; and

never, but as your wife, will I presume to meet the public eye."

Clifford, though he wished to exhibit his lovely conquest to the world, was obliged to submit to her will in this instance. Sometimes, indeed, Agnes was prevailed on to admit to her table those young men of Clifford's acquaintance who were the most distinguished for their talents and decorum of manners; but this was the only departure he had ever yet prevailed on her to make, from the plan of retirement she had adopted.

One evening, however, Clifford was so unusually urgent with her to accompany him to Drury-lane, to see a favorite tragedy, (urging as an additional motive for her obliging him, that he was going to leave her on the following Monday, in order to attend his father into the country, where he should be forced to remain some time,) that Agnes, unwilling to refuse what he called his parting request, at length complied; Clifford having prevailed on Mrs Askew, the kind landlady, to accompany them, and having assured Agnes, that, as they should sit in the upper boxes, she might, if she chose it, wear her veil down. Agnes, in spite of herself, was delighted with the representation; but, as

—"hearts refin'd the sadden'd tint retain,
The sigh is pleasure, and the jest is pain,"

she was desirous of leaving the house before the farce began; yet, as Clifford saw a gentleman in the lower boxes with whom he had business, she consented to stay till he had spoken to him. Soon after, she saw Clifford enter the lower box opposite to her; and those who know what it is to love, will not be surprised to hear that Agnes had more pleasure in looking at her lover, and drawing favorable comparisons between him and the gentlemen who surrounded him, than in attending to the farce; and she had been some minutes absorbed in this pleasing employment, when two gentlemen entered the box where she was, and seated themselves behind her.

"Who is that elegant, fashionable looking man, my

lord, in the lower box just opposite to us?—I mean he who is speaking to captain Mowbray.” “It is George Clifford of the guards,” replied his lordship, “and one of the cleverest fellows in England, Colonel.”

Agnes, who had not missed one word of this conversation, now became still more attentive.

“O! I have heard a great deal of him,” returned the colonel, “and as much against him as for him.” “Most likely,” said his lordship, “for it is a common remark, that if his heart were not as bad as his head is good, he would be an honor to human nature; but, I dare say, that fellow has ruined more young men, and seduced more young women, than any man of his age (which is just four and thirty) in the three kingdoms.”

Agnes sighed deeply, and felt herself attacked by a sort of faint sickness.

“But it is to be hoped he will reform now,” observed the colonel, “I hear he is going to be married to Miss Sandford, the great city heiress.” “So he is; and Monday is the day fixed for the wedding.”

Agnes started; Clifford himself had told her he must leave her on Monday for some weeks; and, in breathless expectation, she listened to what followed.

“But what then?” continued his lordship, “he marries for money merely. The truth is, his father is lately come to a long disputed barony, and with scarcely an acre of land to support the dignity of it; so his son has consented to marry an heiress, in order to make the family rich, as well as noble. You must know, I have my information from the fountain head; Clifford’s mother is my relation, and the good woman thought proper to acquaint me in form with the advantageous alliance her hopeful son was about to make.”

This confirmation of the truth of a story, which she till now hoped might be mere report, was more than Agnes could well bear; but, made courageous by desperation, she resolved to listen while they continued to talk on this subject. Mrs Askew, in the meanwhile, was leaning over the box, too much engrossed by the farce to

attend to what was passing behind her. Just as his lordship concluded the last sentence, Agnes saw Clifford go out with his friend; and she, who had but the minute before gazed on him with looks of admiring fondness, now wished, in the bitterness of her soul, that she might never behold him again!

"I never wish," said the Colonel, "a match of interest to be a happy one." "Nor will this be so, depend on it," answered his lordship; "for, besides that Miss Sandford is ugly and disagreeable, she has a formidable rival." "Indeed!" cried the other, "a favorite mistress I suppose."

Here the breath of Agnes grew shorter and shorter; she suspected they were going to talk of her; and, under other circumstances, her nice sense of honor would have prevented her attending to a conversation which she was certain was not meant for her ear; but so great was the importance of the present discourse to her future peace and well being, that it annihilated all sense of impropriety in listening to it.

"Yes, he has a favorite mistress," answered his lordship:—"A girl who was worthy a better fate." "You know her, then?" asked the Colonel. "No," replied he, "by name only; and when I was in the neighborhood of the town where she lived, I heard continually of her beauty and accomplishments; her name is Agnes Fitz—Fitz—" "Fitzhenry, I suppose," said the other. "Yes, that is the name," said his lordship; "how came you to guess it?" "Because Agnes Fitzhenry is a name I have often heard toasted; she sings well, does she not?" "She does every thing well," rejoined the other; and was once the pride of her father, and the town she lived in."

Agnes could scarcely forbear groaning aloud at this faithful picture of what she once was.

"Poor thing!" resumed his lordship, "that ever she should be the victim of a villain! It seems he seduced her from her father's house, under pretence of carrying her to Gretna-green; but, on some infernal plea or another, he took her to London."

Here the agitation of Agnes became so visible as to attract Mrs Askew's notice ; but as she assured her she should be well presently, Mrs Askew again gave herself up to the illusion of the scene. Little did his lordship think how severely he was wounding the peace of one for whom he felt such compassion.

" You seem much interested about this unhappy girl," said the Colonel. " I am so," replied the other, " and full of the subject too ; for Clifford's factotum, Wilson, has been with me this morning, and I learnt from him some of his master's tricks, which made me still more anxious about his victim. It seems she is very fond of her father, though she was prevailed on to desert him, and has never known a happy moment since her elopement, nor could she be easy without making frequent but secret inquiries concerning his health." " Strange inconsistency !" muttered the Colonel. " This anxiety gave Clifford room to fear that she might, at some future moment, if discontented with him, return to her afflicted parent before he was tired of her ; so what do you think he did ? "

At this moment, Agnes, far more eager to hear what followed than the Colonel, turned round, and fixing her eyes on his lordship with wild anxiety, could scarcely help saying, " What did Clifford do, my lord ? "

" He got his factotum, the man I mentioned, to personate a messenger, and to pretend to have been to her native town, and then he gave her such accounts as were best calculated to calm her anxiety ; but the master stroke, which secured her remaining with him, was, his telling the pretended messenger to inform her that her father was married again—though it is more likely, poor unhappy man, that he is dead, than that he is married."

At the mention of this horrible probability, Agnes lost all self-command, and screaming aloud, fell back on the knees of his astonished lordship, reiterating her cries with all the alarming helplessness of frenzy.

" Turn her out ! turn her out ! " echoed through the

house—for the audience supposed the noise proceeded from some intoxicated and abandoned woman ; and a man in the next box struck Agnes a blow on the shoulder, and calling her by a name too gross to repeat, desired her to leave the house, and act her drunken freaks elsewhere.

Agnes, whom the gentlemen behind were supporting with great kindness and compassion, heard nothing of this speech, save the injurious epithet applied to herself ; and alive only to what she thought the justice of it, “ Did you hear that ? ” she exclaimed, starting from his lordship’s supporting hand, who with the other was collaring the intoxicated brute that had insulted her—“ did you hear that ? Oh God ! my brain is on fire ! ” Then, springing over the seat, she rushed out of the box, followed by the trembling and astonished Mrs Askew, who in vain tried to keep pace with the desperate speed of Agnes.

Before Agnes, with all her haste, could reach the bottom of the stairs, the farce ended, and the lobbies began to fill. Agnes pressed forward, when amongst the crowd, she saw a tradesman who lived near her father’s house. No longer sensible of shame, for anguish had annihilated it, she rushed towards him, and, seizing his arm, exclaimed, “ for the love of God, tell me how my father is ! ” The tradesman, terrified and astonished at the pallid wildness of her look, so unlike the countenance of successful and contented vice he would have expected to see her wear, replied, “ He is well, poor soul ! but— ” “ But unhappy, I suppose ? ” interrupted Agnes ; “ Thank God, he is well ! but is he married ? ” “ Married ! dear me, no ; he is— ” “ Do you think he would forgive me ? ” eagerly rejoined Agnes. “ Forgive you ! ” answered the man—“ How you talk ! Belike he might forgive you, if— ” “ I know what you would say, ” interrupted Agnes again, “ if I would return. Enough—enough. God bless you ! you have saved me from distraction. ” So saying, she ran out of the house ; Mrs Askew having overtaken her, followed by the nobleman and the Colonel, who, with the greatest consternation,

had found, from an exclamation of Mrs Askew's, that the object of their compassion was Miss Fitzhenry herself!

What the consequence of his lordship's addressing Agnes might have been, cannot be known; whether he would have offered her the protection of a friend, if she wished to leave Clifford, and whether she would have accepted it, must remain uncertain; but before he could overtake her, Clifford met her, on his return from a neighboring coffee house with his companion; and spite of her struggles and reproaches, which astonished and alarmed him, he, with Mrs Askew's assistance, forced her into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive home. No explanation took place during the ride. To all the caresses and questions of Clifford, she returned nothing but passionate exclamations against his perfidy and cruelty. Mrs Askew thought her insane; Clifford wished to think her so; but his conscience told him that, if by accident his conduct had been discovered to her, there was reason enough for the frantic sorrow he witnessed.

At length they reached their lodgings, which were in Suffolk street, Charing-cross; and Agnes, having at length obtained some composure, in as few words as possible related the conversation she had overheard. Clifford, as might be expected, denied the truth of what his lordship had advanced; but it was no longer in his power to deceive the at last awakened penetration of Agnes. Under his assumed unconcern, she clearly saw the confusion of detected guilt; and, giving utterance in very strong language to the contempt and indignation such complete depravity occasioned her to feel, she provoked Clifford, who was more than half intoxicated, boldly to avow what he was at first eager to deny; and Agnes, who before shuddered at his hypocrisy, was now shocked at his unprincipled daring.

"But what right have you to complain?" added he. "The cheat I put upon you relative to your father, was certainly meant in kindness; and though Miss Sanford

will have my hand, you alone will ever possess my heart ; therefore it was my design to keep you in ignorance of my marriage, and retain you as the greatest of all my worldly treasures. Plague on his prating lordship ! He has destroyed the prettiest arrangement ever made. However, we shall part good friends as ever."

"Great God !" cried Agnes, raising her tearless eyes to heaven, "is it for a wretch like this I have forsaken the best of parents ? But think not, sir," she added, turning with a commanding air towards Clifford, whose temper, naturally warm, the term *wretch* had not soothed, "think not, fallen as I am, that I will ever condescend to receive protection and support either for myself or child, from a man whom I know to be a consummate villain. You have made me criminal, but you have not obliterated my horror for crime, and my veneration for virtue ; and, in the fulness of my contempt, I inform you, sir, that we shall meet no more."

"Not till tomorrow," said Clifford ; "this is our first quarrel, Agnes ; and the quarrels of lovers are only the renewal of love, you know ; therefore, leaving this bitter, piercing air to guard my treasure for me till tomorrow, I take my leave, and hope in the morning to find you in better humor."

So saying, he departed, secure from the inclemency of the weather, and darkness of the night, that Agnes would not venture to go away before the morning, and resolved to return very early in order to prevent her departure, if her threatened resolution were any thing more than the frantic expressions of a disappointed woman. Besides, he knew that at that time she was scantily supplied with money, and that Mrs Askew dared not furnish her with any for the purpose of leaving him.

But he left not Agnes, as he supposed, to vent her sense of injury in idle grief and inactive lamentation, but to think, to decide, and to act. And they, indeed, met no more. What was the rigor of the night to a woman whose heart was torn by all the pangs which convictions such as those she had lately received, could give ? And

hastily wrapping up her sleeping boy in a pelisse, which in a calmer moment she would have felt the want of herself, she took him in her arms; then throwing a shawl over her shoulders, softly unbarred the hall door, and before the noise could have summoned any of the family, she was already out of sight. So severe was the weather, that even those accustomed to brave in ragged garments the pelting of the pitiless storm, shuddered as the freezing wind whistled around them, and crept with trembling knees to the wretched hovel that awaited them. But the winter's wind blew unfelt by Agnes; she was alive to nothing but the joy of having escaped from a villain, and the faint hope that she was hastening to obtain, perhaps, a father's forgiveness.

"Thank heaven!" she exclaimed, as she found herself at the rails along the green park—"the air which I breathe here is uncontaminated by his breath!" when, as the watchman called past eleven o'clock, the recollection that she had no place of shelter for the night occurred to her, and at the same instant she remembered that a coach set off at twelve from the White Horse in Piccadilly, that went within twelve miles of her native place. She immediately resolved to hasten thither, and, either in the inside or on the outside, to proceed on her journey as far as her finances would admit of, intending to walk the rest of the way. She arrived at the inn just as the coach was setting off, and found, to her great satisfaction, one inside place vacant.

Nothing worth mentioning occurred on the journey. Agnes, with her veil drawn over her face, and holding her trembling boy in her arms, while the incessant shaking of her knees, and the piteous manner in which she sighed, gave evident marks of the agitation of her mind, might excite in some degree the curiosity of her fellow travellers, but gave no promise of that curiosity being satisfied; and she was suffered to remain unquestioned and unnoticed. At noon the next day the coach stopped for the travellers to dine, and stay a few hours to recruit themselves after their labors past, and fortify themselves against

those yet to come. Here, Agnes, who, as she approached nearer home, became afraid of meeting some acquaintance, resolved to change her dress, and to equip herself in such a manner as should, while it screened her from the inclemency of the weather, at the same time prevent her being recognised by any one. Accordingly, she exchanged her pelisse, shawl, and a few other things, for a man's great coat, a red cloth cloak with a hood to it, a pair of thick shoes, and some yards of flannel, in which she wrapt up her little Edward ; and, having tied her straw bonnet under her chin with her veil, she would have looked like a country-woman dressed for market, could she have divested herself of a certain delicacy of appearance and gracefulness of manner, the yet uninjured beauties of former days. But when they set off again she became an outside passenger, as she could not afford to continue an inside one ; and covering her child up in the red cloak which she wore over her coat, she took her station on the top of the coach with seeming firmness, but a breaking heart.

Agnes expected to arrive within twelve miles of her native place long before it was dark, and reach the place of her destination before bed time, unknown and unseen ; but she was mistaken in her expectations, for the roads had been rendered so rugged by the frost, that it was late in the evening when the coach reached the spot whence Agnes was to commence her walk ; and by the time she had eaten her slight repast, and furnished herself with some necessaries to enable her to resist the severity of the weather, she found it was impossible for her to reach her long forsaken home before day-break.

Still she was resolved to go on ; to pass another day in suspense concerning her father, and her future hopes of his pardon, was more formidable to her than the terrors of undertaking a lonely and painful walk. Perhaps, too, Agnes was not sorry to have a tale of hardship to narrate on her arrival at the house of her nurse, whom she meant to employ as mediator between her and her offended parent.

His child, his penitent child, whom he had brought up with the utmost tenderness, and screened with unremitting care from the ills of life, returning, to implore his pity and forgiveness, on foot, and unprotected, through all the dangers of lonely paths, and through the horrors of a winter's night, must, she flattered herself, be a picture too affecting for Fitzhenry to think upon without some commiseration ; and she hoped he would in time bestow on her his forgiveness ; to be admitted to his presence was a favor which she dared not presume either to ask or expect.

But, in spite of the soothing expectation which she tried to encourage, a dread of she knew not what took possession of her mind. Every moment she looked fearfully around her, and, as she beheld the wintry waste spreading on every side, she felt awe struck at the desolateness of her situation. The sound of a human voice would, she thought, have been rapture to her ear ; but the next minute she believed it would have made her sink in terror to the ground. "Alas !" she mournfully exclaimed, "I was not always timid and irritable as I now feel—but then I was not always guilty ; O ! my child ! would I were once more innocent, like thee !" then, in a paroxysm of grief, she bounded forward on her way, as if hoping to escape by speed from the misery of recollection.

Agnes was now arrived at the beginning of a forest, about two miles in length, and within three of her native place. Even in her happiest days she never entered its solemn shade without feeling a sensation of fearful awe ; but now that she entered it, leafless as it was, a wandering wretched outcast, a mother without the sacred name of wife, and bearing in her arms the pledge of her infamy, her knees smote each other, and, shuddering as if danger were before her, she audibly implored the protection of Heaven.

At this instant, she heard a noise, and casting a startled glance into the obscurity before her, she thought she saw something like a human form running across the road. For a few moments she was motionless with terror ; but,

judging from the swiftness with which the object disappeared, that she had inspired as much terror as she felt, she ventured to pursue her course. She had not gone far when she again beheld the cause of her fear ; but, hearing as it moved, a noise like the clanking of a chain, she concluded it was some poor animal that had been turned out to graze.

Still, as she gained on the object before her, she was convinced it was a man she beheld ; and as she heard the noise no longer, she concluded it had been the result of fancy only ; but that, with every other idea, was wholly absorbed in terror, when she saw the figure standing still, as if waiting for her approach. " Yet, why should I fear ? " she inwardly observed ; " it may be a poor wanderer like myself, who is desirous of a companion ; if so, I shall rejoice in such a rencontre."

As this reflection passed her mind, she hastened towards the stranger, when she saw him look hastily around him, start as if he beheld at a distance some object that alarmed him, and then, without taking any notice of her, run on as fast as before. But what can express the horror of Agnes, when she again heard the clanking of the chain, and discovered that it hung to the ankle of the stranger ! " Sure he must be a felon," murmured Agnes ; " O ! my poor boy ! perhaps we shall both be murdered ! — This suspense is not to be borne ; I will follow him, and meet my fate at once." Then, summoning all her remaining strength, she followed the alarming fugitive.

After she had walked nearly a mile further, and, as she did not overtake him, had flattered herself he had gone in a contrary direction, she saw him seated on the ground, and, as before, turning his head back with a sort of convulsive quickness ; but as it was turned from her, she was convinced she was not the object he was seeking. Of her he took no notice ; and her resolution of accosting him failing when she approached, she walked hastily past, in hopes she might escape him entirely. As she passed, she heard him talking and laughing to himself, and thence concluded, he was not a felon, but a lunatic

escaped from confinement. Horrible as this idea was, her fear was so far overcome by pity, that she had a wish to return, and offer him some of the refreshment which she had procured for herself and child, when she heard him following her very fast, and was convinced by the sound, the dreadful sound of his chain, that he was coming up to her.

The clanking of a fetter, when one knows it is fastened round the limbs of a fellow creature, always calls forth in the soul of sensibility a sensation of horror; what then, at this moment, must have been its effect on Agnes, who was trembling for her life, for that of her child, and looking in vain for a protector round the still solemn waste! Breathless with apprehension, Agnes stopped as the maniac gained upon her, and, motionless and speechless, awaited the consequence of his approach.

"Woman!" said he, in a hoarse, hollow tone—"Woman! do you see them? do you see them?"—"Sir! pray what did you say, sir?" cried Agnes, in a tone of respect, and curtseying as she spoke—for what is so respectful as fear?"—"I can't see them," resumed he, not attending to her, "I have escaped them! Rascals! Cowards! I have escaped them!" and then he jumped and clapped his hands for joy.

Agnes, relieved in some measure from her fears, and eager to gain the poor wretch's favor, told him she rejoiced at his escape from the rascals, and hoped they would not overtake him; but while she spoke he seemed wholly inattentive, and jumping as he walked, made his fetter clank in horrid exultation. The noise at length awoke the child, who, seeing a strange object before him, and hearing a sound so unusual, screamed violently, and hid his face in his mother's bosom.

"Take it away! take it away!" exclaimed the maniac—"I do not like children." And Agnes, terrified at the thought of what might happen, tried to sooth the trembling boy to rest, but in vain; the child still screamed, and the angry agitation of the maniac increased—"Strangle it! strangle it!" he cried—"do it this mo-

ment, or——” Agnes, almost frantic with terror, conjured the unconscious boy, if he valued his life, to cease his cries; and then, the next moment, she conjured the wretched man to spare her child; but, alas! she spoke to those incapable of understanding her—a child and a madman! The terrified boy still shrieked, the lunatic still threatened, and, clenching his fist, seized the left arm of Agnes, who, with the other, attempted to defend her infant from his fury; when, at the very moment that his fate seemed inevitable, a sudden gale of wind shook the leafless branches of the surrounding trees, and the madman, fancying the noise proceeded from his pursuers, ran off with the rapidity of lightning.

Immediately, the child, relieved from the sight, and the sound which alarmed it, and exhausted by the violence of its cries, sunk into a sound sleep on the throbbing bosom of its mother. But, alas! Agnes knew this was but a temporary escape—the maniac might return, and again the child might wake in terrors; but scarcely had the thought passed her mind, when she saw him returning; but, as he walked slowly, the noise was not so great as before.

“I hate to hear children cry,” said he, as he approached. “Mine is quiet now,” replied Agnes; then, recollecting she had some food in her pocket, she offered some to the stranger, in order to divert his attention from the child. He snatched it from her hand instantly, and devoured it with terrible voraciousness; but again he exclaimed, “I do not like children; if you trust them they will betray you,” and Agnes offered him food again, as if to bribe him to spare her helpless boy.—“I had a child once—but she is dead, poor soul!” continued he, taking Agnes by the arm, and leading her gently forward. “And you loved her very tenderly, I suppose?” said Agnes, thinking the loss of his child had occasioned his malady; but, instead of answering her he went on;—“They said she ran away from me with a lover—but I knew they lied—she was good, and would not have deserted the father who doted on her. Besides, I saw her

funeral myself. Liars, rascals, as they are!—do not tell any one—I got away from them last night, and am now going to visit her grave.”

A death-like sickness, an apprehension so horrible as to deprive her almost of sense, took possession of the soul of Agnes. She eagerly endeavored to obtain a sight of the stranger's face, but in vain, as his hat was pulled over his forehead, and his chin rested on his bosom. They had now nearly gained the end of the forest, and day was just breaking; Agnes, as soon as they entered the open plain, seized the arm of the madman to force him to look towards her, for speak to him she could not. He felt, and perhaps resented the importunate pressure of her hand, for he turned hastily round, when, dreadful confirmation of her fears, Agnes beheld her father!!!

It was indeed Fitzhenry, driven to madness by his daughter's desertion and disgrace!

After the elopement of Agnes, Fitzhenry entirely neglected his business, and thought and talked of nothing but the misery he experienced. In vain did his friends represent to him the necessity of his making amends, by increased diligence, for some alarming losses in trade, which he had lately sustained. She, for whom alone he toiled, had deserted him, and ruin had no terrors for him. “I was too proud of her,” he used mournfully to repeat—“and Heaven has humbled me even in her by whom I offended.”

Month after month elapsed, and no intelligence of Agnes. Fitzhenry's dejection increased, and his affairs became more and more involved; at length, absolute and irretrievable bankruptcy was become his portion, when he learnt, from authority not to be doubted, that Agnes was living with Clifford as his acknowledged mistress. This was the death stroke to his reason; and the only way in which his friends (relations he had none, or only distant ones) could be of any further service to him was, by procuring him admission into a private mad house in the neighborhood.

Of his recovery little hope was entertained. The con-

stant theme of his ravings was his daughter. Sometimes he bewailed her as dead ; at other times, he complained of her as ungrateful ; but so complete was the overthrow his reason had received, that he knew no one, and took no notice of those whom friendship or curiosity led to his cell ; yet he was always meditating his escape, and though ironed in consequence of it, the night he met Agnes, he had, after incredible difficulty and danger, effected his purpose.

But to return to Agnes, who, when she beheld in her insane companion her injured father, the victim probably of her guilt, let fall her sleeping child, and, sinking on the ground, extended her arms towards Fitzhenry, articulating in a faint voice, " O God ! my father ! " then prostrating herself at his feet, she clasped his knees in an agony too great for utterance.

At the name of " father," the poor maniac started, and gazed on her earnestly, with savage wildness, while his whole frame became convulsed ; and rudely disengaging himself from her embrace, he ran from her a few paces, and then dashed himself on the ground in all the violence of frenzy. He raved, he tore his hair ; he screamed and uttered the most dreadful execrations ; and with his teeth shut and his hands clenched, he repeated the word father, and said the name was mockery to him.

Agnes, in mute and tearless despair, beheld the dreadful scene ; in vain did her affrighted child cling to her gown, and in its half formed accents entreat to be taken to her arms again ; she saw, she heeded nothing but her father ; she was alive to nothing but her own guilt and its consequences ; and she awaited with horrid composure the cessation of Fitzhenry's frenzy, or the direction of its fury towards the child.

At last, she saw him fall down exhausted and motionless, and tried to hasten to him ; but she was unable to move, and, reason and life seemed at once forsaking her, when Fitzhenry suddenly started up, and approached her. Uncertain as to his purpose, Agnes caught her child to her bosom, and falling again on her knees, turned on him

her almost closing eyes ; but his countenance was mild, and gently patting her forehead, on which hung the damps of approaching insensibility, " Poor thing ! " he cried, in a tone of the utmost tenderness and compassion, " Poor thing ! " and then gazed on her with such inquiring and mournful looks, that tears once more found their way, and relieved her bursting brain, while, seizing her father's hand, she pressed it with frantic emotion to her lips.

Fitzhenry looked at her with great kindness, and suffered her to hold his hand, then exclaimed, " Poor thing ! don't cry—don't cry—I can't cry—I have not cried for many years ; not since my child died—for she is dead, is she not ? " looking earnestly at Agnes, who could only answer by her tears. " Come," said he, " come," taking hold of her arm, then laughing wildly, " Poor thing ! you will not leave me, will you ? " " Leave you ! " she replied, " Never ! I will live with you—die with you." " True, true," cried he, " she is dead, and we will go visit her grave." So saying, he dragged Agnes forward with great velocity ; but as it was along the path leading to the town, she made no resistance.

Indeed, it was such a pleasure to her to see that though he knew her not, the sight of her was welcome to her unhappy parent, that she sought to avoid thinking of the future, and to be alive only to the present ; she tried also to forget that it was to his not knowing her she owed the looks of tenderness and pity he bestowed on her, and that the hand which kindly held hers, would, if recollection returned, throw her from him with just indignation.

But she was soon awakened to redoubled anguish by hearing Fitzhenry, as he looked behind him, exclaim, " They are coming, they are coming ; " and as he said this, he ran with frantic haste across the common. Agnes, immediately looking behind her, saw three men pursuing her father at full speed, and concluded that they were the keepers of the bedlam whence he had escaped. Soon after, she saw the poor lunatic coming towards her, and had scarcely time to lay her child gently on the ground, before Fitzhenry threw himself in her arms, and implored her to save him from his pursuers.

In an agony that mocks description, Agnes clasped him to her heart, and awaited in trembling agitation the approach of the keepers. "Hear me, hear me!" she cried, "I conjure you to leave him to my care; he is my father, and you may safely trust him with me." "Your father!" replied one of the men; "and what then, child? You could do nothing for him, and you should be thankful to us, young woman, for taking him off your hands. So come along, master, come along," he continued, seizing Fitzhenry, who could with difficulty be separated from Agnes; while another of the keepers, laughing as he beheld her wild anguish, said, "We shall have the daughter as well as the father soon, I see, for I do not believe, there is a pin to choose between them."

But, severe as the sufferings of Agnes were already, a still greater pang awaited her. The keepers finding it a very difficult task to confine Fitzhenry, threw him down, and tried by blows to terrify him into acquiescence. At this outrage, Agnes became frantic indeed, and followed them with shrieks, entreaties, and reproaches; while the struggling victim called on her to protect him, as they bore him by violence along, till, exhausted with anguish and fatigue, she fell insensible on the ground, and lost in a deep swoon the consciousness of her misery.

How long she remained so is uncertain; but when she recovered her senses, all was still around her, and she missed her child. Starting up, and looking round with renewed frenzy, she saw it lying at some distance from her, and on taking it up, she found it in a deep sleep. The horrid apprehension immediately rushed on her mind, that such a sleep, in the midst of cold so severe, was the sure forerunner of death.

"Monster!" she exclaimed, "destroyer of thy child, as well as father! But perhaps it is not yet too late, and my curse is not completed." So saying, she ran, or rather flew, along the road; and seeing a house at a distance, she made towards it, and, bursting open the door, beheld a cottager and his family at breakfast; then, sinking on her knees, and holding out to the woman of the

house her sleeping boy, "For the love of God," she cried, "look here! look here! Save him! O, save him!" A mother appealing to the heart of a mother is rarely unsuccessful in her appeal. The cottager's wife was as eager to begin the recovery of the child of Agnes as Agnes was herself, and in a moment the whole family was employed in its service; nor was it long before they were rewarded for their humanity by its complete restoration.

The joy of Agnes was frantic as her grief had been. She embraced them all by turns, in a loud voice invoked blessings on their heads, and promised if she was ever rich, to make their fortune; lastly, she caught the still languid boy to her heart, and almost drowned it with her tears.

In the cottager and his family, a scene like this excited wonder as well as emotion. He and his wife were good parents, they loved their children, would have been anxious during their illness, and would have sorrowed for their loss; but to these violent expressions and actions, the result of cultivated sensibility, they were wholly unaccustomed, and could scarcely help imputing them to insanity, an idea which the pale cheek and wild look of Agnes strongly confirmed; nor did it lose strength, when Agnes, who in terror at her child's danger and joy for his safety, had forgotten even her father and his situation, suddenly recollecting herself, exclaimed, "Have I dared to rejoice? Wretch that I am! Oh! no; there is no joy for me!" The cottager and his wife, on hearing these words, looked significantly at each other.

Agnes soon after started up, and clasping her hands, cried out, "O! my father, my dear, dear father! thou art past cure; and despair must be my portion."

"O! you are unhappy because your father is ill," observed the cottager's wife; "but do not be sorrowful on that account, he may get better perhaps." "Never, never!" replied Agnes; "yet, who knows?" "Aye; who knows indeed," resumed the good woman. "But if not, you nurse him yourself, I suppose, and it will be

a comfort to you to know he has every thing done for him that can be done." Agnes sighed deeply. "I lost my own father," continued she, "last winter, and a hard trial it was, to be sure; but then it consoled me to think I made his end comfortable. Besides, my conscience told me, that, except here and there, I had always done my duty by him, to the best of my knowledge." Agnes started from her seat, and walked rapidly round the room. "He smiled on me," resumed the kind hostess, wiping her eyes, "to the last moment; and just before the breath left him, he said, 'Good child, good child.' O! it must be a terrible thing to lose one's parents when one has not done one's duty to them."

At these words, Agnes, contrasting her conduct and feelings with those of this artless and innocent woman, was overcome with despair, and, seizing a knife that lay by her, endeavored to put an end to her existence; but the cottager caught her hand in time to prevent the blow, and his wife easily disarmed her, as her violence instantly changed into a sort of stupor; then throwing herself back on the bed on which she was sitting, she lay with her eyes fixed and incapable of moving.

The cottager and his wife now broke forth into expressions of wonder and horror at the crime she was going to commit, and the latter, taking little Edward from the lap of her daughter, held it towards Agnes, "See," cried she, as the child stretched forth its little arms to embrace her, "unnatural mother, would you forsake your child?"

These words, assisted by the caresses of the child himself, roused Agnes from her stupor. "Forsake him! Never, never!" she faltered out, and, snatching him to her bosom, threw herself back on a pillow the good woman had placed under her head; and soon, to the great joy of the compassionate family, both mother and child fell into a sound sleep. The cottager then repaired to his daily labor, and his wife and children began their household tasks; but ever and anon they cast a watchful glance on their unhappy guest, dreading lest she should make a second attempt on her life.

The sleep of both Agnes and her child was so long and heavy, that night was closing in when the little boy awoke, and by his cries for food, broke the rest of his unhappy mother.

But consciousness returned not with returning sense ; Agnes looked around her, astonished at her situation. At length, by slow degrees, the dreadful scenes of the preceding night, and her own rash attempt, burst on her recollection ; she shuddered at the retrospect, and clasping her hands together, remained some moments in speechless prayer ; then she arose ; and smiling mournfully at sight of her little Edward, eating voraciously the milk and bread that was set before him, she seated herself at the table, and tried to partake of the coarse but wholesome food provided for her. As she approached, she saw the cottager's wife remove the knives, and leave a fork and spoon only for her to eat with. This circumstance forcibly recalled her rash action, and drove away her returning appetite. " You may trust me now," said she ; " I shrink with horror from my wicked attempt on my life, and swear, in the face of heaven, never to repeat it ; no—my only wish now is, to live and suffer."

Soon after, the cottager's wife made an excuse for bringing back a knife to the table, to prove to Agnes her confidence in her word ; but this well meant attention was lost on her ; she sat leaning on her elbow, and wholly absorbed in her own meditations.

When it was completely night, Agnes arose to depart. " My kind friends," said she, " who have so hospitably received and entertained a wretched wanderer, believe me I shall never forget the obligations I owe you, though I can never hope to repay them ; but, accept this (taking her last half guinea from her pocket) as a pledge of my inclination to reward your kindness. If I am ever rich you shall—" Here her voice failed her, and she burst into tears.

This hesitation gave the virtuous people she addressed, an opportunity of rejecting her offers. " What we did, we did because we could not help it," said the cottager.

"You would not have me see a fellow-creature going to kill soul and body too, and not prevent it, would you?"

"And as to saving the child," cried the wife, "am I not a mother myself, and can I help feeling for a mother? Poor little thing! it looked so piteous too, and felt so cold!"

Agnes could not speak; but still, by signs, she tendered the money to their acceptance. "No, no," resumed the cottager, "keep it for those who may not be willing to do you a service for nothing;" and Agnes reluctantly replaced the half guinea. But then a fresh source of altercation began; the cottager insisted upon seeing Agnes to town, and she insisted upon going by herself; at last, she agreed he should go with her, as far as the street where she said her friends lived, wait for her at the end of it, and if they were not living, or were removed, she was to return and sleep at the cottage.

Then, with a beating heart and dejected countenance, Agnes took her child in her arms, and, leaning on her companion, with slow and unsteady steps she began her walk to her native place, once the scene of her happiness and her glory, but now about to be the witness of her misery and her shame.

As they drew near the town, Agnes saw on one side of the road a new building, and instantly hurried from it as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her. "Did you hear them?" asked the cottager. "Hear whom?" said Agnes. "The poor creatures," returned her companion, "who are confined there. That is the new bed-lam; and hark! what a loud scream that was!" Agnes, unable to support herself, staggered to a bench projecting from the court surrounding the building, while the cottager, unconscious why she stopped, observed it was strange she should like to stay and hear the poor creatures; for his part he thought it shocking to hear them shriek, and still more so to hear them laugh; "for it is so piteous to hear those laugh who have so much reason to cry."

Agnes had not power to interrupt him, and he went on; "This house was built by subscription; and it was

begun by a kind gentleman of the name of Fitzhenry, who afterwards, poor soul, being made low in the world by losses in trade, and by having his brain turned by a good-for-nothing daughter, was one of the first patients in it himself." Here Agnes, to whom this recollection had but too forcibly occurred already, groaned aloud. "What tired so soon!" said her companion. "I doubt you have not been used to stir about; you have been too tenderly brought up. Ah! tender parents often spoil children, and they never thank them for it when they grow up neither, and often come to no good besides."

Agnes was going to make some observation, wrung from her by the poignancy of self-upbraiding, when she heard a loud cry as of one in agony; and fancying it her father's voice, she started up, and, stopping her ears, ran towards the town so fast that it was with difficulty the cottager could overtake her. When he did so, he was surprised at the agitation of her manner. "What, I suppose you thought they were coming after you?" said he. "But there was no danger—I dare say it was only an unruly one whom they were beating." Agnes, on hearing this, absolutely screamed with agony; and, seizing the cottager's arm, "Let us hasten to the town," said she in a hollow and broken voice, "while I have strength enough left to carry me thither."

At length they entered its walls, and the cottager said, "Here we are at last. A welcome home to you, young woman." "Welcome! and home to me!" cried Agnes wildly. "I have no home now; I can expect no welcome! Once indeed——" Here, overcome with recollection almost too painful to be endured, she turned from him and sobbed aloud, while the kind hearted man could scarcely forbear shedding tears at sight of such mysterious, yet evidently real distress.

In happier days, when Agnes used to leave home on visits to her distant friends, anticipation of the welcome she should receive on her return was, perhaps, the greatest pleasure she enjoyed during her absence. As the adventurer to India, while toiling for wealth, never loses

sight of the hope that he shall spend his fortune in his native land ; so Agnes, whatever company she saw, whatever amusements she partook of, looked eagerly forward to the hour when she should give her expecting father, and her affectionate companions, a recital of all she had heard and seen. For though she had been absent a few weeks only, "her presence made a little holiday," and she was received by Fitzhenry with delight too deep to be expressed ; while, even earlier than decorum warranted, her friends were thronging to her door to welcome home the heightener of their pleasures, and the gentle soother of their sorrows ; for Agnes "loved and felt for all," she had a smile ready to greet the child of prosperity, and a tear for the child of adversity. As she was thus honored, thus beloved, no wonder the thoughts of home, and of returning home, were wont to suffuse the eyes of Agnes with tears of exquisite pleasure ; and that when her native town appeared in view, a group of expecting and joyful faces used to swim before her sight, while, hastening forward to have the first glance of her, fancy used to picture her father ; now, dread reverse ! after a long absence, an absence of years, she was returning to the same place, inhabited by the same friends, but the voices that used to be loud in pronouncing her welcome, would now be loud in proclaiming indignation at her sight ; the eyes that used to beam with gladness at her presence, would now be turned from her with disgust ; and the fond father, who used to be counting the moments till she arrived, was now—I shall not go on—suffice, that Agnes felt, to "her heart's core," all the bitterness of the contrast.

When they arrived near the place of her destination, Agnes stopped, and told the cottager that they must part. "So much the worse," said the good man. "I do not know how it is, but you are sorrowful, yet so kind and gentle, somehow, that both my wife and I have taken a liking to you ; you must not be angry, but we cannot help thinking you are not one of us, but a lady, though you are so disguised, and so humble—but misfortune spares no one, you know."

Agnes, affected and gratified by these artless expressions of good will, replied, "I have, indeed, known better days." "And will again, I hope with all my heart and soul," interrupted the cottager with great warmth. "I fear not," replied Agnes, "my dear worthy friend." "Nay, young lady," rejoined he, "my wife and I are proper to be your servants, not friends." "You are my friends, perhaps my only friends," returned Agnes mournfully; "perhaps there is not, at this moment, another hand in the universe that would not reject mine, or another tongue that would not upbraid me." "They must be hard hearted wretches, indeed, who could upbraid a poor woman for her misfortunes," cried the cottager, "however, you shall never want a friend while I live. You know I saved your life; and somehow, I feel now as if you belonged to me. I once once saved one of my pigeons from the hawk, and I believe were I starving, I could not now bear to kill the little creature; it would seem like eating my own flesh and blood—so I am sure I could never desert you." "You have not heard my story," replied Agnes; "but you shall know who I am soon, and then, if you still feel disposed to offer me your friendship, I shall be proud to accept it."

The house to which Agnes was hastening was that of her nurse, from whom she had always experienced the affection of a mother, and hoped now to receive a temporary asylum; but she might not be living—and, with a beating heart, Agnes knocked at the door. It was opened by Fanny, her nurse's daughter, the play fellow of Agnes' childhood. "Thank Heaven!" said Agnes, as she hastened back to the cottager, "I hope I have at least one friend left;" and telling him he might go home again, as she was almost certain of shelter for the night, the poor man shook her heartily by the hand, prayed God to bless her, and departed.

Agnes then returned to Fanny, who was still standing by the door, wondering who had knocked at so late an hour, and displeased at being kept so long in the cold. "Will you admit me, Fanny, and give me shelter for the

night?" said Agnes, in a faint and broken voice. "Gracious Heaven! who are you?" cried Fanny, starting back. "Do you not know me?" she replied, looking earnestly in her face. Fanny again started; then bursting into tears, as she drew Agnes forward, and closed the door—"O God! it is my dear young lady!" "And are you sorry to see me?" replied Agnes. "Sorry!" answered the other, "Oh, no! but to see you thus! Oh! my dear lady, what you must have suffered! Thank Heaven my poor mother is not alive to see this day!"

"And is she dead?" cried Agnes, turning very faint, and catching hold of a chair to keep her from falling, "then is the measure of my affliction full; I have lost my oldest and best friend!" "I am not dead," said Fanny respectfully. "Excellent, kind creature!" continued Agnes, "I hoped so much alleviation of my misery from her affection!—" "Do you hope none from mine?" rejoined Fanny in a tone of reproach. "Indeed, my dear young lady, I love you as well as my mother did, and will do as much for you as she would have done. Do I not owe all I have to you? and now that you are in trouble, perhaps in want too—but no, that cannot and shall not be," wringing her hands and pacing the room with frantic violence; "I can't bear to think of such a thing. That ever I should live to see my dear young lady in want of the help she was always so ready to give!"

Agnes tried to comfort her; but the sight of her distress, notwithstanding, was soothing to her, as it convinced her she was still dear to one pure and affectionate heart.

During this time, little Edward remained covered up so closely, that Fanny did not know what the bundle was that Agnes held in her lap; but when she lifted up the cloak that concealed him, Fanny was in an instant kneeling by his side, and gazing on him with admiration. "Is it—is it——" said Fanny with hesitation. "It is my child," replied Agnes, sighing; and Fanny lavished on the un-

conscious boy the caresses which respect forbade her to bestow on the mother.

"Fanny," said Agnes, "you say nothing of your husband?" "He is dead," replied Fanny, with emotion. "Have you any children?" "None." "Then will you promise me, if I die, to be a mother to this child?" Fanny seized her hand, and in a voice half choaked by sobs, said, "I promise you." "Enough," cried Agnes; then holding out her arms to her humble friend, Fanny's respect yielded to affection, and, falling on Agnes's neck, she sobbed aloud.

"My dear Fanny," said Agnes, "I have a question to ask, and I charge you to answer it truly." "Do not ask me, do not ask me, for indeed I dare not answer you," replied Fanny in great agitation. Agnes guessed the cause, and hastened to tell her that the question was not concerning her father, as she was acquainted with his situation already, and proceeded to ask whether her elopement and ill conduct had at all hastened the death of her nurse, who was in ill health when she went away. "Oh no," replied Fanny, "she never believed that you could be gone off willingly, but was sure you were spirited away, and she died, expecting you would some day return, and take the law of the villain; and no doubt she was right, though nobody thinks so now but me, for you were always too good to do wrong."

Agnes was too honorable to take to herself the merit she did not deserve; she therefore owned she was indeed guilty; "nor should I," she added, "have dared to intrude myself, on you, or solicit you to let me remain under your roof, were I not severely punished for my crime, and resolved to pass the rest of my days in solitude and labor." "You should not presume to intrude yourself upon me!" replied Fanny. "Do not talk thus, if you do not mean to break my heart." "Nay, Fanny," answered Agnes, "It would be presumption in any woman who has quitted the path of virtue to intrude herself, however high her rank might be, on the meanest of her acquaintance whose honor is spotless. Nor would I

thus throw myself on your generosity, were I not afraid that if I were to be unsoothed by the presence of a sympathising friend, I should sink beneath my sorrows, and want resolution to fulfil the hard task my duty enjoins me."

I shall not attempt to describe the anguish of Fanny when she thought of her young lady, the pride of her heart, as she used to call her, being reduced so low in the world, nor the sudden bursts of joy she gave way to the next moment, when she reflected that Agnes was returned, never perhaps to leave her again.

Agnes wore away great part of the night in telling Fanny her mournful tale, and in hearing from her a full account of her father's sufferings, bankruptcy, and consequent madness. At day-break she retired to bed, not to sleep, but ruminate on the romantic, yet, in her eyes, feasible plan, she had formed for the future; while Fanny, wearied out by the violent emotions she had undergone, sobbed herself to sleep by her side.

The next morning, Agnes did not rise till Fanny had been up some time; and when she seated herself at the breakfast table, she was surprised to see it spread in a manner which ill accorded with her or Fanny's situation. On asking the reason, Fanny owned she could not bear her dear young lady should fare as she did only, and had therefore provided a suitable breakfast for her. "But you forget," said Agnes, "that if I remain with you, neither you nor I can afford such breakfasts as these." "True," replied Fanny mournfully, "then you must consider this as only a welcome, madam." "Aye," rejoined Agnes, "the prodigal is returned, and you have killed the fatted calf." Fanny burst into tears; while Agnes, shocked at having excited them by the turn she unguardedly gave to her poor friend's attention, tried to sooth her into composure, and affected a gaiety which she was far from feeling.

"Now then to my first task," said Agnes, rising as soon as she had finished her breakfast; "I am going to call on Mr Seymour; you say he lives where he former-

ly did." "To call on Mr Seymour!" exclaimed Fanny; "Oh my dear Madam, do not go near him, I beseech you; he is a very severe man, and will affront you, depend upon it." "No matter," rejoined Agnes, "I have deserved humiliation, and will not shrink from it; but his daughter Caroline, you know, was once my dearest friend, and she will not suffer him to trample on the fallen; and it is necessary I should apply to him in order to succeed in my scheme." "What scheme?" replied Fanny. "You would not approve it, Fanny, therefore I shall not explain it to you at present; but, when I return, perhaps I shall tell you all." "But you are not going so soon? not in daylight, surely? If you should be insulted!—"

Agnes started with horror at this proof which Fanny had unguardedly given, how hateful her guilt had made her in a place that used to echo with her praises; but, recovering herself, she said, she should welcome insults as part of the expiation she meant to perform. "But if you will not avoid them for your own sake, pray, pray do for mine," exclaimed Fanny. "If you were to be ill used, I am sure I should never survive it; so, if you must go to Mr Seymour's, at least oblige me in not going before dark;" and, affected by this fresh mark of her attachment, Agnes consented to stay.

At six o'clock in the evening, while the family were sitting round the fire, and Caroline Seymour was expecting the arrival of her lover, to whom she was to be united in a few days, Agnes knocked at Mr Seymour's door, having positively forbidden Fanny to accompany her. Caroline, being on the watch for her intended bridegroom, started at the sound; and though the knock Agnes gave, did not much resemble that of an impatient lover, still, "It might be he—he might mean to surprise her;" and, half opening the parlor door, she listened with a beating heart for the servant's answering the knock.

By this means, she distinctly heard Agnes ask whether Mr Seymour was at home. The servant started, and stammered out that he believed his master was within, while Caroline, springing forward, exclaimed, "I know

that voice—oh yes! it must be she!” but her father, seizing her arm, pushed her back into the parlor, saying, “I also know that voice, and I command you to stay where you are.” Then going up to Agnes, he desired her to leave his house directly, as it should be no harbor for abandoned women and unnatural children.

“But will you not allow it to shelter for one moment the wretched and the penitent?” she replied. “Father, my dear, dear father—” cried Caroline, again coming forward, but was again driven back by Mr Seymour, who, turning to Agnes, bade her claim shelter from the man for whom she had left the best of parents; and desiring the servant to shut the door in her face, he re-entered the parlor, whence Agnes distinctly heard the sobs of the compassionate Caroline.

But the servant was kinder than the master, and could not obey the orders he had received. “O madam! Miss Fitzhenry, do you not know me?” said he. “I once lived with you; have you forgotten little William? I shall never forget you; you were the sweetest tempered young lady—that ever I should see you thus?”

Before Agnes could reply, Mr Seymour again angrily asked why his orders were not obeyed; and Agnes, checking her emotion, besought William to deliver a message to his master. “Tell him,” said she, “all I ask of him is, that he will use his interest to get me the place of servant in the house—the Bedlam I would say, where—he will know what I mean,” she added, unable to utter the conclusion of the sentence; and William, in a broken voice, delivered the message.

“Oh my poor Agnes!” cried Caroline passionately, “a servant! she a servant! and in such a place too!” William adding in a low voice, “Ah! miss! and she looks so poor and wretched?”

Meanwhile Mr Seymour was walking up and down the room hesitating how to act; but reflecting that it was easier to forbid any communication with Agnes than to check it if once begun, he again desired William to shut the door against her. “You must do it yourself then,”

replied William, "for I am not hard-hearted enough;" and Mr Seymour, summoning up resolution, told Agnes there were other governors to whom she might apply, and then locked the door against her himself; while Agnes slowly and sorrowfully turned her steps towards Fanny's more hospitable roof.

She had not gone far, however, when she heard a light footstep behind her, and her name pronounced in a gentle, faltering voice; and turning round, she beheld Caroline Seymour, who seizing her hand, forced something into it, hastily pressed it to her lips, and, without saying one word, suddenly disappeared, leaving Agnes motionless as a statue, and, but for the parcel she held in her hand, disposed to think she was dreaming. Then, eager to see what it contained, she hastened back to Fanny, who heard with indignation the reception she had met from Mr Seymour, but on her knees invoked blessings on the head of Caroline, when, opening the parcel, she found it contained twenty guineas enclosed in a paper, on which was written, but almost effaced with tears, "for my still dear Agnes—would I dare say more!"

This money the generous girl had taken from that allowed her for wedding clothes, and felt more delight in relieving with it the wants even of a guilty fellow creature, than purchasing the most splendid dress could have afforded her. And her present did more than she expected; it relieved the mind of Agnes; she had taught herself to meet without repining the assaults of poverty, but not to encounter with calmness the scorn of the friends she loved.

But Caroline and her kindness soon vanished again from her mind, and the idea of her father, and her scheme, took entire possession of it. "But it might not succeed—no doubt Mr Seymour would be her enemy—still he had hinted she might apply to other governors;" and Fanny having learnt that they were all to meet at the Bedlam on business the next day, she resolved to write a note, requesting to be allowed to appear before them.

This note, Fanny, who was not acquainted with its contents, undertook to deliver ; and to the great surprise of Agnes, (as she expected, Mr Seymour would oppose it) her request was instantly granted. Indeed it was Mr Seymour himself who urged the compliance.

There was not a kinder hearted man in the world than Mr Seymour ; and in his severity towards Agnes, he acted more from what he thought his duty, than from his inclination. He was the father of several daughters, and it was his opinion, that a parent could not too forcibly inculcate in the minds of young women the salutary truth, that loss of virtue must be, to them, the loss of friends. Besides, his eldest daughter, Caroline, was going to be married to the son of a very severe rigid mother, then staying at the house, and he feared, that if he took any notice of the fallen Agnes, the old lady might conceive a prejudice against him and her daughter in law. Added to these reasons, Mr Seymour was a very vain man, and never acted in any way without saying to himself, " what will the world say ? " Hence, though his first impulses were frequently good, the determination of his judgment were often contemptible.

But, however satisfied Mr Seymour might be with his motives on this occasion, his feelings revolted at the consciousness of the anguish he had occasioned Agnes. He wished, ardently wished, he had dared to have been kinder ; and when Caroline, who was incapable of the meanness of concealing any action which she thought it right to perform, told him of the gift she had in person bestowed on Agnes, he could scarce forbear commending her conduct ; and, while he forbade any future intercourse between them, he was forced to turn away his head to hide the tear of gratified sensibility, and the smile of parental exultation ; nevertheless, he did not omit to bid her keep her own counsel, " for, if your conduct were known," added he, " what would the world say ? "

No wonder then, that, softened as he was by Agnes's application, though he deemed the scheme wild and impracticable, and afraid he had treated her unkindly, he

was pleased to have an opportunity of obliging her, without injuring himself, and that her request to the governors was strengthened by his representations ; nor is it extraordinary that, alive as he always was to the opinion of every one, he should dread seeing Agnes after the reception he had given her, more than she dreaded to appear before the board.

Agnes, who had borrowed of Fanny the dress of a respectable maid servant, when summoned to attend the governors, entered the room with a modest but dignified composure, prepared to expect contumely, but resolved to endure it as became a contrite heart. But no contumely awaited her.

In the hour of her prosperity, she had borne her faculties so meekly, and had been so careful never to humble any one, by showing a consciousness of superiority, that she had been beloved even more than she had been admired ; and hard indeed must the heart of that man have been, who could have rejoiced that she herself was humbled.

A dead, nay a solemn silence took place on her entrance. Every one present beheld with surprise, and with stolen looks of pity, the ravages which remorse and anguish had made in her form, and the striking change in her apparel ; for every one had often followed with delight her graceful figure through the dance, and gazed with admiration on the tasteful varieties of her dress ; every one had listened with pleasure to the winning sound of her voice, and envied Fitzhenry the possession of such a daughter. As they now beheld her, these recollections forcibly occurred to them ; they agonized—they overcame them. They thought of their own daughters, and secretly prayed Heaven to keep them from the voice of the seducer. Away went all their resolutions to receive Agnes with that open disdain and detestation which her crime deserved ; the sight of her disarmed them ; and not one amongst them, had, for some moments, firmness enough to speak. At last, "Pray sit down, Miss Fitzhenry," said the president, in a voice hoarse with

emotion ; " here is a chair," added another ; and Mr Seymour, bowing as he did it, placed a seat for her near the fire.

Agnes, who had made up her mind to bear expected indignities with composure, was not proof against unexpected kindness ; and hastily turning towards the window, she gave vent to her sensations in an agony of tears. But recollecting the business on which she came, she struggled with her feelings ; and on being desired by the president to explain to the board what she wanted, she began to address them in a faint and faltering voice ; however, as she proceeded, she gained courage, remembering it was her interest to affect her auditors, and make them enter warmly into her feelings and designs. She told her whole story, in as concise a manner as possible, from the time of her leaving Clifford to her rencontre with her father in the forest, and his being torn from her by the keepers ; and when she was unable to go on, from the violence of her emotions, she had the satisfaction of seeing that the tears of her auditors kept pace with her own. When her narrative ended, she proceeded thus ;

" I come now, gentlemen, to the reason of my troubling you. From the impression the sight of me made on my father, I feel a certain conviction that, were I constantly with him, I might in time be able to restore to him that reason my guilt has deprived him of. To effect this purpose, it is my wish to become a servant in this house. If I should not succeed in my endeavors, I am so sure he will have pleasure in seeing me, that I feel it my duty to be with him, even on that account ; and if there be any balm for a heart and conscience so wounded as mine, I must find it in devoting my future days to alleviate, though I cannot cure, the misery I have occasioned. And if," added she with affecting enthusiasm, " it should please Heaven to smile on my endeavors to restore him to reason, how exquisite will be my satisfaction in laboring to maintain him !"

To this plan, it is to be supposed, the governors saw more objections than Agnes did ; but, though they rejected the idea of her being a servant in the house, they

were not averse to giving her an opportunity of making the trial she desired, if it were only to alleviate her evident wretchedness; and, having consulted the medical attendants belonging to the institution, they ordered that Agnes should be permitted two hours at a time, morning and evening, to see Fitzhenry. And she, who had not dared to flatter herself she should obtain so much, was too full of emotion to show, otherwise than by incoherent expressions and broken sentences, her sense of the obligation.

"Our next care," observed the president, "must be, as friends of your poor father, to see what we can do for your future support." "That, sir, I shall provide for myself," replied Agnes; "I will not eat the bread of idleness, as well as of shame and affliction, and shall even rejoice in being obliged to labor for my support, and that of my child—happy, if, in fulfilling well the duties of a mother, I may make some atonement for having violated those of a daughter."

"But, Miss Fitzhenry," answered the president, "accept at least some assistance from us till you can find means of maintaining yourself." "Never, never!" cried Agnes; "I thank you for your kindness, but I will not accept it; nor do I need it. I have already accepted assistance from one kind friend, and merely because I should, under similar circumstances, have been hurt at having a gift of mine refused; but, allow me to say that, from the wretchedness into which my guilt has plunged me, nothing henceforward but my industry shall relieve me."

So saying, she curtsied to the gentlemen, and hastily withdrew, leaving them all deeply affected by her narrative, and her proposed expiatory plan of life, and ready to grant her their admiration, should she have resolution to fulfil her good intentions, after the strong impression which the meeting with her father in the forest had made on her mind, should have been weakened by time and occupation.

Agnes hastened from the governors' room to put in

force the leave she had obtained, and was immediately conducted to Fitzhenry's cell. She found him with his back to the door, drawing with a piece of coal on the wall ; and as he did not observe her entrance, she had an opportunity of looking over his shoulder, and she saw that he had drawn the shape of a coffin, and was then writing on the lid the name of Agnes.

A groan which involuntarily escaped her, made him turn round ; at sight of her he started, and looked wildly as he had done in the forest ; then, shaking his head and sighing deeply, he resumed his employment, still occasionally looking back at Agnes ; who, at length overcome by her feelings, threw herself on the bed beside him, and burst into tears.

Hearing her sobs, he immediately turned round again, and, patting her cheek as he had done on their first meeting, said, " Poor thing ! poor thing ! " and, fixing his eyes steadfastly on her face, while Agnes turned towards him and pressing his hand to her lips, he gazed on her as before with a look of anxious curiosity ; then, turning from her, muttered to himself, " She is dead, for all that."

Soon after, he asked her to take a walk with him ; adding in a whisper, " We will go find her grave ; " and, taking her under his arm, he led her to the garden, smiling on her from time to time, as if it gave him pleasure to see her ; and sometimes laughing, as if at some secret satisfaction which he would not communicate. When they had made one turn round the garden, he suddenly stopped, and began singing,

" Tears such as tender fathers shed,"

that pathetic song of Handel's, which he used to delight to hear Agnes sing ; " I can't go on," he observed, looking at Agnes, " can you ? " as if there were in his mind some association between her and that song ; and Agnes, with a bursting heart, took up the song where he left off.

Fitzhenry listened with restless agitation ; and when she had finished, he desired her to sing it again. " But say the words first," he added ; and Agnes repeated

"Tears, such as tender fathers shed,
Warm from my aged eyes descend,
For joy, to think, when I am dead,
My son will have mankind his friend."

"No, no," cried Fitzhenry, with quickness, "for joy to think, when I am dead, Agnes will have mankind her friend. I used to sing it so; and so did she, when I bade her do so. Oh! she sung it so well! but she can sing it no more, for she is dead; and we will go look for her grave."

Then he ran hastily round the garden, while Agnes, whom the words of this song, by recalling painful recollections, had almost deprived of reason, sat down on a bench, nearly insensible, till he again came to her, and, taking her hand, said in a hurried manner, "You will not leave me, will you?" And on her answering no, in a very earnest and passionate manner, he looked delighted; and, saying, "Poor thing!" again gazed on her intently; and again Agnes's hopes that he would in time know her returned. "Very pale, very pale!" cried Fitzhenry the next moment, stroking her cheek; "and she had such a bloom! Sing again; for the love of God, sing again;" and in a hoarse, broken voice, Agnes complied. "She sung better than you," rejoined he, when she had done; "so sweet, so clear it was! But she is gone!" So saying, he relapsed into a total indifference to Agnes and every thing around him, and again her new raised hopes vanished.

The keeper now told her it was time for her to depart, and she mournfully arose; but, first seizing her father's hand, she leaned for a moment her head on his arm; then, bidding God bless him, walked to the door with the keeper. But, on seeing her about to leave him, Fitzhenry ran after her as fast as his heavy irons would let him, wildly exclaiming, "You shall not go—you shall not go."

Agnes, overjoyed at this evident proof of the pleasure her presence gave him, looked at the keeper for permission to stay; but, as he told her it would be against the rules, she thought it more prudent to submit; and before

Fitzhenry could catch hold of her in order to detain her by force, she ran through the house, and the grated door was closed upon her.

"And this," said Agnes to herself, turning round to survey the melancholy mansion she had left, while mingled sounds of groans, shrieks, shouts, laughter, and the clanking of irons, burst upon her ears, "this is the abode of my father! and provided for him by me! This is the recompense bestowed on him by the daughter whom he loved and trusted, in return for years of unparalleled fondness and indulgence!"

The idea was too horrible; and Agnes, calling up all the energy of her mind, remembered the uselessness of regret for the past, but thought with pleasure on the advantages of amendment for the present and the future; and by the time she reached Fanny's door, her mind had recovered its sad composure.

Her countenance, at her return, was very different to what it had been at her departure. Hope animated her sunk eye, and she seemed full of joyful, though distant expectations; nay, so much was she absorbed in pleasing anticipations, that she feebly returned the caresses of her child, who climbed up her knees, to express his joy at seeing her; and even while she kissed his ruddy cheek, her eye looked beyond it with the open gaze of absence.

"I have seen him again," she cried, turning to Fanny; "and he almost knew me! He will know me entirely, in time; and next, he will know every thing; and then I shall be happy!"

Fanny, to whom Agnes had given no clue to enable her to understand this language, was alarmed for her intellects, till she explained her plans, and her hopes; which Fanny, though she did not share in them, was too humane to discourage.

"But now," continued Agnes, "let us consult on my future means of gaining a livelihood;" and finding that Fanny besides keeping a day school, took in shawl work, a considerable shawl manufacture being carried on in the town, it was settled that she should procure the same

employment for Agnes ; and that a small back room in Fanny's little dwelling should be fitted up for her use.

In the mean while the governors of the Bedlam had returned to their respective habitations, with feelings towards Agnes very different to those with which they had assembled. But too prudent to make even a penitent sinner the subject of praise in their own families, they gave short, evasive answers to the inquiries that were made there.

Mr Seymour, on the contrary, thought it his duty to relieve the generous and affectionate heart of his daughter, by a minute detail of what had passed at the meeting ; but he had no opportunity of doing this when he first returned home, as he found there a large party assembled to dinner. Caroline, however, watched his countenance and manner ; and seeing on the first, an expression of highly awakened feelings, and in the latter a degree of absence and aversion to talking, which it always displayed whenever his heart had been deeply interested, she flattered herself that Agnes was the cause of these appearances, and hoped to hear something to her advantage.

During dinner, a lady asked Caroline which of her young friends would accompany her to church, in the capacity of bride-maid. Caroline started, and turned pale at the question ; for melancholy were the reflections it excited in her mind.

It had always been an agreement between her and Agnes, that whichever of the two was married first should have the other for her bride-maid ; and the question was repeated before Caroline could trust her voice to answer it. " I shall have no bride-maids, but my sisters," she replied at length with a quivering lip ; " I cannot ; indeed I wish to have no other now." Then, looking at her father, she saw his eyes were filled with tears ; and unable to suppress, but wishing to conceal his emotion, he abruptly left the room.

There is scarcely any human being whose heart has not taught him that we are never so compassionate and

benevolent towards others, as when our own wishes are completely gratified ; we are never so humble as then. This was the case with Mr Seymour ; he was about to marry his eldest daughter in a manner even superior to his warmest expectations ; and his paternal care, therefore, was amply rewarded. But his heart told him that his care and affection had not exceeded, perhaps not equalled that of Fitzhenry ; nor had the promise of his daughter's youth, fair as it was, ever equalled that of the unhappy Agnes ; yet Caroline was going to aggrandize her family, and Agnes had disgraced hers. She was happy—Agnes miserable. He was possessor of a large fortune, and all the comforts of life ; and Fitzhenry was in a mad-house.

This contrast between their situations was forcibly recalled to his mind by the question addressed to Caroline ; and, already softened by the interview of the morning, he could not support his feelings, but was obliged to hasten to his chamber to vent in tears and thanksgivings the mingled sensations of humility and gratitude. Caroline soon followed him ; and heard, with emotions as violent, her father's description of Agnes's narration, and her conduct before the governors.

"But it is not sufficient," said she, "that you tell me this ; you must tell it wherever you hear the poor penitent's name mentioned, and avow the change it has made in your sentiments towards her ; you must be her advocate."

"Her advocate ! What would the world say ?"

"Just what you wish it to say. Believe me, my dear father, the world is in many instances like a spoiled child, who treats with contempt the foolish parent that indulges his caprices, but behaves with respect to those, who, regardless of his clamors, give the law to him, instead of receiving it."

"You speak from the untaught enthusiasm and confidence of youth, Caroline ; but experience will teach you that no one can with impunity run counter to the opinions of the world."

"My experience has taught me that already ; but, in this case, you do not seem to do the world justice. The world would blame you, and justly too, if, while talking of the unhappy Agnes, you should make light of her guilt ; but why not, while you acknowledge that to be enormous, descant with equal justice on the deep sense she entertains of it, and on the excellence of her present intentions ? To this, what can the world say, but that you are a just judge ? And even suppose they should think you too lenient a one, will not the approbation of your own conscience be an ample consolation for such a condemnation ? Oh ! my dear father ! were you not one of the best, and most *unspoilable* of men, your anxious attention to what the world will say of your actions, must long ere this have made you one of the worst."

"Enough, enough," cried Mr Seymour, wounded self-love contending in his bosom with parental pride, for he had some suspicion that Caroline was right, "what would the world say, if it were to hear you schooling your father ?"

"When the world hears me trying to exalt my own wisdom by doubting my father's, I hope it will treat me with the severity I shall deserve."

Mr Seymour clasped her to his bosom, as she said this, and involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh ! poor Fitzhenry !" "And poor Agnes too !" retorted Caroline, throwing her arms round his neck ; "it will be my parting request, when I leave my paternal roof, that you will do all the justice you can to my once honored friend ; and let the world say what it pleases." "Well, well, I will indulge you, by granting your request," cried Mr Seymour ; "or rather, I will indulge myself." And then, contented with each other, they returned to the company.

A few days after this conversation, Caroline's marriage took place, and was celebrated by the ringing of bells and other rejoicings. "What are the bells ringing for to-day ?" said Agnes to Fanny, as she was eating her breakfast with more appetite than usual. Fanny hesitated ;

and then, in a peevish tone, replied, that she supposed they rang for Miss Caroline Seymour, as she was married that morning; adding, "Such a fuss indeed! such preparations! One would think nobody was ever married before!"

Yet, spitefully as Fanny spoke this, she had no dislike to the amiable Caroline; her pettishness proceeded merely from her love for Agnes. Just such preparations, just such rejoicings, she had hoped to see one day for the marriage of her dear young lady; and though Agnes had not perceived it, Fanny had, for the last two days, shed may a tear of regret and mortification, while news of the intended wedding reached her ears on every side; and she had not courage to tell Agnes what she had heard, lest the feelings of Agnes on the occasion should resemble hers, but in a more painful degree. "Caroline Seymour married!" cried Agnes, rising from her unfinished meal; "well married, I hope?" "Oh yes, very well indeed; Mr Seymour is so proud of the connexion!" "Thank God!" said Agnes fervently; "May she be as happy as her virtues deserve!" and then, with a hasty step, she retired to her own apartment.

It is certain that Agnes had a mind above the meanness of envy, and that she did not repine at the happiness of her friend; yet, while with tears trickling down her cheek, she faltered out, "Happy Caroline! Mr Seymour proud! well may he be so!" her feelings were as bitter as those which envy excites. "Oh my poor father! I once hoped—" added she; but overcome with the acuteness of regret and remorse, she threw herself on the bed in speechless anguish.

Then the image of Caroline, as she last saw her, weeping for her misfortunes, and administering to her wants, recurred to her mind; and, in a transport of affection and gratitude, she took the paper that contained the gift from her bosom, kissed the blotted scrawl on the back of it, and prayed fervently for her happiness.

"But surely," cried she, starting up and running into the next room to Fanny, "I should write a few lines of

congratulation to the bride?" Fanny did not answer; indeed she could not; for the affectionate creature was drowned in tears, which Agnes well understood, and was gratified, though pained, to behold. At length, still more ashamed of her own weakness when she saw it reflected in another, Agnes gently reproved Fanny, telling her, it seemed as if she repined at Miss Seymour's happiness.

"No," replied Fanny, "I only repine at your misery. Dear me, she is a sweet young lady to be sure; but no more to be compared to you——" "Hush! Fanny; 't is I who am now not to be compared to her; remember, my misery is owing to my guilt." "It is not the less to be repined at on that account," replied Fanny.

To this remark, unconsciously severe, Agnes with a sigh assented; and, unable to continue the conversation in this strain, she again asked whether Fanny did not think she ought to congratulate the generous Caroline. "By all means," replied Fanny; but, before she answered, Agnes had determined that it would be kinder in her not to damp the joy of Caroline, by calling to her mind the image of a wretched friend. "True," she observed, "it would gratify my feelings to express the love and gratitude I bear her, and my self-love would exult in being recollected by her with tenderness and regret, even in the hour of her bridal splendor; but the gratification would only be a selfish one, and therefore I will reject it."

Having formed this laudable resolution, Agnes, after trying to compose her agitated spirits by playing with her child, who was already idolized by the faithful Fanny, bent her steps as usual to the cell of her father. Unfortunately for Agnes, she had to pass the house of Mr Seymour, and at the door she saw the carriages waiting to convey the bride to the country seat of her mother in law. Agnes hurried on as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her; but, as she cast a hasty glance over the splendid liveries, and the crowd gazing on them, she saw Mr Seymour bustling at the door, with all the pleased

consequence of a happy parent in his countenance ; and not daring to analyze her feelings, she rushed forward from the mirthful scene, and did not stop again till she found herself at the door of the Bedlam.

But when there, and when, looking up at its grated windows, she contemplated it as the habitation of her father—so different to that of the father of Caroline, and beheld in fancy the woe worn, sallow face of Fitzhenry, so unlike the healthy, satisfied look of Mr Seymour—“I can’t go in, I can’t see him to day,” she faintly articulated, overcome with a sudden faintness ; and, as soon as she could recover her strength, she returned home ; and, shutting herself up in her own apartment, spent the rest of the day in that mournful and solitary meditation that “maketh the heart better.”

It would, no doubt, have gladdened the heart of the poor mourner to have known, that surrounded by joyous and congratulating friends, Caroline sighed for the absent Agnes, and felt the want of her congratulations. “Surely she will write to me !” said she mentally ; “I am sure she wishes me happy ! and one of my greatest pangs at leaving my native place is, the consciousness that I leave her miserable.”

The last words that Caroline uttered, as she bade adieu to the domestics, were, “Be sure to send after me any note or letter that may come.” But no note or letter from Agnes arrived ; and had Caroline known the reason, she would have loved her once happy friend the more.

The next day, earlier than usual, Agnes went in quest of her father. She did not absolutely flatter herself that he had missed her the day before, still she did not think it absolutely *impossible* that he *might*. She dared not, however, ask the question ; but luckily for her, the keeper told her, unasked, that Fitzhenry was observed to be restless, and looking out of the door of his cell frequently, both morning and evening, as if expecting somebody ; and that, at night, as he was going to bed, he asked whether the lady had not been there.

"Indeed!" cried Agnes, her eyes sparkling with pleasure—"Where is he? Let me see him directly." But, after the first joyful emotion, which he always showed at seeing her had subsided, she could not flatter herself that his symptoms were more favorable than before.

The keeper also informed her that he had been thrown into so violent a raving fit, by the agitation he felt at parting with her the last time she was there, that she must contrive to slip away unperceived whenever she came; and this visit having passed away without any thing material occurring, Agnes contrived to make her escape unseen.

On her return, she repeated to Fanny several times, with a sort of pathetic pleasure, the question her father had asked. "He inquired whether the lady had not been there!—think of that Fanny!" while so incoherent was her language, and so absent were her looks, that Fanny again began to fear her afflictions had impaired her reason.

After staying a few days with the new married couple, Mr Seymour returned home; Caroline having, before he left her, again desired him to be the friend of the penitent Agnes, whenever he heard her un pityingly attacked; and an opportunity soon offered of gratifying his daughter's benevolence, and his own.

Mr Seymour was drinking tea in a large party, when a lady, to whose plain, awkward, uninteresting daughters, the once beautiful, graceful, and engaging Agnes had been a powerful rival, said, with no small share of malignity, "So! fine impudence indeed! I hear that good for nothing minx, Fitzhenry's daughter, is come to town; I wonder for my part she dares show her face here—but the assurance of those creatures is amazing."

"Aye, it is indeed," echoed from one lady to another. "But this girl must be a hardened wretch indeed," resumed Mrs Macfiendy, the first speaker; "I suppose her fellow is tired of her, and she will be on the town soon."

"In the church yard rather," replied Mr Seymour,

whom a feeling of resentment at these vulgar expressions of female spite had hitherto kept silent ; “ Miss Fitzhenry has lost all power of charming the eye of the libertine, and even the wish ; but she is an object whom the compassionate and the humane cannot behold or listen to, without the strongest emotion.”

“ No, to be sure,” replied Mrs Macfiendy bridling, “ the girl had always a plausible tongue of her own ; and as to her beauty, I never thought that was made for lasting. What then you have seen her, Mr Seymour ? I wonder you could condescend to *look* at such trash.”

“ Yes, madam, I have seen, and heard her too ; and if heart-felt misery, contrition, and true penitence, may hope to win favor in the sight of God, and expiate past offences, ‘ a ministering angel might this frail one be, though we lay howling.’ ”

“ I lie howling, indeed ! ” screamed out Mrs Macfiendy ; “ Speak for yourself, if you please, Mr Seymour ; for my part, I do not expect when I go to another world to keep such company as Miss Fitzhenry.”

“ If with the same measure you mete it should be meted to you again, madam, I believe there is little chance in another world that you and Miss Fitzhenry will be visiting acquaintance.” Then bespeaking the attention of the company, he gave that account of Agnes, her present situation, and her intentions for the future, which she gave the governors ; and all the company, save the outrageously virtuous mother and her daughters, heard it with as much emotion as Mr Seymour felt in relating it. Exclamations of “ Poor unfortunate girl ! what a pity she should have been guilty !—but, fallen as she is, she is still Agnes Fitzhenry,” resounded through the room.

Mrs Macfiendy could not bear this in silence ; but, with a cheek pale, nay livid, with malignity, and in a voice sharpened by passion, she exclaimed, “ Well, for my part—some people may do any thing, yet be praised up to the skies ; other people’s daughters would not find such mercy. . Before she went off, it was Miss Fitzhenry

this, and Miss Fitzhenry that, though other people's children could perhaps do as much, though they were not so fond of showing what they could do."

"No," cried one of the Miss Macfiendy's, "Miss Fitzhenry had courage enough for any thing."

"True, child," resumed the mother; "and what did it end in? Why, in becoming a —— what I do not choose to name."

"Fie, madam, fie!" cried Mr Seymour; "why thus exult over the fallen?"

"Oh! then you do allow her to be fallen?"

"She is fallen indeed, madam," said Mr Seymour; "but, even in her proudest hour, Miss Fitzhenry never expressed herself towards her erring neighbors with unchristian severity; but set you an example of forbearance, which you would do well to follow."

"She set me an example!" vociferated Mrs Macfiendy, "She, indeed! a creature! I will not stay, nor shall my daughters, to hear such immoral talk. But 't is as I said—some people may do any thing—for, wicked as she is, Miss Fitzhenry is still cried up as something extraordinary, and is even held up as an example to modest women."

So saying, she arose; but Mr Seymour rose also, and said, "There is no necessity for your leaving the company, madam, as I will leave it; for I am tired of hearing myself so grossly misrepresented. No one abhors more than I do the crime of Miss Fitzhenry; and no one would more strongly object, for the sake of other young women, to her being again received into general company; but, at the same time, I will always be ready to encourage the penitent by the voice of just praise; and I feel delight in reflecting that however the judges of this world may be fond of condemning her, she will one day appeal from them to a merciful and long suffering judge."

Then, bowing respectfully to all but Mrs Macfiendy, he withdrew, and gave her an opportunity of remarking, that Mr Seymour was mighty warm in the creature's

defence. She did not know he was so interested about her ; but she always thought him a gay man, and she supposed Miss Fitzhenry, as he called her, would be glad to take up with any thing now.

This speech, sorry am I to say, was received with a general and complaisant smile, though it was reckoned unjust ; for there are few who have virtue and resolution enough to stand forward as champions for an absent and calumniated individual, if there be any thing ludicrous in the tale against him ; and the precise, careful, elderly Mr Seymour, who was always shrinking, like a sensitive plant, from the touch of censure, accused by implication of being a private friend to the youthful Agnes, excited a degree of merry malice in the company not unpleasant to their feelings.

But, in spite of the efforts of calumny, the account Mr Seymour had given of Agnes, and her penitence, became town talk ; and, as it was confirmed by the other governors, every one, except the ferociously chaste, was eager to prevent Agnes from feeling pecuniary distress, by procuring her employment.

Still, she was not supplied with work as fast as she executed it ; for, except during the hours which she was allowed to spend with her father, she was constantly employed ; and she even deprived herself of her usual quantity of sleep, and was never in bed before one, or after four.

In proportion as her business and profits increased, were her spirits elevated ; but the more she gained, the more saving she became ; she would scarcely allow herself sufficient food or clothing ; and, to the astonishment of Fanny, the once generous Agnes appeared penurious, and a lover of money. "What does this change mean, my dear lady ?" said Fanny to her one day. "I have my reasons for it," replied Agnes coldly ; then changed the subject ; and Fanny respected her too much to urge an explanation.

But Agnes soon after began to wonder at an obvious change in Fanny. At first, when Agnes returned from

visiting her father, Fanny used to examine her countenance ; and she could learn from that, without asking a single question, whether Fitzhenry seemed to show any new symptoms of amendment, or whether his insanity still appeared incurable. If the former, Fanny, tenderly pressing her hand, would say, "Thank God !" and prepare their dinner or supper with more alacrity than usual ; if the latter, Fanny would say nothing ; but endeavor, by bringing little Edward to her, or by engaging her in conversation, to divert the gloom she could not remove ; and Agnes, though she took no notice of these artless proofs of affection, observed and felt them deeply ; and as she drew near the house, she always anticipated them as one of the comforts of her home.

But, for some days past, Fanny had discontinued this mode of welcome, so grateful to the feelings of Agnes, and seemed wholly absorbed in her own. She was silent, reserved, and evidently oppressed with some anxiety which she was studious to conceal. Once or twice, when Agnes came home rather sooner than usual, she found her in tears ; and when she affectionately asked the reason of them, Fanny pleaded mere lowness of spirits as the cause.

But the eye of anxious affection is not easily blinded. Agnes was convinced that Fanny's misery had some more important origin ; and, secretly fearing that it proceeded from her, she was on the watch for something to confirm her suspicions.

One day, as she passed through the room where Fanny kept her school, Agnes observed that the number of her scholars was considerably diminished ; and, when she asked Fanny where the children whom she missed were, there was a confusion and hesitation in her manner, while she made different excuses for their absence, which convinced Agnes that she concealed from her some unwelcome truth.

A very painful suspicion immediately darted across her mind, the truth of which was but too soon confirmed. A day or two after, while again passing through the

school-room, she was attracted by the beauty of a little girl, who was about eight years old ; and, smoothing down her curling hair, she stooped to kiss her ruddy cheek ; but the child, uttering a loud scream, sprang from her arms, and, sobbing violently, hid her face on Fanny's lap. Agnes, who was very fond of children, was much hurt by symptoms of a dislike so violent towards her, and urged the child to give a reason for such strange conduct ; on which the artless girl owned that her mother had charged her never to touch or go near Miss Fitzhenry, because she was the most wicked woman that ever breathed.

Agnes heard this new consequence of her guilt with equal surprise and grief ; but, on looking at Fanny, though she saw grief in her countenance, there was no surprise in it ; and she instantly told her she was convinced the loss of her scholars was occasioned by her having allowed her to reside with her. Fanny, bursting into tears, at last confessed that her suspicions were just, while to the shuddering Agnes, she unfolded a series of persecutions which she had undergone from her employers, because she had declared her resolution of starving, rather than drive from her house her friend and benefactress.

Agnes was not long in forming her resolution ; and the next morning, without saying a word to Fanny on the subject, she went out in search of a lodging for herself and child, as gratitude and justice forbade her to remain any longer with her persecuted companion.

But after having in vain tried to procure a lodging suitable to the low state of her finances, or rather to her saving plan, she hired a little cottage on the heath above the town, adjoining to that where she had been so hospitably received in the hour of her distress ; and, having gladdened the hearts of the friendly cottager and his wife, by telling them she was coming to be their neighbor, she went to break the unwelcome tidings to Fanny.

Passionate and vehement indeed was her distress at hearing her young lady, as she still persisted to call her, was going to leave her ; but her expostulations and tears

were vain ; and Agnes, after promising to see Fanny every day, took possession that very evening of her humble habitation.

But her intention in removing was frustrated by the honest indignation and indiscretion of Fanny. She loudly raved against the illiberality which had robbed her of the society of all she held dear ; and, as she told every one that Agnes left her by her own choice and not at her desire, those children who had been taken away because Agnes resided with her, were not sent back to her on her removal. At last, the number of her scholars became so small, that she gave up school-keeping, and employed herself in shawl-working only ; while her leisure time was spent in visiting Agnes, or in inveighing, to those who would listen to her, against the cruelty that had driven her young lady from her house.

Fanny used to begin by relating the many obligations her mother and she had received from Agnes and her father, and always ended with saying, "yet to this woman, who saved me and mine from a work-house, they wanted me to refuse a home when she stood in need of one ! They need not have been afraid of her being too happy ! Such a mind as hers can never be happy under the consciousness of having been guilty ; and could she ever forget her crime, one visit to her poor father would make her remember it again."

Thus did Fanny talk, as I said before, to those who would listen to her ; and there was one auditor who could have listened to her forever on this subject, and who thought Fanny looked more lovely while expressing her love for her penitent mistress, and pleading her cause with a cheek flushed with virtuous indignation, and eyes suffused with the tears of artless sensibility, than when, attended by the then happy Agnes, she gave her hand in the bloom of youth and beauty to the man of her heart.

This auditor was a respectable tradesman who lived in Fanny's neighborhood, to whom her faithful attachment to Agnes had for some time endeared her ; while Fanny,

in return, felt grateful to him for entering with such warmth into her feelings, and for listening so patiently to her complaints ; and it was not long before he offered her his hand.

To so advantageous an offer, and to a man so amiable, Fanny could make no objection ; especially as Agnes advised accepting the proposal. But Fanny declared to her lover that she would not marry him, unless he would promise that Agnes and her child should, whenever they chose, have a home with her. To this condition the lover consented ; telling Fanny he loved her the better for it ; and Agnes had soon the satisfaction of witnessing the union of this worthy couple.

But they tried in vain to persuade Agnes to take up her residence with them. She preferred living by herself. To her, solitude was a luxury ; as, while the little Edward was playing on the heath with the cottager's children, Agnes delighted to brood in uninterrupted silence over the soothing hope, the fond idea, that alone stimulated her to exertion, and procured her tranquillity. All the energies of her mind and body were directed to one end ; and while she kept her eyes steadfastly fixed on the future, the past lost its power to torture, and the present had some portion of enjoyment.

But were not these soothing reveries sometimes disturbed by the pangs of ill requited love ? and could she, who had loved so fondly as to sacrifice to the indulgence of her passion every thing she held most dear, rise superior to the power of tender recollection, and at once tear from her heart the image of her fascinating lover ? It would be unnatural to suppose that Agnes could entirely forget the once honored choice of her heart, and the father of her child ; or that, although experience had convinced her of its unworthiness, she did not sometimes contemplate, with the sick feelings of disappointed tenderness, the idol which her imagination had decked in graces all its own.

But these remembrances were rare. She oftener beheld him as he appeared before the tribunal of her reason

—a cold, selfish, profligate, hypocritical deceiver ; as the unfeeling destroyer of her hopes and happiness ; and as one who, as she had learned from his own lips, when he most invited confidence, was the most determined to betray. She saw him also as a wretch so devoid of the common feelings of nature and humanity, that, though she left her apartments in London in the dead of night, and in the depth of a severe winter, an almost helpless child in her arms, and no visible protector near, he had never made a single inquiry concerning her fate, or that of his offspring.

At times, the sensations of Agnes bordered on frenzy, when, in this heartless, unnatural wretch, she beheld the being for whom she had resigned the matchless comforts of her home, and destroyed the happiness and reason of her father. At these moments, and these only, she used to rush wildly forth in search of company, that she might escape from herself ; but more frequently she directed her steps to the abode of the poor ; to those, who, in her happier hours, had been supported by her bounty, and who now were eager to meet her in her walks, to repay past benefactions by a “ God bless you, lady ! ” uttered in a tone of respectful pity.

When her return was first known to the objects of her benevolence, Agnes soon saw herself surrounded by them ; and was, in her humble apparel and dejected state, followed by them with more blessings and more heartfelt respect, than in the proudest hour of her prosperity.

“ Thank God ! ” ejaculated Agnes, as she cast a glistening eye on her ragged followers ; “ there are yet those whose eyes mine may meet with confidence. There are some beings in the world towards whom I have done my duty.” But the next minute she recollected that the guilty flight which made her violate the duty she owed her father, at the same time removed her from the power of fulfilling her duty to the poor ; for it is certain, that our duties are so closely linked together, that, as the breaking of one pearl from a string of pearls hazards the

loss of all, so the violation of one duty endangers the safety of every other.

"Alas!" exclaimed Agnes, as this melancholy truth occurred to her, "it is not for me to exult; for even in the squalid, meagre countenances of these kind and grateful beings, I read evidences of my guilt—they looked up to me for aid, and I deserted them!"

In time, however, these acute feelings wore away; and Agnes, by entering again on the offices of benevolence and humanity towards the distressed, lost in a consciousness of present usefulness, the bitter sensation of past neglect.

True, she could no longer feed the hungry or clothe the naked, but she could soften the pangs of sickness by expressing sympathy in its sufferings. She could make the nauseous medicine more welcome, if not more salutary, by administering it herself; for, though poor, she was still superior to the sufferers she attended; and it was soothing to them to see such a lady take so much trouble for those so much beneath her—and she could watch the livelong night by the bed of the dying, join in the consoling prayer offered by the lips of another, or, in her own eloquent and impassioned language, speak peace and hope to the departing soul.

These tender offices, these delicate attentions, so dear to the heart of every one, but so particularly welcome to the poor from their superiors, as they are acknowledgments of relationship between them, and confessions that they are of the same species as themselves, and heirs of the same hopes, even those who bestow money with generous profusion do not often pay. But Agnes was never content to give relief unaccompanied by attendance; she had reflected deeply on the nature of the human heart, and knew that a participating smile, a sympathizing tear, a friendly pressure of the hand, the shifting of an uneasy pillow, and patient attention to an unconnected tale of twice told symptoms, were, in the esteem of the indigent sufferer, of as great value as pecuniary assistance.

Agnes, therefore, in her poverty, had the satisfaction of

knowing that she was as consoling to the distressed, if not as useful, as she was in her prosperity ; and if there could be a moment when she felt the glow of exultation in her breast, it was when she left the habitation of indigence or sorrow, followed by the well earned blessings of its inhabitants.

Had Agnes been capable of exulting in a consciousness of being revenged, another source of exultation might have been hers, provided she had ever deigned to inquire concerning her profligate seducer, whom she wrongfully accused of having neglected to make inquiries concerning her and her child. Agnes saw, two months after her return from London, an account of Clifford's marriage in the paper, and felt some curiosity to know what had so long retarded a union which, when she left town, was fixed for the Monday following ; and Fanny observed an increased degree of gloom and abstraction in her appearance. But, dismissing this feeling from her mind as unworthy of it, from that moment she resolved, if possible, to recall Clifford to her imagination, as one who, towards her, had been guilty not of perfidy and deceit only, but of brutal and unnatural neglect.

In this last accusation, however, as I said before, she was unjust. When Clifford awoke the next morning after his last interview with Agnes, and the fumes of the wine he had drunk the night before were entirely dissipated, he recollected, with great uneasiness, the insulting manner in which he had justified his intended marriage, and the insight into the baseness of his character, which his unguarded confessions had given to her penetration.

The idea of having incurred the contempt of Agnes was insupportable. Yet, when he recollected the cold, calm, and dignified manner in which she spoke and acted when he bade her adieu, he was convinced that he had taught her to despise him ; and, knowing Agnes, he was also certain, that she must soon cease to love the man whom she had once learned to despise.

"But I will go to her directly," exclaimed he to himself, ringing his bell violently ; "and I will attribute my

infernal folly to drunkenness." He then ordered his servant to call a coach, finding himself too languid, from his late intemperance, to walk ; and was just going to step into it, when he saw Mrs Askew, pale and trembling, and heard her, in a faltering voice, demand to see him in private for a few minutes.

I shall not attempt to describe his rage and astonishment when he heard of the elopement of Agnes. But these feelings were soon followed by those of terror for her safety, and that of his child ; and his agitation for some moments was so great as to deprive him of the power of considering how he should proceed, in order to hear some tidings of the fugitives, and endeavor to recall them.

It was evident that Agnes had escaped the night before, because a servant, sitting up for a gentleman who lodged in the house, was awakened from sleep by the noise she made in opening the door ; and, running into the hall, she saw the tail of Agnes' gown as she shut it again ; and looking to see who was gone out, she saw a lady, who she was almost certain was Miss Fitzhenry, running down the street with great speed. But to put its being Agnes beyond all doubt, she ran up to her room, and finding the door open, went in, and could see neither her nor her child.

To this narration Clifford listened with some calmness ; but when Mrs Askew told him that Agnes had taken none of her clothes with her, he fell into an agony amounting to frenzy, and exclaiming, " Then it must be so, she has destroyed both herself and the child ! " his senses failed him, and he dropped down insensible on the sofa. This horrible probability had occurred to Mrs Askew ; and she had sent servants different ways all night, in order to find her if she were still in existence, that she might spare Clifford, if possible, the pain of conceiving a suspicion like her own.

Clifford was not so fortunate as to remain long in a state of unconsciousness, but soon recovered to a sense of misery and unavailing remorse. At length, he recollected that a coach set off that very night for her native place,

from the White-Horse cellar, and that it was possible that she might have obtained a lodging the night before, where she meant to stay till the coach was ready to set off the following evening. He immediately went to Piccadilly, to see whether places for a lady and child had been taken, but no such passengers were on the list. He then inquired, whether a lady and child had gone from that inn the night before in the coach that went within a few miles of the town of ——. But, as Agnes had reached the inn just as the coach was setting off, no one belonging to it, but the coachman, knew she was a passenger.

“Well, I flatter myself,” said Clifford to Mrs Askew, endeavoring to smile, “that she will make her appearance here at night, if she does not come today; and I will not stir from this spot till the coach sets off, and will even go in it some way, to see whether it does not stop to take her up on the road.”

This resolution he punctually put in practice. All day Clifford was stationed at a window opposite to the inn, or in the book-keeper’s office; but night came, the coach was ready to set off, and still no Agnes appeared. However, Clifford, having secured a place, got in with the other passengers, and went six miles or more before he gave up the hope of hearing the coachman ordered to stop in the soft voice of Agnes.

At last, all expectation failed him; and, complaining of a violent headach, he desired to be set down, sprang out of the carriage, and relieved the other passengers from a very restless and disagreeable companion; and Clifford, without a great coat and in a violent attack of fever, was wandering on the road to London, in hopes of meeting Agnes, at the very time when his victim was on the road to her native place, in company with her unhappy father.

By the time Clifford reached London, he was bordering on a state of delirium; but had recollection enough to desire his confidential servant to inform his father of the state he was in, and then take the road to ——— and ask at every inn on the road whether a lady and child (describing Agnes and little Edward) had been there.

The servant obeyed ; and the anxious father, who had been informed of the cause of his son's malady, soon received the following letter from Wilson, while he was attending at his bedside.

" MY LORD,

" Sad news of Miss Fitzhenry and the child ; and reason to fear they both perished with cold. For being told at one of the inns on this road, that a young woman and child had been found frozen to death last night and carried to the next town to be owned ; and while I was taking a drop of brandy to give me spirits to see the bodies, for a qualm came over me, when I thought of what can't be helped, and how pretty, and good natured, and happy she once was, a woman came down with a silk wrapper and shawl that I knew belonged to the poor lady, and said the young woman found dead had those things on. This was proof positive, my lord—and it turned me sick. Still it is better so, than self-murder ; so my master had best know it, I think ; and I hope your lordship will think so too ; I remain your lordship's

" Most humble servant to command,

" J. WILSON.

" P. S. If I gain more particulars, shall send them."

Dreadful as the supposed death of Agnes and her child appeared to the father of Clifford, he could not be sorry that so formidable a rival to his future daughter in law was no longer to be feared ; and as Clifford, in the ravings of his fever, was continually talking of Agnes, as self-murdered, and the murderer of her child, and of himself as the abandoned cause ; and as that idea seemed to haunt and terrify his imagination, he thought, with his son's servant, that he had better take the first opportunity of telling Clifford the truth, melancholy as it was. When, therefore, a proper occasion offered, he had done so, before he received this second letter from Wilson.

" MY LORD,

" It is all fudge ; Miss Fitzhenry is alive, and alive like, at ——. She stopped at an inn on the road, and parted with her silk coat and shawl for some things she

wanted, and a hussey of a chamber-maid stole them and went off in the night with them, and her little by-blow ; but justice overtakes us sooner or later. I suppose his honor, my master, will be cheery at this ; but, as joy often distracts us as much as grief, they say, though I never believed it, I take it you will not tell him this good news hand-over-head—and am

“ Your lordship’s most humble to command,

“ J. WILSON.

“ P. S. I have been to —— and have heard for certain Miss F. and her child are there.”

His lordship was even more cautious than Wilson wished him to be ; for he resolved not to communicate the glad tidings to Clifford cautiously or incautiously, as he thought there would be no chance of his son’s fulfilling his engagements with Miss Sandford, if he knew Agnes was living ; especially, as her flight and her supposed death had proved to Clifford how necessary she was to his happiness. Nay, his lordship went still further ; and he resolved Clifford should never know, if he could possibly help it, that the report of her death was false.

How to effect this was the difficulty ; but wisely conceiving that Wilson was not inaccessible to a bribe, he offered him so much a year, on condition of his suffering his master to remain convinced of the truth of the story that Agnes and her child had perished in the snow, and of intercepting all letters that he fancied came from Agnes ; telling him at the same time, that if he ever found he had violated the conditions, the annuity should immediately cease.

To this Wilson consented ; and, when Clifford recovered, he made his compliance with the terms more easy, by desiring Wilson, and the friends to whom his connexion with Agnes had been known, never to mention her name in his presence again, if they valued his health and reason, and as the safety of both depended on his forgetting a woman of whom he had never felt the value sufficiently till he had lost her for ever.

Soon after, he married ; and the disagreeable qualities

of his wife made him recollect with more painful regret, the charms and virtues of Agnes; the consequence was, that he plunged deeper than ever into dissipation, and had recourse to intoxication in order to banish care and disagreeable recollections; and, while year after year passed away in fruitless expectation of a child to inherit the estate and the long disputed title, he remembered, with agonizing regrets, the beauty of his lost Edward; and reflected that, by refusing to perform his promises to the injured Agnes, he had deprived himself of the heir he so much coveted, and of a wife who would have added dignity to the title she bore, and been the delight and ornament of his family.

Such were the miserable feelings of Clifford—such the corroding cares that robbed his mind of its energy, and his body of health and vigor. Though courted, caressed, flattered, and surrounded by affluence and splendor, he was disappointed and self-condemned. And, while Agnes, for the first time condemning him unjustly, attributed his silence and neglect of her and her offspring to a degree of indifference and hard-heartedness which human nature shudders at, Clifford was feeling all the horrors of remorse, without the consolations of repentance.

I have before observed, that one idea engrossed the mind and prompted the exertions of Agnes; and this was, the probable restoration of her father to reason. "Could I but once more hear him call me by my name, and bless me with his forgiveness, I should die in peace; and something within tells me my hopes will not be vain; and who knows but we may pass a contented, if not a happy life together, yet? So toil on, toil on, Agnes, and expect the fruit of thy labors."

These words she was in the habit of repeating not only to Fanny, and her next door neighbors, (whom she had acquainted with her story,) but to herself as she sat at work or traversed the heath. Even in the dead of night she would start from a troubled sleep, and repeating these words, they would operate as a charm on her

disturbed mind ; and as she spoke the last sentence, she would fall into a quiet slumber, from which she awoke the next morning at day-break, to pursue with increased alacrity the labors of the day.

Meanwhile Agnes and her exemplary industry continued to engage the attention and admiration of the candid and liberal of the town of ——

Mr Seymour, who did not venture to inquire concerning her of Fanny while she lived at her house, now often called there to ask news of Agnes and her employments ; and his curiosity was excited to know to what purpose she intended to devote the money earned with so much labor and hoarded with so much parsimonious care.

But Fanny was as ignorant on this subject as himself, and the only new information she could give him was, that Agnes had begun to employ herself in fancy-works, in order to increase her gains, and that it was her intention soon to send little Edward (then four years old) to town, to offer artificial flowers, painted needle-books, work-bags, et cetera, at the doors of the opulent and humane.

Nor was it long before this design was put in execution ; and Mr Seymour had the satisfaction of buying the first time all the lovely boy's stores himself, for presents to his daughters. The little merchant returned to his anxious mother, bounding with delight, not at the good success of his first venture, for its importance he did not understand, but at the kindness of Mr Seymour, who had met him on the road, conducted, him to his house, helped his daughters to load his pockets with cakes, et cetera, and put in his basket in exchange for his merchandize, tongue, chicken, et cetera, to carry home to his mother.

Agnes heard the child's narration with more pleasure than she had for some time experienced. "They do not despise me, then," said she, "they even respect me too much to offer me pecuniary aid, or presents of any kind but in a way that cannot wound my feelings."

But this pleasure was almost immediately checked by

the recollection that he whose wounded spirit would have been soothed by seeing her once more an object of delicate attention and respect, and for whose sake alone she could now ever be capable of enjoying them, was still unconscious of her claims to it, and knew not they were so generally acknowledged. In the words of Jane de Montfort she could have said,

“He, to whose ear my praise most welcome was,
Hears it no more !”

“But I will still hope on,” Agnes used to exclaim as these thoughts occurred to her ; and again her countenance assumed the wild expression of a dissatisfied, but still expecting spirit.

Three years had now elapsed since Agnes first returned to her native place. “The next year,” said Agnes to Fanny, with unusual animation, “cannot fail of bringing forth good to me. You know, that according to the rules of the new Bedlam, a patient is to remain five years in the house ; at the end of that time, if not cured, he is to be removed to the apartments appropriated to incurables, and kept there for life, his friends paying a certain annuity for his maintenance ; or he is, on their application, to be returned to their care—” “And what then ?” said Fanny, wondering at the unusual joy that animated Agnes’s countenance. “Why then,” replied she, “as my father’s time for being confined expires at the end of next year, he will either be cured by that time, or he will be given up to my care ; and then, who knows what the consequences may be !” “What, indeed !” returned Fanny, who foresaw great personal fatigue and anxiety, if not danger, to Agnes, in such a plan, and was going to express her fears and objections ; but Agnes, in a manner overpoweringly severe, desired her to be silent, and angrily withdrew.

Soon after, Agnes received a proof of being still dear to her friend Caroline ; which gave her a degree of satisfaction amounting even to joy.

Mr Seymour, in a letter to his daughter, had given her an account of all the proceedings of Agnes, and expressed his surprise at the eagerness with which she labored to gain money, merely for the sake of hoarding it, as she had then only herself and child to maintain ; and it was certain her father would always be allowed to remain, free of all expenses, an inhabitant of an asylum, which owed its erection chiefly to his benevolent exertions.

But Caroline, to whom the mind of Agnes was well known, and who had often contemplated with surprise and admiration her boldness in projecting, her promptness in deciding, and her ability in executing the projects she had formed ; and above all, that sanguine temper which led her to believe probable what others only conceived to be possible, found a reason immediately for the passion of hoarding, which seemed to have taken possession of her friend ; and following the instant impulse of friendship and compassion, she sent Agnes the following letter, in which was enclosed a bank note to a considerable amount.

“I have divined your secret, my dear Agnes. I know why you are so anxious to hoard what you gain with such exemplary industry. In another year your father will have been the allotted time under the care of the medical attendants in your part of the world ; and you are hoarding that you may be able, when that time comes, to procure for him elsewhere the best possible advice and assistance. Yes, yes, I know I am right ; therefore, lest your own exertions should not, in the space of a twelve-month, be crowned with sufficient success, I conjure you, by our long friendship, to appropriate the enclosed to the purpose in question ; and should the scheme which I impute to you be merely the creature of my brain, as it is a good scheme, employ the money in executing it.

“To silence all your scruples, I assure you that my gift is sanctioned by my husband and my father, who join with me in approbation of your conduct, and in the most earnest wishes that you may receive the reward of it in the entire restoration of your afflicted parent. Already

have the candid and enlightened paid you their tribute of recovered esteem.

"It is the *slang* of the present day, if I may be allowed this vulgar but forcible expression, to inveigh bitterly against society for excluding from its circle, with unrelenting rigor, the woman who has once transgressed the salutary laws of chastity; and some brilliant and persuasive, but, in my opinion, mistaken writers, of both sexes, have endeavored to prove that many an amiable woman has been forever lost to virtue and the world, and become the victim of prostitution, merely because her first fault was treated with ill-judging and criminal severity.

"This assertion appears to me to be fraught with mischief; as it is calculated to deter the victim of seduction from penitence and amendment, by telling her that she would employ them in her favor in vain. And it is surely as false as it is dangerous. I know many instances, and it is fair to conclude that the experience of others is similar to mine, of women restored by perseverance in a life of expiatory amendment, to that rank in society which they had forfeited by one false step, while their fault has been forgotten in their exemplary conduct as wives and mothers.

"But it is not to be expected that society should open its arms to receive its prodigal children till they have undergone a long and painful probation—till they have practised the virtues of self-denial, patience, fortitude, and industry. And she, whose penitence is not the mere result of wounded pride and caprice, will be capable of exerting all these virtues, in order to regain some portion of the esteem she has lost. What will difficulties and mortifications be to her? Keeping her eye steadily fixed on the end she has in view, she will bound lightly over them all; nor will she seek the smiles of the world, till, instead of receiving them as a favor, she can demand them as a right.

"Agnes, my dear Agnes, do you not know the original of the above picture? You, by a life of self-denial, patience, fortitude, and industry, have endeavored to atone

for the crime you have committed against society ; and I hear her voice saying, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee !' and ill befall the hand that would uplift the sacred pall which penitence and amendment have thrown over departed guilt !"

Such was the letter of Caroline ; a letter intended to speak peace and hope to the heart of Agnes ; to reconcile the offender to herself, and light up her dim eye with the beams of self-approbation. Thus did she try to console her guilty and unhappy friend in the hour of her adversity and degradation. But Caroline had given a still *greater* proof of the sincerity of her friendship ; she had never wounded the feelings, or endeavored to mortify the self-love of Agnes in the hour of her prosperity and acknowledged superiority ; she had seen her attractions, and heard her praises, without envy ; nor ever with seeming kindness, but real malignity, related to her in the accents of pretended wonder and indignation, the censures she had incurred or the ridicule she had excited ; but in every instance she had proved her friendship ; a memorable exception to what are sarcastically termed the friendships of women.

"Yes—she has indeed divined my secret," said Agnes, when she had perused the letter, while tears of tenderness trickled down her cheeks, "and she deserves to assist me in procuring means for my poor father's recovery—an indulgence which I should be jealous of granting to any one else, except you, Fanny," she added, seeing on Fanny's countenance an expression of jealousy of this richer friend ; "and on the strength of this noble present," looking with a smile at her darned and pieced, though neat apparel, "I will treat myself with a new gown." "Not before it was wanted," said Fanny peevishly. "Nay," replied Agnes with a forced smile, "surely I am well dressed enough for a runaway daughter. My father loved to see me fine," as poor Clarissa says, "and had I never left him, I should not have been forced to wear such a gown as this ; but, Fanny, let me but see him once more capable of knowing me, and loving me, if it be possible for him to forgive me," added

she in a faltering voice, "and I will then, if he wishes it, be fine again, though I work all night to make myself so."

"My dear, dear lady," said Fanny sorrowfully, "I am sure I did not mean any thing by what I said; but you have such a way with you, and talk so sadly! Yet, I can't bear, indeed I can't, to see such a lady in a gown not good enough for me; and then to see my young master no better dressed than the cottager's boys next door; and then to hear them call Master Edward little Fitzhenry, as if he was not their betters; I can't bear it—it does not signify talking, I can't bear to think of it."

"How, then," answered Agnes in a solemn tone, and grasping her hand as she spoke, "how can I bear to think of the guilt which has thus reduced so low both me and my child? Oh! would to God my boy could exchange situations with the children whom you think his inferiors! I have given him life, indeed, but not one legal claim to what is necessary to the support of life, except the scanty pittance I might, by a public avowal of my shame, wring from his father."

"I would beg my bread with him through the streets before you should do that!" hastily exclaimed Fanny, "and for the love of God, say no more on this subject; he is *my child*, as well as yours," she continued, snatching little Edward to her bosom, who was contentedly playing with his top at the door; and Agnes, contemplating the blooming graces of the boy, forgot he was an object of compassion.

The next year passed away as the former had done; and at the end of it, Fitzhenry being pronounced incurable, but perfectly quiet and harmless, Agnes desired, in spite of the advice and entreaties of the governors, that he might be delivered up to her, that she might put him under the care of Dr W——.

Luckily for Agnes, the assignees of her father recovered a debt of a hundred pounds which had long been due to him; and this sum they had great pleasure in paying Agnes, in order to further the success of her last hope.

On the day fixed for Fitzhenry's release, Agnes purchased a complete suit of clothes for him, such as he used to wear in former days, and dressed herself in a manner suited to her birth, rather than her situation; then set out in a post-chaise, attended by the friendly cottager, as it was judged imprudent for her to travel with her father alone, to take up Fitzhenry at the Bedlam, while Fanny was crying with joy to see her dear lady looking like herself again, and travelling like a *gentlewoman*.

But the poor, whom gratitude and affection made constantly observant of the actions of Agnes, were full of consternation, when some of them heard, and communicated to others, that a post-chaise was standing at Miss Fitzhenry's door. "Oh dear! she is going to leave us again; what shall we do without her?" was the general exclamation; and when Agnes came out to enter her chaise, she found it surrounded by her humble friends, lamenting and inquiring, though with cautious respect, whether she ever meant to come back again. "Fanny will tell you every thing," said Agnes, overcome with grateful emotion at observing the interest she excited. Unable to say more, she waved her hand as a token of farewell to them, and the chaise drove off.

"Is Miss Fitzhenry grown *rich* again?" was the general question addressed to Fanny; and I am sure it was a disinterested one, and that, at the moment, they asked it without a view to their profiting by her change of situation, and merely as anxious for her welfare; and when Fanny told them whither and wherefore Agnes was gone, could prayers, good wishes, and blessings, have secured success to the hopes of Agnes, her father, even as soon as she stopped at the gate of the Bedlam, would have recognised and received her with open arms. But when she arrived, she found Fitzhenry as irrational as ever, though delighted to hear he was going to take a ride with "*the lady*," as he always called Agnes; and she had the pleasure of seeing him seat himself beside her with a look of uncommon satisfaction. Nothing worth relating happened on the road. Fitzhenry was very tractable, ex-

cept at night, when the cottager, who slept in the same room with him, found it difficult to make him keep in bed, and was sometimes forced to call Agnes to his assistance ; at sight of her he always became quiet, and obeyed her implicitly.

The skilful and celebrated man to whom she applied, received her with sympathizing kindness, and heard her story with a degree of interest and sensibility peculiarly grateful to the afflicted heart. Agnes related with praiseworthy ingenuousness, the whole of her sad history, judging it necessary that the doctor should know the cause of the malady for which he was to prescribe.

It was peculiarly the faculty of Agnes to interest in her welfare those with whom she conversed ; and the doctor soon experienced a more than ordinary earnestness to cure a patient so interesting from his misfortunes, and recommended by so interesting a daughter. "Six months," said he, "will be a sufficient time of trial ; and in the meanwhile you shall reside in a lodging near us." Fitzhenry then became an inmate of the doctor's house ; Agnes took possession of apartments in the neighborhood ; and the cottager returned to —.

The ensuing six months were passed by Agnes in the soul-sickening feeling of hope deferred ; and, while the air of the place agreed so well with her father that he became fat and healthy in his appearance, anxiety preyed on her delicate frame, and made the doctor fear that when he should be forced to pronounce his patient beyond his power to cure, she would sink under the blow ; unless the hope of being still serviceable to her father should support her under its pressure. He resolved, therefore, to inform her, in as judicious and cautious a manner, as possible, that he saw no prospect of curing the thoroughly shattered intellect of Fitzhenry.

"*I* can do nothing for your father," said he to Agnes, (when he had been under his care six months,) laying great stress on the word *I* ; (Agnes with a face of horror, started from her seat, and laid her hand on his arm ;) "but *you* can do a great deal."

"Can I? can I?" exclaimed Agnes, sobbing convulsively. "Blessed hearing! But the means—the means?"

"It is very certain," he replied, "that he experiences great delight when he sees you, and sees you too employed in his service; and when he lives with you, and sees you again where he has been accustomed to see you——"

"You advise his living with me then?" interrupted Agnes with eagerness.

"I do, most strenuously," replied the doctor.

"Blessings on you for those words!" answered Agnes; "they said you would oppose it! You are a wise and a kind-hearted man!"

"My dear child," rejoined the doctor, "when an evil can't be cured, it should at least be alleviated."

"You think it can't be cured, then?" again interrupted Agnes.

"Not absolutely so; I know not what a course of medicine, and living with you as much in your old way as possible, may do for him. Let him resume his usual habits, his usual walks; live as near your former habitation as you possibly can; let him hear his favorite songs, and be as much with him as you can contrive to be; and if you should not succeed in making him rational again, you will at least make him happy."

"Happy! I make him happy, now?" exclaimed Agnes, pacing the room in an agony; "I made him happy once! but now!—"

"You must hire some one to sleep in the room with him," resumed the doctor.

"No, no!" cried Agnes impatiently; "no one shall wait upon him but myself; I will attend him day and night."

"And should your strength be worn out by such incessant watching, who would take care of him then? Remember, you are but mortal." Agnes shook her head, and was silent. "Besides, the strength of a man may sometimes be necessary, and for his sake as well as yours, I must insist on being obeyed."

"You shall be obeyed," said Agnes mournfully.

"Then, now," rejoined he, "let me give you my advice relative to diet, medicine, and management." This he did in detail, as he found Agnes had a mind capacious enough to understand his system; and promising to answer her letters immediately, whenever she wrote to him for advice, he took an affectionate farewell of her; and Agnes and her father, accompanied by a man whom the doctor had procured for the purpose, set off for —.

Fanny was waiting at the cottage with little Edward to receive them; but the dejected countenance of Agnes precluded all necessity of asking concerning the state of Fitzhenry. Scarcely could the caresses and joy her child expressed at seeing her call a smile to her lips; and, as she pressed him to her bosom, tears of bitter disappointment mingled with those of tenderness.

In a day or two after, Agnes, in compliance with the doctor's desire, hired a small tenement very near the house in which they formerly lived; and in the garden of which, as it was then empty, they obtained leave to walk. She also procured a person to sleep in the room with her father, instead of the man who came with them; and he carried back a letter from her to the doctor, informing him that she had arranged every thing according to his directions.

It was a most painfully pleasing sight to behold the attention of Agnes to Fitzhenry. She knew it was not in her power to repair the enormous injury she had done him, and that all she could now do, was but a poor amends; still it was affecting to see how anxiously she watched his steps whenever he chose to wander alone from home, and what pains she took to make him neat in his appearance, and cleanly in his person. Her child and herself were clothed in coarse apparel, but she bought for her father every thing of the best materials; and, altered as he was, Fitzhenry still looked like a gentleman.

Sometimes he seemed in every respect so like himself, that Agnes, hurried away by her imagination, would, after

gazing on him for some minutes, start from her seat, seize his hand, and, breathless with hope, address him as if he were a rational being ; when a laugh of vacancy, or a speech full of the inconsistency of frenzy, would send her back to her chair again, with a pulse quickened and a cheek flushed with the fever of disappointed expectation.

However, he certainly was pleased with her attentions ; but, alas ! he knew not who was the bestower of them ; he knew not the child whose ingratitude or whose death he still lamented in his ravings in the dead of night, was returned to succor, to sooth him, and to devote herself entirely to his service. He heard her, but he knew her not ; he saw her, but in her he was not certain he beheld his child ; and this was the pang that preyed on the cheek and withered frame of Agnes ; but she still persisted to hope, and patiently endured the pain of today, expecting the joy of tomorrow ; nor did her hopes always appear ill founded.

The first day that Agnes led him to the garden once his own, he ran through every walk with eager delight ; but he seemed surprised and angry to see the long grass growing in the walks, and the few flowers that remained choked up with weeds, and began to pluck up the weeds with hasty violence.

"It is time to go home," said Agnes to him just as the day began to close in ; and Fitzhenry immediately walked to the door which led into the house, and, finding it locked, looked surprised ; then, turning to Agnes, he asked her if she had not the key in her pocket ; and on her telling him that was not his home, he quitted the house evidently with great distress and reluctance, and was continually looking back at it, as if he did not know how to believe her.

On this little circumstance poor Agnes lay ruminating the whole night after, with joyful expectation ; and she repaired to the garden at day-break, with a gardener whom she hired, to make the walks look as much as possible as they formerly did. But they had omitted to tie up some straggling flowers ; and when Agnes, Fanny,

and the cottager, accompanied Fitzhenry thither the next evening, he, though he seemed conscious of the improvement that had taken place, was disturbed at seeing some gilliflowers trailing along the ground; and, suddenly turning to Agnes, he said, "Why do you not bind up these?"

To do these little offices in the garden, and keep the parterre in order, was formerly Agnes's employment. What delight, then, must these words of Fitzhenry, so evidently the result of an association in his mind between her and his daughter, have excited in Agnes! With a trembling hand and a glowing cheek, she obeyed; and Fitzhenry saw her, with manifest satisfaction, tie up every straggling flower in the garden, while he eagerly followed her, and bent attentively over her.

At last, when she had gone the whole round of flower beds, he exclaimed, "Good girl! good girl!" and, putting his arm round her waist, suddenly kissed her cheek.

Surprise, joy, and emotion difficult to be defined, overcame the irritable frame of Agnes, and she fell senseless to the ground. But the care of Fanny soon recovered her again; and the first question she asked was, how her father (whom she saw in great agitation running round the garden) behaved when he saw her fall.

"He raised you up," replied Fanny, "and seemed so distressed! he would hold the salts to your nose himself, and would scarcely suffer me to do any thing for you; but, hearing you mutter 'Father, dear father!' as you began to come to yourself, he changed color, and immediately began to run round the garden, as you now see him."

"Say no more, say no more, my dear friend," cried Agnes; "it is enough. I am happy, quite happy; it is clear that he knew me; and I have again received a father's embrace; then his anxiety too when I was ill—Oh! there is no doubt now that he will be quite himself in time."

"Perhaps he may," replied Fanny; "but——"

"But! and perhaps!" cried Agnes pettishly; "I tell you he will, he certainly will recover; and those are not my friends who doubt it." So saying, she ran hastily forward to meet Fitzhenry, who was joyfully hastening towards her, leaving Fanny grieved and astonished at her petulance; but few are the tempers proof against continual anxiety and the souring influence of still renewed and still disappointed hope; and even Agnes, the once gentle Agnes, if contradicted on this subject, became angry and unjust.

But she was never conscious of having given pain to the feelings of another, without bitter regret and an earnest desire of healing the wound she had made; and when leaning on Fitzhenry's arm, she returned towards Fanny, and saw her in tears, she felt a pang severer than she had inflicted, and said every thing that affection and gratitude could dictate, to restore her to tranquillity again. Her agitation alarmed Fitzhenry; and, exclaiming "Poor thing!" he held the smelling bottle, almost by force, to her nose, and seemed terrified lest she was going to faint again.

"You see, you see!" said Agnes triumphantly to Fanny; and Fanny, made cautious by experience, declared her conviction that her young lady must know more of these matters than she did.

But month after month elapsed, and no circumstances of a similar nature occurred to give new strength to the hopes of Agnes; however, she had the pleasure to see that Fitzhenry not only seemed attached to her, but to be pleased with little Edward.

She had indeed taken pains to teach him to endeavor to amuse her father; but sometimes she had the mortification of hearing, when fits of loud laughter from the child reached her ear, "Edward was only laughing at grandpapa's odd faces and actions, mamma," and having at last taught him it was wicked to laugh at such things, because his grandfather was not well when he distorted his face, her heart was nearly as much wrung by the pity he expressed; for whenever these occasional slight fits

of frenzy attacked Fitzhenry, little Edward would exclaim, "Poor grandpapa! he is not well now; I wish we could make him well, mamma!" But, on the whole, she had reason to be tolerably cheerful.

Every evening, when the weather was fine, Agnes, holding her father's arm, was seen taking their usual walk, her little boy gamboling before them; and never, in their most prosperous hours, were they met with curtsies more low, or bows more respectful, than on these occasions; and many a one grasped with affectionate eagerness the meagre hand of Fitzhenry, and the feverish hand of Agnes; for even the most rigid hearts were softened in favor of Agnes, when they beheld the ravages grief had made in her form, and gazed on her countenance, which spoke in forcible language the sadness, yet resignation of her mind. She might, if she had chosen it, have been received at many houses where she had formerly been intimate; but she declined it, as visiting would have interfered with the necessary labors of the day, with her constant attention to her father, and with the education of her child. "But when my father recovers," said she to Fanny, "as he will be pleased to find I am not deemed wholly unworthy of notice, I shall have great satisfaction in visiting with him."

To be brief: Another year elapsed, and Agnes still hoped; and Fitzhenry continued the same to every eye but hers; she every day fancied his symptoms of returning reason increased, and no one of her friends dared to contradict her. But in order, if possible, to accelerate his recovery, she had resolved to carry him to London to receive the best advice the metropolis afforded, when Fitzhenry was attacked by an acute complaint which confined him to his bed. This event, instead of alarming Agnes, redoubled her hopes. She insisted that it was the crisis of his disorder, and expected health and reason would return together. Not for one moment, therefore, would she leave his bedside, and she would allow herself neither food nor rest, while with earnest attention she gazed on the fast sinking eyes of Fitzhenry,

eager to catch in them an expression of returning recognition.

One day, after he had been sleeping some time, and she, as usual, was attentively watching by him, Fitzhenry slowly and gradually awoke ; and, at last, raising himself on his elbow, looked around him with an expression of surprise, and, seeing Agnes, exclaimed, " My child ! are you there ? Gracious God ! is this possible ? "

Let those who have for years been pining away life in fruitless expectation, and who see themselves at last possessed of the long desired blessing, figure to themselves the rapture of Agnes. " He knows me ! He is himself again ! " burst from her quivering lips, unconscious that it was too probable restored reason was here the forerunner of dissolution.

" Oh ! my father ! " she cried, falling on her knees, but not daring to look up at him, " Oh ! my father, forgive me if possible ; I have been guilty, but I am penitent ! "

Fitzhenry, as much affected as Agnes, faltered out, " Thou art restored to me, and God knows how heartily I forgive thee ! " Then raising her to his arms, Agnes, happy in the fulfilment of her utmost wishes, felt herself once more pressed to the bosom of the most affectionate of fathers.

" But surely you are not now come back ? " asked Fitzhenry. " I have seen you before, and very lately. " " Seen me ! Oh, yes ! " replied Agnes with passionate rapidity ; " for these last five years I have seen you daily ; and for the last two years you have lived with me, and I have worked to maintain you ! " " Indeed ! " answered Fitzhenry ; " but how pale and thin you are ! You have worked too much ; had you no friends, my child ? "

" Oh, yes ! and guilty as I have been, they pity, nay, they respect me, and we may yet be happy, as Heaven restores you to my prayers ! True, I have suffered much ; but this blessed moment repays me ; this is the only moment of true enjoyment I have known since I left my home and you ! "

Agnes was thus pouring out the hasty effusions of her joy, unconscious that Fitzhenry, overcome with affection, emotion, and, perhaps, sorrowful recollections, was struggling in vain for utterance. At last, "for so many years—and I know you not! worked for me—attended me! Bless, bless her, Heaven!" he faintly articulated; and, worn out with illness, and choked with contending emotions, he fell back on his pillow and expired!

Thus, that blessing, the hope of obtaining which alone gave Agnes courage to endure contumely, poverty, fatigue, and sorrow, was for one moment her own, and then snatched from her forever!

No wonder, then, that when convinced her father was really dead, she fell into a state of stupefaction, from which she never recovered; and, at the same time, were borne to the same grave, the father and daughter.

The day of their funeral was indeed a melancholy one; they were attended to the grave by a numerous procession of respectable inhabitants of both sexes; while the afflicted and lamenting poor followed mournfully at a distance. Even those who had distinguished themselves by their violence against Agnes at her return, dropped a tear as they saw her borne to her long home. Mrs Macfiendy forgot her beauty and accomplishments in her misfortunes and early death; and the mother of the child who had fled from the touch of Agnes, felt sorry that she had ever called her the wickedest woman in the world.

But the most affecting part of the procession was, little Edward, as chief mourner, led by Fanny and her husband, in all the happy insensibility of childhood, unconscious all the while that he was the pitiable hero of that show, which, by its novelty and parade, so much delighted him, while his smiles, poor orphan! excited the tears of those around him.

Just before the procession began to move, a post-chariot and four, with white favors, drove into the yard of the largest inn in the town. It contained lord and lady Mountcarrol, who were married only the day be-

fore, and were on their way to their ladyship's country seat.

His lordship, who seemed incapable of resting in one place for a minute together, did nothing but swear at the postillions for bringing them that road, and express an earnest desire to leave the town again as fast as possible.

While he was gone into the stable for the third time, to see whether the horses were not sufficiently refreshed to go on, a waiter came in to ask lady Mountcarrol's commands, and at that moment the funeral passed the window. The waiter, (who was the very servant that at Mr Seymour's had refused to shut the door against Agnes,) instantly turned away his head, and burst into tears. This excited her ladyship's curiosity; and she drew from him a short, but full account of Agnes and her father.

He had scarcely finished his story when lord Mountcarrol came in, saying the carriage was ready; and no sooner had his bride began to relate to him the story she had just heard, than he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "It is as false as hell, madam! Miss Fitzhenry and her child both died years ago." Then rushing into the carriage, he left lady Mountcarrol terrified and amazed at his manner. But when she was seating herself by his side, she could not help saying that it was impossible for a story to be false, which all the people in the inn averred to be true; then, as he did not offer to interrupt her, she went through the whole story of Agnes and her sufferings; and she was going to comment on them, when the procession, returning from church, crossed the road in which they were going, and obliged the postillion to stop.

Foremost came the little Edward, with all his mother's beauty in his face. "Poor little orphan!" said lady Mountcarrol, giving a tear to the memory of Agnes; "See, my lord, what a lovely boy!" As she spoke, the extreme elegance of the carriage attracted Edward's attention, and springing from Fanny's hand, who in vain endeavored to hold him back, he ran up to the door to examine the figure on the pannel. At that instant lord

Mountcarrol opened the door, lifted the child into the chaise, and, throwing his card of address to the astonished mourners, ordered the servants to drive on as fast as possible.

They did so in despite of Mr Seymour and others, for astonishment had at first deprived them of the power of moving; and the horses, before the witnesses of this sudden and strange event had recovered their recollection, had gone too far to allow themselves to be stopped.

The card with lord Mountcarrol's name explained what at first had puzzled and confounded as well as alarmed them; and Fanny, who had fainted at sight of his lordship, because she knew him, altered as he was, to be Edward's father, and the bane of Agnes, now recovering herself, conjured Mr Seymour to follow his lordship immediately, and tell him Edward was bequeathed to her care.

Mr Seymour instantly ordered post horses, and in about an hour after set off in pursuit of the ravisher.

But the surprise and consternation of Fanny, and the rest of the mourners, were not greater than that of lady Mountcarrol at sight of her lord's strange conduct. "What does this outrage mean, my lord?" she exclaimed in a faltering voice; "and whose child is that?" "It is my child, madam," replied he; "and I will never resign him but with life." Then pressing the astonished Edward to his bosom, he for some minutes sobbed aloud; while lady Mountcarrol, though she could not help feeling compassion for the agony which the seducer of Agnes must experience at such a moment, was not a little displeased and shocked at finding herself the wife of that Clifford whose name she had so lately heard coupled to that of villain.

But her attention was soon called from reflections so unpleasant, by the cries of Edward, whose surprise at being seized and carried away by a stranger now yielding to terror, and who, bursting from lord Mountcarrol, desired to go back to his mamma Fanny, and Mr Seymour.

"What! and leave your own father, Edward?" asked his agitated parent. "Look at me—I am your father; but, I suppose your mother, as well she might, taught you to hate me?" "My mamma told me it was wicked to hate any body; and I am sure I have no papa; I had a grandpapa, but he is gone to heaven, along with my mamma, Fanny says, and she is my mamma now." And again screaming and stamping with impatience, he insisted on going back to her.

But at length, by promises of riding on a fine horse, and of sending for Fanny to ride with him, he was pacified. Then, with artless readiness, he related his mother's way of life, and the odd ways of his grandpapa; and thus, by acquainting lord Mountcarrol with the sufferings and virtuous exertions of Agnes, he increased his horror of his own conduct, and his regret at not having placed so noble-minded a woman at the head of his family. But whence arose the story of her death he had yet to learn.

In a few hours they reached the seat which he had acquired by his second marriage; and there too, in an hour after, arrived Mr Seymour and the husband of Fanny.

Lord Mountcarrol expected this visit, and received them courteously; while Mr Seymour was so surprised at seeing the once healthy and handsome Clifford changed to an emaciated valetudinarian, and carrying in his face the marks of habitual intemperance, that his indignation was for a moment lost in pity. But recovering himself, he told his lordship that he came to demand justice for the outrage which he had committed, and in the name of the friend to whom Miss Fitzhenry had, in case of her sudden death, bequeathed her child, to insist on his being restored to her.

"We will settle that point presently," replied lord Mountcarrol; "but first I conjure you to tell me all that has happened to her since we parted, whose name I have not for years been able to repeat, and who, as well as this child, I have also for years believed dead."

"I will, my lord," answered Mr Seymour, "but I warn

you, that if you have any feeling, it will be tortured by the narration."

"If I have any feeling!" cried his lordship; "but, go on, sir; from you, sir—from you, as—as—her friend, I can bear any thing."

Words could not do justice to the agonies of lord Mountcarrol, while Mr Seymour, beginning with Agnes's midnight walk to —— went through a recital of her conduct and sufferings, and hopes and anxieties, and ended with the momentary recovery and death scene of her father.

But when lord Mountcarrol discovered that Agnes supposed his not making any inquiries concerning her or the child proceeded from brutal indifference concerning their fate, and that, considering him as a monster of inhumanity, she had regarded him not only with contempt, but abhorrence, and seemed to have dismissed him entirely from her remembrance, he beat his breast, he rolled on the floor with frantic anguish, lamenting, in all the bitterness of fruitless regret, that Agnes died without knowing how much he loved her, and without suspecting that, while she was supposing him unnaturally forgetful of her and her child, he was struggling with illness, caused by her desertion, and with a dejection of spirits which he had never, at times, been able to overcome; execrating at the same time the memory of his father, and Wilson, whom he suspected of having intentionally deceived him.

To conclude;—Pity for the misery and compunction of lord Mountcarrol, and a sense of the advantages both in education and fortune that would accrue to little Edward from living with his father, prevailed on Mr Seymour and the husband of Fanny to consent to his remaining where he was; and from that day Edward was universally known as his lordship's son, who immediately made a will, bequeathing him a considerable fortune.

Lord Mountcarrol was then sinking fast into his grave, the victim of his vices, and worn to the bone by the corroding consciousness that Agnes had died in the persuasion of his having brutally neglected her. That was the

bitterest pang of all ! She had thought him so vile, that she could not for a moment regret him !

His first wife he despised because she was weak and illiterate, and hated because she had brought him no children. His second wife was too amiable to be disliked ; but, though he survived his marriage with her two years, she also failed to produce an heir to the title. And while he contemplated in Edward the mind and person of his mother, he was almost frantic with regret that he was not legally his son ; and he cursed the hour when, with short-sighted cunning, he sacrificed the honor of Agnes to his views of family aggrandizement. But, selfish to the last moment of his existence, it was a consciousness of his own misery, not of that which he had inflicted, which prompted his expressions of misery and regret ; and he grudged and envied Agnes the comfort of having been able to despise and forget him.

* * * * *

Peace to the memory of Agnes Fitzhenry ! And may the woman who, like her, has been the victim of artifice, self-confidence, and temptation, like her endeavor to regain the esteem of the world by patient suffering and virtuous exertion, and look forward to the attainment of it with confidence ! But may she whose innocence is yet secure, and whose virtues still boast the stamp of chastity, which can alone make them current in the world, tremble with horror at the idea of listening to the voice of the seducer ! For, though the victim of seduction may in time recover the approbation of others, she must always despair of recovering her own. The image of a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, or some other fellow-being, whose peace of mind has been injured by her deviation from virtue, will probably haunt her path through life ; and she who might, perhaps, have contemplated with fortitude the wreck of her own happiness, is doomed to pine with fruitless remorse at the consciousness of having destroyed that of another ; for, where is the mortal who can venture to pronounce that his actions are of importance to no one, and that the consequences of his virtues or his vices will be confined to himself alone ?

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LYING,

IN

ALL ITS BRANCHES.

BY MRS OPIE.

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MDCCCXXVII.

TO
DR ALDERSON OF NORWICH.

To thee, my beloved Father, I dedicated my first, and to thee I also dedicate my present, work ;—with the pleasing conviction that thou art disposed to form a favorable judgment of any production, however humble, which has a tendency to promote the moral and religious welfare of mankind.

AMELIA OPIE.

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PREFACE.

I AM aware that a preface must be short, if its author aspires to have it read. I shall therefore content myself with making a very few preliminary observations, which I wish to be considered as apologies.

My first apology is, for having throughout my book made use of the words lying and lies, instead of some gentler term, or some easy paraphrase, by which I might have avoided the risk of offending the delicacy of any of my readers.

Our great satirist speaks of a Dean who was a favorite at the church where he officiated, because

“He never mentioned hell to ears polite,—”

and I fear that to “ears polite,” my coarseness, in uniformly calling lying and lie by their real names, may sometimes be offensive.

But, when writing a book against lying, I was obliged to express my meaning in the manner most consonant to the *strict truth*; nor could I employ any words with such propriety as those hallowed and sanctioned for use, on such an occasion, by the practice of inspired and holy men of old.

Moreover, I believe that those who accustom themselves to call lying and lie by a softening appellation, are in danger of weakening their aversion to the fault itself.

My second apology is, for presuming to come forward, with such apparent boldness, as a didactic writer, and a

teacher of truths, which I ought to believe that every one knows already, and better than I do.

But I beg permission to deprecate the charge of presumption and self-conceit, by declaring that I pretend not to lay before my readers any new knowledge; my only aim is to bring to their recollection knowledge which they already possess, but do not constantly recall and act upon.

I am to them, and to my subject, what the picture-cleaner is to the picture; the restorer to observation of what is valuable, and not the artist who created it.

In the next place I wish to remind them that a weak hand is as able as a powerful one to hold a mirror, in which we may see any defects in our dress or person.

In the last place, I venture to assert that there is not in my whole book a more common-place truth, than that kings are but men, and that monarchs, as well as their subjects, must surely die.

Notwithstanding, Philip of Macedon was so conscious of his liability to forget this awful truth, that he employed a monitor to follow him every day, repeating in his ear, "Remember thou art but a man." And he who gave this salutary admonition neither *possessed* superiority of wisdom, nor *pretended* to possess it.

All, therefore, that I require of my readers is to do me justice to believe that, in the following work, my pretensions have been as humble and as confined as those of the REMEMBRANCER OF PHILIP OF MACEDON.

AMELIA OPIE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LYING,

IN

ALL ITS BRANCHES.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

WHAT constitutes lying?

I answer the *intention to deceive*.

If this be a correct definition, there must be *passive* as well as *active* lying; and those who withhold the truth, or do not tell the whole truth, with an intention to deceive, are guilty of lying, as well as those who tell a direct or positive falsehood.

Lies are many, and various in their nature and in their tendency, and may be arranged under their different names, thus :—

Lies of Vanity.

Lies of Flattery.

Lies of Convenience.

Lies of Interest.

Lies of Fear.

Lies of first-rate Malignity.

Lies of second-rate Malignity.

Lies, falsely called Lies of Benevolence.

Lies of real Benevolence.

Lies of mere Wantonness, proceeding from a depraved love of lying, or contempt for truth.

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But this *tolerated* sin, denominated *white lying*, is a sin which I believe that some persons commit, not only without being conscious that it is a sin, but frequently, with a belief that, to do it readily, and without confusion, is often a merit, and always a proof of *ability*. Still more frequently, they do it unconsciously, perhaps, from the force of habit; and, like Monsieur Jourdain, "the Bourgeois gentil-homme," who found out that he had talked prose all his life without knowing it, these persons utter lie upon lie, without knowing that what they utter deserves to be considered as falsehood.

I am myself convinced, that a passive lie is equally as irreconcilable to moral principles as an active one; but I am well aware that most persons are of a different opinion. Yet, I would say to those who thus differ from me, if you allow yourselves to violate truth—that is, to *deceive*, for any purpose whatever—who can say where this sort of self-indulgence will submit to be bounded? Can you be sure that you will not, when strongly tempted, utter what is equally false, in order to benefit yourself at the expense of a fellow-creature?

All mortals are, at times, accessible to temptation; but, when we are not exposed to it, we dwell with complacency on our means of resisting it, on our principles, and our tried and experienced self-denial; but, as the life-boat, and the safety-gun, which succeeded in all that they were made to do while the sea was calm, and the winds still, have been known to fail when the vessel was lost on a tempestuous ocean; so those who may successfully oppose principle to temptation when the tempest of the passions is not awakened within their bosoms, may sometimes be overwhelmed by its power when it meets them in all its awful energy and unexpected violence.

But in every warfare against human corruption, habitual resistance to little temptations is, next to prayer, the most efficacious aid. He who is to be trained for public exhibitions of feats of strength, is made to carry small weights at first, which are daily increased in heaviness,

till, at last, he is almost unconsciously able to bear, with ease, the greatest weight possible to be borne by man. In like manner, those who resist the daily temptation to tell what are apparently trivial and innocent lies, will be better able to withstand allurements to serious and important deviations from truth, and be more fortified in the hour of more severe temptation against every species of dereliction from integrity.

The active lies of vanity are so numerous, but at the same time, are so like each other, that it were useless, as well as endless, to attempt to enumerate them. I shall therefore mention one of them only, before I proceed to my tale on the ACTIVE LIE OF VANITY, and that is the most common of all; namely the violation of truth which persons indulge in relative to their age; an error so generally committed, especially by the unmarried of both sexes, that few persons can expect to be believed when declaring their age at an advanced period of life. So common, and therefore so little disreputable, is this species of lie considered to be, that a sensible friend of mine said to me the other day, when I asked him the age of the lady whom he was going to marry, "She *tells* me she is five-and-twenty; I therefore *conclude* that she is five-and-thirty." This was undoubtedly spoken in joke; still it was an evidence of the toleration generally granted on this point.

But though it is *possible* that my friend believed the lady to be a year or two older than she owned herself to be, and thought a deviation from truth on this subject was of no consequence, I am very sure that he would not have ventured to marry a woman whom he suspected of lying on any other occasion. This however is a lie which does not expose the utterer to severe animadversion, and for this reason probably, that all mankind are so averse to be thought old, that the wish to be considered younger than the truth warrants meets with complacent sympathy and indulgence, even when years are notoriously annihilated at the impulse of vanity.

I give the following story in illustration of the ACTIVE LIE OF VANITY.

THE STAGE COACH.

AMONGST those whom great success in trade had raised to considerable opulence in their native city, was a family by the name of Burford ; and the eldest brother, when he was the only surviving partner of that name in the firm, was not only able to indulge himself in the luxuries of a carriage, country house, garden, hot-houses, and all the privileges which wealth bestows, but could also lay by money enough to provide amply for his children.

His only daughter had been adopted, when very young, by her paternal grandmother, whose fortune was employed in her son's trade, and who could well afford to take on herself all the expenses of Annabel's education. But it was with painful reluctance that Annabel's excellent mother consented to resign her child to another's care ; nor could she be prevailed upon to do so, till Burford, who believed that his widowed parent, would sink under the loss of her husband, unless Annabel was permitted to reside with her, commanded her to yield her maternal rights in pity to this beloved sufferer. She could therefore presume to refuse no longer ;—but she yielded with a mental conflict only too prophetic of the mischief to which she exposed her child's mind and character, by this enforced surrender of a mother's duties.

The grandmother was a thoughtless woman of this world—the mother, a pious, reflecting being, continually preparing herself for the world to come. With the latter, Annabel would have acquired principles—with the former, she could only learn accomplishments ; and that weakly judging person encouraged her in habits of mind and character which would have filled both her father and mother with pain and apprehension.

Vanity was her ruling passion ; and this her grandmother fostered by every means in her power. She gave her elegant dresses, and had her taught showy accomplishments. She delighted to hear her speak of herself, and boast of the compliments paid her on her beauty

and her talents. She was even weak enough to admire the skilful falsehood with which she embellished every thing which she narrated ; but this vicious propensity the old lady considered only as a proof of a lively fancy ; and she congratulated herself on the consciousness how much more agreeable her fluent and inventive Annabel was, than the *matter of fact* girls with whom she associated. But while Annabel and her grandmother were on a visit at Burford's country house, and while the parents were beholding with sorrow the conceit and flippancy of their only daughter, they were plunged at once into comparative poverty, by the ruin of some of Burford's correspondents abroad, and by the fraudulent conduct of a friend in whom he had trusted. In a few short weeks, therefore, the ruined grandmother and her adopted child together with the parents and their boys, were forced to seek an asylum in the heart of Wales, and live on the slender marriage settlement of Burford's amiable wife. For her every one felt, as it was thought that she had always discouraged that expensive style of living which had exposed her husband to envy, and its concomitant detractions, amongst those whose increase in wealth had not kept pace with his own. He had also carried his ambition so far, that he had even aspired to represent his native city in parliament ; and, as he was a violent politician, some of the opposite party not only rejoiced in his downfall, but were ready to believe and to propagate that he had made a fraudulent bankruptcy in concert with his friend who had absconded, and that he had secured or conveyed away from his creditors money to a considerable amount. But the tale of calumny, which has no foundation in truth, cannot long retain its power to injure ; and, in process of time, the feelings of the creditors in general were so completely changed towards Burford, that some of them who had been most decided against signing his certificate, were at length brought to confess that it was a matter for *reconsideration*. Therefore, when a distinguished friend of his father's, who had been strongly prejudiced against him at first, repented of his

unjust credulity, and, in order to make him amends, offered him a share in his own business, all the creditors, except two of the principal ones, became willing to sign the certificate. Perhaps there is nothing so difficult to remove from some minds as suspicions of a derogatory nature; and the creditors in question were envious, worldly men, who piqued themselves on their shrewdness, could not brook the idea of being overreached, and were perhaps, not sorry that he whose prosperity had excited their jealousy, should now be humbled before them as a dependent and a suppliant. However, even they began to be tired at length of holding out against the opinion of so many; and Burford had the comfort of being informed, after he had been some months in Wales, that matters were in train to enable him to get into business again, with restored credit and renewed prospects.

"Then, who knows, Anna," said he to his wife, "but that in a few years I shall be able, by industry and economy, to pay all that I owe, both principal and interest? for, till I have done so I shall not be really happy; and then poverty will be robbed of its sting." "Not only so," she replied,—“we could never have given our children a better inheritance than this proof of their father's strict integrity; and, surely, my dear husband, a blessing will attend thy labors and intentions,”—“I humbly trust that it will.” “Yes,” she continued; “our change of fortune has humbled our pride of heart, and the cry of our contrition and humility has not ascended in vain.” “*Our* pride of heart!” replied Burford, tenderly embracing her; “it was *I*, I alone, who deserved chastisement, and I cannot bear to hear thee blame thyself; but it is like thee, Anna,—thou art ever kind, ever generous; however, as I like to be obliged to thee, I am contented that thou shouldst talk of *our* pride and *our* chastisement.” While these hopes were uppermost in the minds of this amiable couple, and were cheering the weak mind of Burford's mother, which, as it had been foolishly elated by prosperity, was now as improperly depressed by adversity, Annabel had been passing several months at

the house of a school-fellow some miles from her father's dwelling. The vain girl had felt the deepest mortification at this blight to her worldly prospects, and bitterly lamented being no longer able to talk of her grandmother's villa and carriages, and her father's hot-houses and grounds; nor could she help repining at the loss of indulgences to which she had been accustomed: She was therefore delighted to leave home on a visit, and very sorry when unexpected circumstances in her friend's family obliged her to return sooner than she intended. She was compelled also to return by herself in a public coach,—a great mortification to her still existing pride; but she had now no pretensions to travel otherwise, and found it necessary to submit to circumstances. In the coach were one young man and two elderly ones; and her companions seemed so willing to pay her attention, and make her journey pleasant to her, that Annabel, who always believed herself an object of admiration, was soon convinced that she had made a conquest of the youth, and that the others thought her a very sweet creature. She therefore, gave way to all her loquacious vivacity; she hummed tunes in order to show that she could sing; she took out her pencil and sketched wherever they stopped to change horses, and talked of her own *boudoir*, her own maid, and all the past glories of her state, as if they still existed. In short, she tried to impress her companions with a high idea of her consequence, and as if unusual and unexpected circumstances had led her to travel *incog.*, while she put in force all her attractions against their poor condemned hearts. What an odious thing is a coquette of sixteen! and such was Annabel Burford. Certain it is, that she became an object of great attention to the gentlemen with her, but of admiration, probably, to the young man alone, who, in her youthful beauty, might possibly overlook her obvious defects. During the journey, one of the elderly gentlemen opened a basket which stood near him, containing some fine hot-house grapes and flowers. "There, young lady," he said to her, "did you ever see such fruit as this before?" "Oh

dear, yes, in my papa's graperies." "Indeed ! but did you ever see such fine flowers?" "Oh dear, yes, in papa's succession-houses. There is nothing, I assure you, of that sort," she added, drawing up her head with a look of ineffable conceit, "that I am not accustomed to;"—condescending, however, at the same time, to eat some of the grapes, and accept some of the flowers.

It was natural that her companions should now be very desirous of finding out what princess in disguise was deigning to travel in a manner so unworthy of her; and when they stopped within a few miles of her home, one of the gentlemen, having discovered that she was known to a passenger on the top of the coach, who was about to leave it, got out and privately asked him who she was. "Burford ! Burford !" cried he, when he heard the answer; "what ! the daughter of Burford the bankrupt?" "Yes, the same." With a frowning brow he re-entered the coach, and, when seated, whispered the old gentleman next him; and both of them having exchanged glances of sarcastic and indignant meaning, looked at Annabel with great significance. Nor was it long before she observed a marked change in their manner towards her. They answered her with abruptness, and even with reluctance; till, at length, the one who interrogated her acquaintance on the coach said, in a sarcastic tone, "I conclude that you were speaking just now, young lady, of the fine things which were *once* yours. You have no graperies and succession-houses *now*, I take it." "Dear me ! why not, sir?" replied the conscious girl, in a trembling voice. "Why not? Why, excuse my freedom, but are you not the daughter of Mr Burford the bankrupt?" Never was child more tempted to deny her parentage than Annabel was; but though with great reluctance, she faltered out, "Yes; and to be sure, my father was once unfortunate; but"—here she looked at her young and opposite neighbor; and, seeing that his look of admiring respect was exchanged for one of ill-suppressed laughter, she felt irresistibly urged to add, "But we are very well off now, I assure you; and our

present residence is so pretty ! Such a sweet garden ! and such a charming hot-house ! ”

“ Indeed ! ” returned the old man, with a significant nod to his friend ; “ well, then, let your papa take care he does not make his house too hot to hold him, and that *another* house be not added to his list of residences.” Here he laughed heartily at his own wit, and was echoed by his companion. “ But, pray, how long has he been thus again favored by fortune ? ” “ Oh dear ! I cannot say ; but, for some time ; and I assure you our style of living is very complete.” “ I do not doubt it ; for children and fools speak truth, says the proverb ; and sometimes,” added he in a low voice, “ the child and the fool are the same person.” “ So, so,” he muttered aside to the other traveller ; “ gardens ! hot-house ! carriage ! swindling, specious rascal ! ” But Annabel heard only the first part of the sentence ; and being quite satisfied that she had recovered all her consequence in the eyes of her young beau by two or three *white lies*, as she termed them (flights of fancy, in which she was apt to indulge,) she resumed her attack on his heart, and continued to converse, in her most seducing manner, till the coach stopped, according to her desire, at a cottage by the road-side, where, as she said, her father’s groom was to meet her, and take her portmanteau. The truth was, that she did not choose to be set down at her own humble home, which was at the further end of the village, because it would not only tell the tale of her fallen fortunes, but would prove the falsehood of what she had been asserting. When the coach stopped, she exclaimed with well acted surprise, “ Dear me ! how strange that the servant is not waiting for me ! But, it does not signify ; I can stop here till he comes.” She then left the coach scarcely greeted by her elderly companions, but followed, as she fancied, by looks of love from the youth, who handed her out, and expressed his great regret at parting with her.

The parents meanwhile, were eagerly expecting her return ; for though the obvious defects in her character

gave them excessive pain, and they were resolved to leave no measures untried in order to eradicate them, they had missed her amusing vivacity ; and even their low and confined dwelling was rendered cheerful, when, with her sweet and brilliant tones, she went carolling about the house. Besides, she was coming, for the first time, alone and unexpected ; and as the coach was later than usual, the anxious tenderness of the paternal heart was worked up to a high pitch of feeling, and they were even beginning to share the fantastic fears of the impatient grandmother, when they saw the coach stop at a distant turn of the road, and soon after beheld Annabel coming towards them ; who was fondly clasped to those affectionate bosoms, for which her unprincipled falsehoods, born of the most contemptible vanity, had prepared fresh trials and fresh injuries ; for her elderly companions were her father's principal and relentless creditors, who had been down to Wynstaye on business, and were returning thence, to London ; intending when they arrived there to assure Sir James Alberdy,—that friend of Burford's father, who resided in London, and wished to take him into partnership,—that they were no longer averse to sign his certificate ; being at length convinced he was a calumniated man. But now all their suspicions were renewed and confirmed ; since it was easier for them to believe that Burford was still the villain which they always thought him, than that so young a girl should have told so many falsehoods at the mere impulse of vanity. They therefore became more inveterate against her poor father than ever ; and though their first visit to the metropolis was to the gentleman in question, it was now impelled by a wish to injure, not to serve him. How differently would they have felt, had the vain and false Annabel allowed the coach to set her down at her father's lowly door ! and had they beheld the interior arrangement of his house and family ! Had they seen neatness and order giving attraction to cheap and ordinary furniture ; had they beheld the simple meal spread out to welcome the wanderer home, and the Bible and Prayer-

book ready for the evening service, which was deferred till it could be shared again with her whose return would add fervor to the devotion of that worshipping family, and would call forth additional expressions of thanksgiving!

The dwelling of Burford was that of a man improved by trials past;—of one who looked forward with thankfulness and hope to the renewed possession of a competence, in the belief that he should now be able to make a wiser and holier use of it than he had done before. His wife had needed no such lesson; though, in the humility of her heart, she thought otherwise; and she had helped her husband to impress on the yielding minds of her boys, who (happier than their sister) had never left her, that a season of worldly humiliation is more safe and blessed than one of worldly prosperity—while their Welch cottage and wild mountain garden had been converted, by her resources and her example, into a scene of such rural industry and innocent amusement, that they could no longer regret the splendid house and grounds which they had been obliged to resign. The grandmother, indeed, had never ceased to mourn and to murmur; and, to her, the hope of seeing a return of brighter days, by means of a new partnership, was beyond measure delightful. But she was doomed to be disappointed, through those errors in the child of her adoption which she had at least encouraged, if she had not occasioned.

It was with even clamorous delight, that Annabel, after this absence of a few months, was welcomed by her brothers; the parents' welcome was of a quieter, deeper nature; while the grandmother's first solicitude was to ascertain how she looked; and having convinced herself that she was returned handsomer than ever, her joy was as loud as that of the boys.—“Do come hither, Bell,” said one of her brothers—“we have so much to show you! The old cat has such nice kittens!” “Yes; and my rabbits have all young ones!” cried another.—“And I and mamma,” cried the third boy, “have put large stones into the bed of the mountain rill; so now it

makes such a nice noise as it flows over them ! Do come, Bell ; do, pray, come with us !"—But the evening duties were first to be performed ; and performed they were, with more than usual solemnity ; but after them Annabel had to eat her supper ; and she was so engrossed in relating her adventures in the coach, and with describing the attentions of her companions, that her poor brothers were not attended to. In vain did her mother say, " Do, Annabel go with your brothers ! " and added, " Go now ; for it is near their bedtime ! " She was too fond of hearing herself talk, and of her grandmother's flatteries, to be willing to leave the room ; and though her mother was disappointed at her selfishness, she could not bear to chide her on the first night of her return.

When Annabel was alone with her grandmother, she ventured to communicate to her what a fearful consciousness of not having done right had led her to conceal from her parents ; and, after relating all that had passed relative to the fruit and flowers, she repeated the cruel question of the old man, " Are you not the daughter of Mr. Burford the bankrupt ? " and owned what her reply was ; on which her grandmother exclaimed, with great emotion, " Unthinking girl ! you know not what injury you have done your father ! " She then asked for a particular description of the persons of the old men, saying, " Well, well, it cannot be helped now—I may be mistaken ; but be sure not to tell your mother what you have told me."

For some days after Annabel's return, all went on well ; and their domestic felicity would have been so complete, that Burford and his wife would have much disliked any idea of change, had their income been sufficient to give their boys good education ; but, as it was only just sufficient for their maintenance, they looked forward with anxious expectation to the arrival of a summons to London, and to their expected residence there. Still the idea of leaving their present abode was really painful to all, save Annabel and her grandmother. They thought the rest of the family devoid of proper spirit, and declared that living in Wales was not living at all.

But a stop was now put to eager anticipations on the one hand, or of tender regrets on the other ; for, while Burford was expecting daily to receive remittances from Sir James Alberry, to enable him to transport himself and his family to the metropolis, that gentleman wrote to him as follows :—

“ Sir,

“ All connexion between us is for ever at end ; and I have given the share in my business, which was intended for you, to the *worthy* man who has so long solicited it. I thought that I had done you injustice, sir ; I wished therefore to make you amends. But I find you are what you are represented to be, a fraudulent bankrupt ; and your certificate *now will never be signed*. Should you wonder what has occasioned this change in my feelings and proceedings, I am at liberty to inform you that your daughter travelled in a stage coach, a few days ago, with your two principal creditors ; and I am desired to add, *that children and fools speak truth*. JAMES ALBERRY.”

When Burford had finished reading this letter, it fell from his grasp, and clasping his hands convulsively together, he exclaimed, “ Ruined and disgraced for ever ! ” then rushed into his own chamber. His terrified wife followed him with the unread letter in her hand, looking the inquiries which she could not utter.—“ Read that,” he replied, “ and see that Sir James Alberry deems me a villain ! ” She did read, and with a shaking frame ; but it was not the false accusation of her husband, nor the loss of the expected partnership, that thus agitated her firm nerves, and firmer mind ; it was the painful conviction, that Annabel, by some means unknown to her, had been the cause of this mischief to her father ;—a conviction which considerably increased Burford’s agony, when she pointed out the passage in Sir James’s letter alluding to Annabel, who was immediately summoned, and desired to explain Sir James’s mysterious meaning. “ Dear me ! papa,” cried she, changing color, “ I am sure, if I had thought,—I am sure I could not think,—nasty, ill-natured old man ! I am sure I only said—.” “ But what *did* you

say?" cried her agitated father.—"I can explain all," said his mother, who had entered uncalled for, and read the letter. She then repeated what Annabel had told, but softening it as much as she could;—however, she told enough to show the agonizing parents that their child was not only the cause of disappointment and disgrace to them, but a mean, vain-glorious, and despicable liar! "The only amends which you can now make us," said Burford, "is to tell the whole truth, unhappy child! and then we must see what can be done; for my reputation must be cleared, even at the painful expense of exposing you." Nor was it long before the mortified Annabel, with a heart awakened to contrition by her mother's gentle reproofs, and the tender teachings of a mother's love, made an ample confession of all that had passed in the stage coach; on hearing which, Burford instantly resolved to set off for London. But how was he to get thither? He had no money; as he had recently been obliged to pay some debts of his still thoughtless and extravagant mother; nor could he bear to borrow of his neighbour what he was afraid he might be for some time unable to return. "Cruel, unprincipled girl!" cried he, as he paced their little room in agony; "see to what misery thou hast reduced thy father! However, I must go to London immediately, though it be on foot."—"Well, really, I don't see any very great harm in what the poor child did," cried his mother, distressed at seeing Annabel's tears. "It was very trying to her to be reproached with her father's bankruptcy and her fallen fortunes; and it was very natural for her to say what she did."—"Natural!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "natural for my child to utter falsehood on falsehood, and at the instigation of a mean vanity! Natural for my child to shrink from the avowal of poverty, which was unattended with disgrace! Oh! make us not more wretched than we were before, by trying to lessen Annabel's faults in her own eyes! Our only comfort is the hope that she is ashamed of herself."—"But neither her shame nor penitence," cried Burford, "will give me the quickest means

of repairing the effects of her error. However, as I cannot ride, I must walk to London ;” while his wife, alarmed at observing the dew of weakness which stood upon his brow, and the faint flush which overspread his cheek, exclaimed, “But will not writing to Sir James be sufficient ?”—“No. My appearance will corroborate my assurances too well. The only writing necessary will be a detail from Annabel of all that passed in the coach, and a confession of her fault.”—“What ! exact from your child such a disgraceful avowal, William !” cried the angry grandmother.—“Yes ; for it is a punishment due to her transgression ; and she may think herself happy if its consequences end here.” “Here’s a fuss, indeed, about a little harmless puffing and white lying !”—“Harmless !” replied Burford, in a tone of indignation, while his wife exclaimed, in the agony of a wounded spirit, “Oh ! mother, mother ! do not make us deplore, more than we already do, that fatal hour when we consented to surrender our dearest duties at the call of compassion for your sorrows, and entrusted the care of our child’s precious soul to your erroneous tenderness ! But, I trust that Annabel deeply feels her sinfulness, and that the effects of a mistaken education may have been counteracted in time.”

The next day, having procured the necessary document from Annabel, Burford set off on his journey, intending to travel occasionally on the tops of coaches, being well aware that he was not in a state of health to walk the whole way.

In the meanwhile, Sir James Alberry, the London merchant, to whom poor Burford was then pursuing his long and difficult journey, was beginning to suspect that he had acted hastily ; and, perhaps, unjustly. He had written his distressing letter in the moments of his first indignation, on hearing the statement of the two creditors ; and he had moreover written it under their dictation ; and, as the person who had long wished to be admitted into partnership with him happened to call at the same time, and had taken advantage of Burford’s supposed

delinquency, he had, without further hesitation, granted his request. But as Sir James, though a *rash*, was a *kind-hearted* man, when his angry feelings had subsided, the rebound of them was in favor of the poor accused ; and he reproached himself for having condemned and punished a supposed culprit, before he was even heard in his defence. Therefore, having invited Burford's accusers to return to dinner, he dismissed them as soon as he could, and went in search of his wife, wishing, but not expecting, his hasty proceeding to receive the approbation of her candid spirit and discriminating judgment. "What is all this?" cried Lady Alberry, when he had done speaking. "Is it possible that, on the evidence of these two men, who have shown themselves inveterate enemies of the poor bankrupt, you have broken your promise to him, and pledged it to another?"—"Yes ; and my letter to Burford is gone. I wish I had shown it to you before it went ; but surely Burford's child could not have told them falsehoods."—"That depends on her education." "True, Jane ; and she was brought up, you know, by that paragon, her mother, who cannot do wrong." "No ; she was brought up by that weak woman, her grandmother, who is not likely, I fear, ever to do right. Had her pious mother educated her, I should have been sure that Annabel Burford could not have told a lie. However, I shall see, and interrogate the accusers. In the meanwhile I must regret your excessive precipitancy."

As Lady Alberry was a woman who scrupulously performed all her religious and moral duties, she was, consequently, always observant of that holy command, "not to take up a reproach against her neighbor." She was, therefore, very unwilling to believe the truth of this charge against Burford ; and thought that it was more likely an ill educated girl should tell a falsehood, which had also, perhaps, been magnified by involuntary exaggeration, than that the husband of such a woman as Anna Burford should be the delinquent which his old creditors described him to be. For she had in former days been thrown into

society with Burford's wife, and had felt attracted towards her by the strongest of all sympathies, that of entire unity on those subjects most connected with our welfare here, and hereafter ; those sympathies which can convert strangers into friends, and draw them together in the enduring ties of pure, christian love. "No, no," said she to herself ; "the beloved husband of such a woman cannot be a villain ;" and she awaited, with benevolent impatience, the arrival of her expected guests.

They came, accompanied by Charles Danvers, Annabel's young fellow-traveller, who was nephew to one of them ; and Lady Alberry lost no time in drawing from them an exact detail of all that had passed. "And this girl, you say, was a forward, conceited, set-up being, full of herself and her accomplishments ; in short, the creature of vanity." "Yes," replied one of the old men, "it was quite a comedy to look at her and hear her !" "But what says my young friend ?" "The same. She is very pretty ; but a model of affectation, boasting, and vanity. Now she was hanging her head on one side—then looking languishingly with her eyes ; and when my uncle, *coarsely*, as I thought, talked of her father as a bankrupt, her expression of angry mortification was so ludicrous, that I could scarcely help laughing. Nay, I do assure you," he continued, "that had we been left alone a few minutes, I should have been made the confidant of her love affairs ; for she sighed deeply once, and asked me, with an affected lisp, if I did not think it a dangerous thing to have a too susceptible heart ?" As he said this, after the manner of Annabel, both the old men exclaimed, "Admirable ! that is she to the life ! I think that I see her and hear her !" "But, I dare say," said Lady Alberry gravely, "that you paid her compliments, and pretended to admire her notwithstanding." "I own it ; for how could I refuse the incense which every look and gesture demanded ?" "A principle of truth, young man ! would have enabled you to do it. What a fine lesson it would be, for poor flattered women, if we could know how meanly men think of us, even when they flat-

ter us the most." "But, dear Lady Alberry, this girl seemed to me a mere child; a coquette of the nursery; still, had she been older, her evident vanity would have secured me against her beauty." "You are mistaken, Charles; this child is almost seventeen. But now, gentlemen, as *just men*, I appeal to you all, whether it is not more likely that this vain-glorious girl told lies, than that her father, the husband of one of the best of women, should be guilty of the grossest dishonesty?" "I must confess, Jane, that you have convinced me," said Sir James; but the two creditors only frowned, and spoke not. "But consider," said this amiable advocate; "if the girl's habitation was so beautiful, was it not inconsistent with her boasting propensities that she should not choose to be set down at it? And if her father still had carriages and servants, would they not have been sent to meet her? And if he were really rich, would she have been allowed to travel alone in a stage coach? Impossible; and I conjure you to suspend your severe judgment of an unfortunate man, till you have sent some one to see how he really lives."

"I am forced to return to Wynstaye tomorrow," growled out Charles's uncle; "therefore, suppose I go myself." "We had fixed to go into Wales ourselves next week," replied Lady Alberry, "on a visit to a dear friend who lives not far from Wynstaye. Therefore, what say you, Sir James? Had we not better go with our friend? For if you have done poor Burford injustice, the sooner you make him reparation, and *in person*, the better." To this proposal Sir James gladly assented; and they set off for Wales the next day, accompanied by the uncle and the nephew.

As Lady Alberry was going to her chamber, on the second night of their journey, she was startled by the sound of deep groans, and a sort of delirious raving, from a half open door. "Surely," said she to the landlady, who was conducting her, "there is some one very ill in that room."—"Oh, dear! yes, my lady; a poor man who was picked up on the road yesterday. He had

walked all the way from the heart of Wales, till he was so tired, he got on a coach ; and he supposes that, from weakness he fell off in the night ; and not being missed, he lay till he was found and brought hither.”—“ Has any medical man seen him ? ”—“ Not yet ; for our surgeon lives a good way off ; and, as he had his senses when he first came, we hoped he was not much hurt. He was able to tell us that he only wanted a garret, as he was very poor ; and yet, my lady, he looks and speaks so like a gentleman ! ”—“ Poor creature ! he must be attended to, and a medical man sent for directly, as he is certainly not sensible *now*.”—“ Hark ! he is raving again, and all about his wife, and I cannot tell what.”—“ I should like to see him,” said Lady Alberry, whose heart always yearned towards the afflicted ; “ and I think that I am myself no bad doctor.” Accordingly, she entered the room just as the sick man exclaimed, in his delirium, “ Cruel Sir James ! I a fraudulent . . . Oh ! my dearest Anna ! ” . . . and Lady Alberry recognised, in the poor raving being before her, the calumniated Burford ! “ I know him ! ” she cried, bursting into tears ; “ We will be answerable for all expenses.” She then went in search of Sir James ; and having prepared him as tenderly as she could for the painful scene which awaited him, she led him to the bedside of the unconscious invalid ;—then, while Sir James shocked and distressed beyond measure, interrogated the landlady, Lady Alberry examined the nearly threadbare coat of the *supposed rich man*, which lay on the bed, and searched for the slenderly filled purse, of which he had himself spoken. She found there Sir James’s letter, which had, she doubted not, occasioned his journey and his illness ; and which, therefore, in an agony of repentant feeling, her husband tore *into atoms*. In the same pocket he found Annabel’s confession ; and when they left the chamber, having vainly waited in hopes of being recognised by the poor invalid, they returned to their fellow travellers, carrying with them the evidences of Burford’s scanty means, in corroboration of the tale of suffering and fatigue which they had to relate. “ See ! ” said Lady Alberry,

holding up the coat, and emptying the purse on the table, "are these signs of opulence? and is travelling on foot, in a hot June day, a proof of splendid living?" While the harsh creditor, as he listened to the tale of delirium, and read the confession of Annabel, regretted the hasty credence which he had given to her falsehoods.

But what was best to be done? To send for Burford's wife;—and, till she arrived to nurse him, Sir James and Lady Alberry declared that they would not leave the inn. It was therefore agreed that the nephew should go to Burford's house in the barouche, and escort his wife back. He did so; and while Annabel, lost in painful thought, was walking on the road, she saw the barouche driving up, with her young fellow-traveller in it. As it requires great suffering to subdue such overweening vanity as Annabel's, her first thought, on seeing him, was, that her youthful beau was a young heir, who had travelled in disguise, and was now come in state to make her an offer! She, therefore, blushed with pleasure as he approached, and received his bow with a countenance of joy. But his face expressed no answering pleasure; and, coldly passing her, he said his business was with her mother, who, alarmed, she scarcely knew why, stood trembling at the door; nor was she less alarmed when the feeling youth told his errand, in broken and faltering accents, and delivered Lady Alberry's letter. "Annabel must go with me!" said her mother, in a deep and solemn tone. Then lowering her voice, because unwilling to reprove her before a stranger, she added, "Yes, my child! thou must go, to see the effects of thy errors, and take sad, but salutary warning for the rest of thy life. We shall not detain you long, sir," she continued, turning to Charles Danvers; "our *slender wardrobe* can be soon prepared."

In a short time, the calm, but deeply suffering wife, and the weeping, humbled daughter, were on their road to the inn. The mother scarcely spoke during the whole of the journey; but she seemed to pray a great deal; and the young man was so affected, with the subdued an-

guish of the one, and the passionate grief of the other, that, he declared to Lady Alberry, he had never been awakened to such serious thought before, and hoped to be the better for the journey, through the whole of his existence; while, in her penitent sorrow, he felt inclined to forget Annabel's fault, coquetry, and affectation.

When they reached the inn, the calmness of the wife was entirely overcome at the sight of Lady Alberry, who opened her arms to receive her with the kindness of an attached friend; whispering, as she did so, "He has been sensible; and he knew Sir James; knew him as an affectionate friend and nurse!"—"Gracious heaven, I thank thee!" she replied, hastening to his apartment, leading the reluctant Annabel along. But he did not know them; and his wife was at first speechless with sorrow; at length recovering her calmness, she said, "See! dear unhappy girl! to what thy sinfulness has reduced thy fond father! Humble thyself, my child, before the Great Being whom thou hast offended; and own his mercy in the awful warning!" "I am humbled, I am warned, I trust," cried Annabel, falling on her knee; "but, if he die, what will become of me?" "What will become of us *all*?" replied the mother, shuddering at the bare idea of losing him, but preparing, with forced composure, for her important duties. Trying ones indeed they were, through many days and nights, that the wife and daughter had to watch beside the bed of the unconscious Burford. The one heard herself kindly invoked, and tenderly desired, and her *absence wondered at*; while the other never heard her name mentioned, during the ravings of fever, without heart-rending upbraidings, and just reproofs. But Burford's life was granted to the prayers of agonizing affection; and, when recollection returned, he had the joy of knowing that his reputation was cleared, that his angry creditors were become his kind friends, and that Sir James Alberry lamented, with bitter regret, that he could no longer prove his confidence in him by making him his partner. But notwithstanding this blight to his prospects, Burford piously blessed the event which had had so salu-

was the resolve of that trying moment ever broken. But when her father, whose original destination had been the church, was led, by his own wishes, to take orders, and was, in process of time, inducted into a considerable living, in the gift of Sir James Alberry, Annabel rivalled her mother in performing the duties of her new station; and, when she became a wife and mother herself, she had a mournful satisfaction in relating the above story to her children; bidding them beware of all lying; but more especially of that common lie, the lie of vanity, whether it be active or passive. "Not," said she, "that retributive justice in this world, like that which attended mine, may always follow your falsehoods, or those of others; but because all lying is contrary to the moral law of God; and that the liar, as scripture tells us, is not only liable to punishment and disgrace here, but will be the object of certain and more awful punishment in the world to come."

The following tale illustrates the **PASSIVE LIE OF VANITY.**

UNEXPECTED DISCOVERIES.

THERE are two sayings—the one derived from divine, the other from human authority—the truth of which is continually forced upon us by experience. They are these;—"A prophet is not without honor, except in his own country;" and "No man is a hero to his valet de chambre."—"Familiarity breeds contempt," is also a proverb to the same effect; and they all three bear upon the tendency in our natures to undervalue the talents, and the claims to distinction, of those with whom we are closely connected and associated; and on our incapability to believe that they, whom we have always considered as our equals only, or perhaps as our inferiors, can be to the rest of the world objects of admiration and respect.

No one was more convinced of the truth of these sayings than Darcy Pennington, the only child of a pious

and virtuous couple, who thought him the best of sons, and one of the first of geniuses ; but, as they were not able to persuade the rest of the family of this latter truth, when they died, Darcy's uncle and guardian insisted on his going into a merchant's counting-house in London, instead of being educated for one of the learned professions. Darcy had a mind too well disciplined, to rebel against his guardian's authority. He therefore submitted to his allotment in silence ; resolving that his love of letters and the muses should not interfere with his duties to his employer, but he devoted all his leisure hours to literary pursuits ; and, as he had real talents, he was at length raised from the unpaid contributor to the poetical columns in the newspaper, to the *paid* writer in a popular magazine ; while his poems, signed *Alfred*, became objects of eager expectation. But Darcy's own family and friends could not have been more surprised at his growing celebrity than he himself was ; for he was a sincere, humble christian ; and, having been accustomed to bow to the opinion of those whom he considered as his superiors in intellect and knowledge, he could scarcely believe in his own eminence. But it was precious to his heart, rather than to his vanity ; as it enabled him to indulge those benevolent feelings, which his small income had hitherto restrained. At length he published a duodecimo volume of poems and hymns, still under the name of Alfred, which was highly praised in reviews and journals, and a strong desire was expressed to know who the modest, promising, and pious writer was.

Notwithstanding, Darcy could not prevail upon himself to disclose his name. He visited his native town every year, and in the circle of his family and friends, was still considered only as a good sort of lad, who had been greatly overrated by his parents—was just suited for the situation in which he had been placed—and was very fortunate to have been received into partnership with the merchant to whom he had been clerk. In vain did Darcy sometimes endeavor to hint that he was an author ; he remembered the contempt with which his uncle and re-

lations, had read one of the earliest fruits of his muse, when exhibited by his fond father, and the advice given to burn such stuff, and not turn the head of a dull boy, by making him fancy himself a genius. Therefore, recollecting the wise saying quoted above, he feared that the news of his literary celebrity would not be received with pleasure, and that the affection with which he was now welcomed might suffer diminution. Besides, thought he,—and then his heart rose in his throat, with a choking, painful feeling,—those tender parents, who would have enjoyed my little fame, are cold, and unconscious now ; and the ears, to which my praises would have been sweet music, cannot hear ; therefore, methinks, I have a mournful pleasure in keeping on that veil, the removal of which cannot confer pleasure on them.”—Consequently he remained contented to be warmly welcomed at D—for talents of an humble sort, such as his power for mending toys, making kites, and rabbits on the wall ; which talents endeared him to all the children of his family and friends ; and, through them, to their parents. Yet it may be asked, was it possible that a young man so gifted, could conceal his abilities from observation ?

Oh, yes. Darcy, to borrow Addison’s metaphor concerning himself, though he could draw a bill for £1000, had never any small change in his pocket. Like him, he could write, but he could not talk ; he was discouraged in a moment ; and the slightest rebuff made him hesitate to a painful degree. He had, however, some flattering moments, even amidst his relations and friends ; for he heard them repeating his verses and singing his songs. He had also far greater joy in hearing his hymns in places of public worship ; and then, too much choked with grateful emotion to join in the devotional chorus himself, he used to feel his own soul raised to heaven upon those wings which he had furnished for the souls of others. At such moments he longed to discover himself as the author ; but was withheld by the fear that his songs would cease to be admired, and his hymns would lose their usefulness, if it were known that he had written

them. However, he resolved to *feel his way*; and once, on hearing a song of his commended, he ventured to observe, "I think I can write as good a one."—"You!" cried his uncle; "what a conceited boy! I remember that you used to scribble verses when a child; but I thought you had been laughed out of that nonsense."—"My dear fellow, nature never meant thee for a poet, believe me," said one of his cousins conceitedly,—a young collegian. "No, no; like the girl in the drama, thou wouldst make 'love' and 'joy' rhyme, and know no better."—"But I have written, and I can rhyme," replied Darcy, coloring a little.—"Indeed!" replied his formal aunt; "Well, Mr Darcy Pennington, it really would be very amusing to see your erudite productions; perhaps you will indulge us some day."—"I will; and then you may probably alter your opinion." Soon after Darcy wrote an anonymous prose tale in one volume, interspersed with poetry, which had even a greater run than his other writings; and it was attributed first to one person, and then to another; while his publisher was excessively pressed to declare the name of the author; but he did not himself know it, as he only knew Darcy, *avowedly*, under a feigned name. But, at length, Darcy resolved to disclose his secret, at least to his relatives and friends at D—; and just as the second edition of his tale was nearly completed, he set off for his native place, taking with him the manuscript, full of the printer's marks, to prove that he was the author of it.

He had one *irresistible* motive for thus walking out from his *incognito*, like Homer's deities from their cloud. He had fallen in love with his second cousin, Julia Vane, an heiress, and his uncle's ward; and had become jealous of himself, as he had, for some months, wooed her in anonymous poetry, which she, he found, attributed to a gentleman in the neighborhood, whose name he knew not; and she had often declared that, such was her passion for poetry, he who could woo her in beautiful verse was alone likely to win her heart.

On the very day of his arrival, he said in the family

circle that he had brought down a little manuscript of his own, which he wished to read to them. Oh! the comical grimaces! the suppressed laughter, growing and swelling, however, till it could be restrained no longer, which was the result of this request! And oh! the looks of consternation when Darcy produced the manuscript from his pocket! "Why, Darcy," said his uncle, "this is really a word and a blow; but you cannot read it to-night; we are engaged."—"Certainly, Mr Darcy Pennington," said his aunt, "if you wish to read your astonishing productions, we are bound in civility to hear them; but we are all going to Sir Hugh Belson's, and shall venture to take you with us, though it is a great favor and privilege to be permitted to go on such an occasion; for a gentleman is staying there who has written such a sweet book! It is only just out; yet it cannot be had; because the first edition is sold, and the second not finished. So Sir Hugh, for whom your uncle is exerting himself against the next election, has been so kind as to invite us to hear the author read his own work. This gentleman does not, indeed, *own* that he wrote it; still he does not *deny* it; and it is clear, by his *manner*, that he did write it, and that he would be very sorry not to be considered as the writer."—"Very well, then; the pleasure of hearing another author read his own work shall be delayed," replied Darcy smiling. "Perhaps, when you have heard this gentleman's, you will not be so eager to read yours, Darcy," said Julia Vane; "for you *used* to be a modest man." Darcy sighed, looked significantly, but remained silent.

In the evening they went to Sir Hugh Belson's, where, in the Captain Eustace, who was to delight the company, Darcy recognised the gentleman who had been pointed out to him as the author of several meagre performances handed about in manuscript in certain circles; which owed their celebrity to the birth and fashion of the writer, and to the bribery which is always administered to the self-love of those who are the *select few* chosen to see and judge on such occasions.

Captain Eustace now prepared to read ; but when he named the title of the book which he held in his hand, Darcy started from his seat in surprise ; for it was the title of his own work ! But there might be two works with the same title ; and he sat down again ; but when the reader continued, and he could doubt no longer, he again started up, and with stuttering eagerness said, " Wh-wh—who, sir, did you say, wrote this book ? "—" I have named no names, sir," replied Eustace conceitedly ; " the author is unknown, and wishes to remain so."—" Mr Darcy Pennington," cried his aunt, " sit down and be quiet ;" and he obeyed. " Mr Pennington," said Sir Hugh, affectedly, " the violet must be sought, and is *discovered* with difficulty, you know ; for it shrinks from observation, and loves the shade." Darcy bowed assent ; but fixed his eyes on the discovered violet before him with such an equivocal expression, that Eustace was disconcerted ; and the more so, when Darcy, who could not but feel the ludicrous situation in which he was placed, hid his face in his handkerchief, and was evidently shaking with laughter. " Mr Darcy Pennington, I am really ashamed of you," whispered his aunt ; and Darcy recovered his composure. He had now two hours of great enjoyment. He heard that book admirably read which he had intended to read the next day, and knew that he should read ill. He heard that work applauded to the skies as the work of another, which would, he feared, have been faintly commended, if known to be his ; and he saw the fine eyes of the woman he loved drowned in tears, by the power of his own simple pathos. The poetry in the book was highly admired also ; and, when Eustace paused to take breath, Julia whispered in his ear, " Captain Eustace is the gentleman who, I have every reason to believe, wrote some anonymous poetry sent me by the post ; for Captain Eustace pays me, as you see, marked attention ; and as he denies that he wrote the verses, exactly as he denies that he wrote the book which he is now reading, it is very evident that he wrote both." " I dare say," replied Darcy, coloring with resentment,

"that he as much wrote the *one* as he wrote the *other*." "What do you mean, Darcy? There can be no doubt of the fact; and I own that I cannot be insensible to such talent; for poetry and poets are my passion, you know; and in his authorship I forget his plainness. Do you not think that a woman would be justified in loving a man who writes so morally, so piously, and so delightfully?" "Certainly," replied Darcy, eagerly grasping her hand, "provided his conduct be in unison with his writings; and I advise you to give the writer in question *your whole heart*."

After the reading was over, the delighted audience crowded round the reader, whose manner of receiving their thanks was such, as to make every one but Darcy believe the work was his own; and never was the *PASSIVE LIE OF VANITY* more completely exhibited; while Darcy, intoxicated, as it were, by the feelings of gratified authorship, and the hopes excited by Julia's words, thanked him again and again for the admirable manner in which he had read the book; declaring, with great earnestness, that he could not have done it such justice himself; adding, that this evening was the happiest of his life.

"Mr Darcy Pennington, what ails you?" cried his aunt; "you really are not like yourself!" "Hold your tongue, Darcy," said his uncle, drawing him on one side; "do not be such a forward puppy; who ever questioned, or cared, whether you could have done it justice or not? But here is the carriage; and I am glad you have no longer an opportunity of thus exposing yourself by your literary and critical raptures, which sit as ill upon you as the caressings of the ass in the fable did on him, when he pretended to compete with the lapdog in fondling his master."

During the drive home, Darcy did not speak a word; not only because he was afraid of his severe uncle and aunt, but, because he was meditating how he should make that discovery, on the success of which hung his dearest hopes. He was also communing with his own heart, in order to bring it back to that safe humility out of which

it had been led by the flattering and unexpected events of the evening. "Well," said he, while they drew round the fire, "as it is not late, suppose I read *my* work to you *now*. I assure you that it is quite as good as that which you have heard." "Mr Darcy Pennington, you really quite alarm me," cried his aunt. "Why so?" "Because I fear that you are a little *delirious*!" On which Darcy nearly laughed himself into convulsions. "Let me feel your pulse, Darcy," said his uncle very gravely,—"too quick. I shall send for advice, if you are not better to-morrow; you look so flushed, and your eyes are so bright!" "My dear uncle," replied Darcy, "I shall be quite well if you will but hear my manuscript before you go to bed." They now all looked at each other with increased alarm; and Julia, in order to please him, (for she really loved him) said, "Well, Darcy, if you insist upon it;" but interrupting her, he suddenly started up, and exclaimed, "No; on second thoughts, I will not read it till Captain Eustace and Sir Hugh and his family can be present; and they will be here the day after to-morrow." "What! read your nonsense to them!" cried his uncle, "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" But Darcy was gone! he had caught Julia's hand to his lips, and quitted the room, leaving his relations to wonder, to fear, and to pity. But as Darcy was quite composed the next day, they all agreed that he must have drunk more wine than he or they had been aware of the preceding evening. But though Darcy was willing to wait the ensuing evening, before he discovered his secret to the rest of the family, he could not be easy till he had disclosed it to Julia; for he was mortified to find that the pious, judicious Julia Vane had, for one moment, believed that a mere man of the world, like Captain Eustace, could have written such verses as he had anonymously addressed to her; verses breathing the very quintessence of pure love; and full of anxious interest not only for her temporal, but her eternal welfare. "No, no," said he; "she shall not remain in such a degrading error one moment longer;" and having requested a private interview with her, he disclosed the

truth. "What! are *you*—can *you* be—did you write all!" she exclaimed in broken accents; while Darcy gently reproached her for having believed that a mere worldly admirer could so have written; however, she justified herself by declaring how impossible it was to suspect that a man of honor, as Eustace seemed, could be so base as to assume a merit which was not his own. Here she paused, turning away from Darcy's penetrating look, covered with conscious blushes, ashamed that he should see how pleased she was. But she readily acknowledged her sorrow at having been betrayed, by the unworthy artifice of Eustace, into encouraging his attentions, and was eager to concert with Darcy the best plan for revealing the surprising secret.

The evening, so eagerly anticipated by Darcy and Julia, now arrived; and great was the consternation of all the rest of the family, when Darcy took a manuscript out of his pocket, and began to open it. "The fellow is certainly possessed," thought his uncle. "Mr Darcy Pennington," whispered his aunt, "I shall faint if you persist in exposing yourself!"—"Darcy, I will shut you up if you proceed," whispered his uncle; "for you must positively be mad." "Let him go on, dear uncle," said Julia; "I am *sure* you will be delighted, or *ought* to be so;" and, spite of his uncle's threats and whispers, he addressed Captain Eustace thus;—

"Allow me, sir, to thank you again for the more than justice which you did my humble performance the other evening. Till I heard you read it, I was unconscious that it had so much merit; and I again thank you for the highest gratification which, as an author, I ever received." New terror seized every one of his family who heard him, except Julia; while wonder filled Sir Hugh and the rest of his party—Eustace excepted; he knew that he was not the author of the work; therefore he could not dispute the fact that the real author now stood before him; and blushes of detected falsehood covered his cheek; but, ere he could falter out a reply, Darcy's uncle and sons seized him by the arm, and insisted on speaking with him

in another room. Darcy, laughing violently, endeavored to shake them off, but in vain. "Let him alone," said Julia, smiling, and coming forward. "Darcy's 'eye may be in a fine frenzy rolling,' as you have all of you owned him to be a poet; but other frenzy than that of a poet he has *not*, I assure you—so pray set him at liberty; I will be answerable for his sanity." "What does all this mean?" said his uncle, as he and his sons unwillingly obeyed. "It means," said Darcy, "that I hope not to quit this room till I have had the delight of hearing these yet unpublished poems of mine read by Captain Eustace. Look, sir," continued he, "here is a signature well known, no doubt, to you; that of *Alfred*." "Are you indeed Alfred the celebrated Alfred?" faltered out Eustace. "I believe so," he replied with a smile; though on some occasions, you know, it is difficult to prove one's *personal identity*." "True," answered Eustace, turning over the manuscript, to hide his confusion. "And I, Captain Eustace," said Julia, have had the great satisfaction of discovering that my unknown poetical correspondent is my long-cherished friend and cousin, Darcy Pennington. Think how satisfactory this discovery has been to me!"—"Certainly, Madam," he replied, turning pale with emotion; for he not only saw his *Passive Lies of Vanity* detected, though Darcy had too much christian forbearance even to insinuate that he intended to appropriate to himself the fame of another, but he also saw, in spite of the kindness with which she addressed him, that he had lost Julia, and that Darcy had probably gained her. "What is all this?" cried Sir Hugh at last, who with the uncle and aunt had listened in silent wonder. "Why, Eustace, I thought you owned that?"—"That I deny; I *owned nothing*;" he eagerly replied. "You *insisted* on it, nay, every body insisted, that I was the *author* of the beautiful work which I read, and of other things; and if Mr Pennington asserts that he is the author, I give him joy of his genius and his fame." "What do I hear!" cried the aunt; "Mr Darcy Pennington a genius, and famous, and I not suspect it!"—

"Impossible!" cried his uncle, pettishly; "that dull fellow turn out a wit! It cannot be. What? are you Alfred, boy? I cannot credit it; for if so, I have been dull indeed;" while his sons seemed to feel as much mortification as surprise. "My dear uncle," said Darcy, "I am now a professed author. I wrote the work which you heard last night. Here it is in the manuscript, as returned by the printer; and here is the last proof of the second edition, which I received at the post office just now, directed to A. B.; which is, I think, *proof positive* that I may be Alfred also, who by your certainly *impartial* praises, is for *this* evening, at least, in his own eyes elevated into ALFRED THE GREAT."



CHAPTER III.

ON THE LIES OF FLATTERY.

THE Lies of flattery are next on my list.

These lies are, generally speaking, not only unprincipled, but offensive; and though they are usually told to conciliate good will, the flatterer often fails in his attempt; for his intended dupe frequently sees through his art, and he excites indignation where he meant to obtain regard. Those who know aught of human nature as it really is, and do not throw the radiance of their own Christian benevolence over it, must be well aware that *few* persons hear with complacency the praises of others, even where there is no competition between the parties praised and themselves. Therefore, the objects of excessive flattery are painfully conscious that the praises bestowed on them, in the hearing of their acquaintances, will not only provoke those auditors to undervalue their pretensions, but to accuse them of believing in and enjoying the gross flattery offered to them. There are no persons, in my opinion, with whom it is so difficult to keep up "the relations of peace and amity," as flatterers by system and

habit. Those persons, I mean, who deal out their flatteries on the same principle as boys throw a handful of burs. However unskilfully the burs are thrown, the chances are that some will stick ; and flatterers expect that some of their compliments will dwell with, and impose on their intended dupe. Perhaps their calculation is not, generally considered, an erroneous one ; but if there be any of their fellow creatures with whom the sensitive and the discerning may be permitted to loathe association, it is with those who presume to address them in the language of compliment, too violent and unappropriate to deceive even for a moment ; while they discover on their lips the flickering sneer of contempt contending with its treacherous smile, and mark their wily eye looking round in search of some responsive one, to which it can communicate their sense of the uttered falsehood, and their mean exultation over their imagined dupe. The lies of benevolence, even when they can be resolved into lies of flattery, may be denominated amiable lies ; but the lie of flattery is usually uttered by the bad hearted and censorious ; therefore to the term LIE OF FLATTERY might be added an alias ;—*alias*, the LIE OF MALEVOLENCE.

Coarse and indiscriminating flatterers lay it down as a rule, that they are to flatter all persons on the qualities which they have not. Hence, they flatter the plain, on their beauty ; the weak, on their intellect ; the dull, on their wit ; believing, in the sarcastic narrowness of their conceptions, that no one possesses any self knowledge ; but that every one implicitly believes the truth of the eulogy bestowed. This erroneous view, taken by the *flatterer* of the penetration of the *flattered*, is common only in those who have more cunning than intellect ; more shrewdness than penetration ; and whose knowledge of the weakness of our nature has been gathered, not from deep study of the human heart, but from the depravity of their own, or from the pages of ancient and modern satirists ;—those who have a mean, malignant pleasure, in believing in the absence of all moral truth amongst

their usual associates ; and are glad to be able to comfort themselves for their own conscious dereliction from a high moral standard, by the conviction that they are, at least, as *good as their neighbors*. Yes ; my experience tells me that the above mentioned rule of flattery is acted upon only by the half enlightened, who take for superiority of intellect that *base* low cunning,

..... which, in fools, supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise.

But the deep observer of human nature knows that where there is real intellect, there are discernment and self-knowledge also ; and that the really intelligent are aware to how much praise and admiration they are entitled, be it encomium on their personal, or mental qualifications.

I beg to give one illustration of the Lie of Flattery, in the following tale, of which the offending heroine is a *female* ; though, as men are the *licensed* flatterers of women, I needed not to have feared the imputation of want of candor, had I taken my example from one of the wiser sex.

THE TURBAN ; OR THE LIE OF FLATTERY.

SOME persons are such determined flatterers both by nature and habit, that they flatter unconsciously, and almost involuntarily. Such a flatterer was Jemima Aldred ; but, as the narrowness of her fortune made her unable to purchase the luxuries of life in which she most delighted, she was also a *conscious* and *voluntary* flatterer whenever she was with those who had it in their power to indulge her favorite inclinations.

There was one distinguished woman in the circle of her acquaintance, whose favor she was particularly desirous of gaining, and who was therefore the constant object of her flatteries. This lady, who was rendered, by her situation, her talents, and her virtues, an object of

earthly worship to many of her associates, had a good-natured indolence about her, which made her receive the incense offered, as if she believed in its sincerity. But the flattery of young Jemima was so gross, and so indiscriminate, that it sometimes converted the usual gentleness of Lady Delaval's nature into gall; and she felt indignant at being supposed capable of relishing adulation so excessive, and devotion so servile. But, as she was full of christian benevolence, and, consequently, her first desire was to do good, she allowed pity for the poor girl's ignorance to conquer resentment, and laid a plan, in order to correct and amend her, if *possible*, by salutary mortification.

Accordingly, she invited Jemima, and some other young ladies, to spend a whole day with her at her house in the country. But, as the truly benevolent are always reluctant to afflict any one, even though it be to *improve*, Lady Delaval would have shrunk from the task which she had imposed on herself, had not Jemima excited her into perseverance, by falling repeatedly and grossly into her besetting sin during the course of the day. For instance; Lady Delaval, who usually left the choice of her ribbons to her milliner, as she was not studious of her personal appearance, wore colors at breakfast that morning which she thought ill-suited both to her years and complexion; and having asked her guests how they liked her scarf and ribbons, they pronounced them to be beautiful. "But, surely, they do not become my olive, ill-looking skin!"—"They are certainly not becoming," was the ingenuous reply of all but Jemima Aldred, who persisted in asserting that the color was as becoming as it was brilliant; adding, "I do not know what dear Lady Delaval means by undervaluing her own clear complexion."—"The less that is said about that the better, I believe," she dryly replied, not trying to conceal the sarcastic smile which played upon her lip, and feeling strengthened, by this new instance of Jemima's duplicity, to go on with her design; but Jemima thought she had endeared herself to her by flattering her personal vanity; and, while her companions frowned

reproach for *her insincerity*, she wished for an opportunity of reproving *their rudeness*. After tea, Lady Delaval desired her maid to bring her down the foundation for a turban, which she was going to pin up, and some other finery prepared for the same purpose ; and in a short time the most splendid materials for millinery shone upon the table. When she began her task, her other guests, Jemima excepted, worked also, but she was sufficiently employed, she said, in watching the creative and tasteful fingers of her friend. At first, Lady Delaval made the turban of silver tissue ; and Jemima was in ecstasies ; but the next moment she declared that covering to be too simple ; and Jemima thought so too ;—while she was in equal ecstasies at the effect of a gaudy many-coloured gauze which replaced its modest costliness. But still her young companions openly preferred the silver covering, declaring that the gay one could only be tolerated if nothing else of showy ornament were superadded. They gave, however, their opinion in vain. Colored stones, a gold band, and a green spun-glass feather, were all in their turn heaped upon this showy head-dress, while Jemima exulted over every fresh addition, and admired it as a new proof of Lady Delaval's taste. "Now, then, it is completed," cried Lady Delaval ; "but no ; suppose I add a scarlet feather to the green one ; Oh ! that would be superb ;" and having given this desirable finish to her performance, Jemima declared it to be perfect ; but the rest of the company were too honest to commend it. Lady Delaval then put it on her head ; and it was as unbecoming as it was ugly ; but Jemima exclaimed that her dear friend had never worn any thing before in which she looked so well, adding, "But then *she* looks well in *every thing*. However, that lovely turban would become any one."—"Try how it would fit you !" said Lady Delaval, putting it on her head. Jemima looked in a glass, and saw that to her short, small person, little face and little turned-up nose, such an enormous mass of finery was the destruction of all comeliness ; but, while the by-standers laughed immoderately at her appearance, Jemima was

loud in her admiration, and volunteered a wish to wear it at some public place—"for I think I *do* look so well in it!" cried Jemima. "If so," said her hostess, "*you*, young ladies, on this occasion, have neither taste nor eye;" while Jemima danced about the room, exulting in her heavy head-dress, in the triumph of her falsehood, and in the supposed superior ascendancy it had gained her over her hostess above that of her more sincere companions. Nor, when Lady Delaval expressed her fear that the weight might be painful, would she allow it to be removed; but she declared that she liked her burden. At parting, Lady Delaval, in a tone of great significance, told her that she should *hear from her the next day*. The next morning Jemima often dwelt on these marked words, impatient for an explanation of them; and between twelve and one o'clock a servant of Lady Delaval's brought a letter and a bandbox.

The letter was first opened; and was as follows:

"DEAR JEMIMA,

"As I know that you have long wished to visit my niece Lady Ormsby, and also to attend the astronomical lecture on the grand transparent orrery, which is to be given at the public rooms this evening, for the benefit of the Infirmary; though your praise-worthy prudence prevented you from subscribing to it, I have great pleasure in enclosing you a ticket for the lecture, and in informing you that I will call and take you to dinner at Lady Ormsby's at four o'clock, whence you and I, and the rest of the party, (which will be a splendid one) shall adjourn to the lecture." "How kind! how very kind!" exclaimed Jemima; but, in her heart, imputing these favors to her recent flatteries; and reading no farther, she ran to her mother's apartment to declare the joyful news. "Oh, mamma!" exclaimed she, "how fortunate it was that I made up my dyed gauzé when I did! and I can wear natural flowers in my hair; and they are so becoming, as well as cheap." She then returned to her own room, to finish the letter and explore the contents of the box. But what was her consternation on reading the

following words ; " But I shall take you to the dinner, and I give you the ticket for the lecture, only on this express condition,—that you wear the accompanying turban, which was decorated according to *your* taste and judgment, and in which you were conscious of looking so well ?—Every *additional* ornament was bestowed to please you ; and as I know that your wish will be not to deprive me of a head-dress in which your *partial* eyes thought that I looked so *charmingly*, I positively assure you that no consideration shall ever induce me to wear it ; and that I expect you to meet my summons, arrayed in your youthful loveliness and my turban."

Jemima sat in a sort of stupor after perusing this epistle ; and when she started from it, it was to carry the letter and the turban to her mother. " Read that ! and look at that ! " she exclaimed, pointing to the turban. " Why, to be sure, Jemima, Lady Delaval must be making game of you," she replied. " What could produce such an absurd requisition ? " When called upon to answer this question, Jemima blushed ; and, for the first time, feeling some compunctious visitings of conscience, she almost hesitated to own, that the annoying conditions were the consequence of her flatteries. Still, to comply with them was impossible ; and to go to the dinner and lecture without them, and thereby perhaps affront Lady Delaval, was impossible also.—" What ! expect me to hide my pretty hair under that preposterous mountain ? Never, never ! " Vainly, now, did she try to admire it ; and she felt its weight insupportable. " To be sure," said she to herself, " Captain Leslie and George Vaux will dine at Lady Ormsby's and go to the lecture ; but then they will not bear to look at me in this frightful head-dress, and will so quiz me ; and I am sure they will think me too great a *quiz* to sit by ! No, no ; much as I wish to go, and I do so very, very much wish it, I cannot go on these cruel conditions."—" But what excuse can you make to Lady Delaval ? "—" I must tell her that I have a bad toothach, and cannot go ; and I will write her a note to say so ! and at the same time return the ugly turban."

She did so ;—but when she saw Lady Delaval pass to the fine dinner, and heard the carriages at night going to the crowded lecture, she shed tears of bitterness and regret, and lamented that she had not dared to go without the conditional and detestable turban. The next day she saw Lady Delaval's carriage drive up to the door, and also saw the servant take a band-box out. "Oh dear, mamma," cried Jemima, "I protest that ridiculous old woman has brought her ugly turban back again!" and it was with a forced smile of welcome that she greeted Lady Delaval.—That lady entered the room with a graver and more dignified mien than usual; for she came to reprove, and, she hoped, amend an offender against those principles of truth which she honored, and to which she uniformly acted up. Just before Lady Delaval appeared, Jemima recollected that she was to have the toothach; therefore she tied up her face, adding a PRACTICAL LIE to the many already told;—for one lie is sure to make many. "I was sorry to find that you were not able to accompany me to the dinner and lecture," said she, "and were kept at home by the toothach. Was that your only reason for staying at home?" "Certainly, madam; can you doubt it?"—"Yes; for I have strong suspicion that the toothach is a pretence, not a reality."—"This from you, Lady Delaval! my once kind friend."—"Jemima, I am come to prove myself a far kinder friend than ever I did before. I am glad to find you alone; because I should not like to reprove a child before her mother." Lady Delaval then reproached her astonished auditor with the mean habit of flattery, in which she was so apt to indulge; assuring her that she had never been for one moment her dupe, and had insisted on her wearing the turban, in order to punish her despicable duplicity. "Had you not acted thus," continued Lady Delaval, "I meant to have taken you to the dinner and lecture, without conditions; but I wished to inflict on you a salutary punishment, in hopes of convincing you that there are no qualities so safe, or so pleasing as truth and ingenuousness.—I saw you cast an alarmed look at the hat-box," she added, in a gayer tone;

"but fear not ; the turban is no more ! and, in its stead, I have taken the liberty of bringing you a Leghorn bonnet ; and should you, while you wear it, feel any desire to flatter, in your usual degrading manner, may it remind you of this conversation, and its *cause*,—and make your present mortification the means of your future good." At this moment Jemima's mother entered the room, exclaiming ; " Oh ! Lady Delaval ! I am glad you are come ! my poor child's toothach is so bad ! and how unfortunate that " Lady Delaval cast on the mistaken mother a look of severe reproof, and on the daughter one of pity and unavailing regret ; for she felt that, for the child who is hourly exposed to the contagion of an unprincipled parent's example, there can be little chance of amendment ; and she hastened to the carriage, convinced that for the poor Jemima Aldred her labors of christian duty had been exerted in *vain*. She would have soon found how just her conviction was, had she heard the dialogue between the mother and daughter, as soon as she drove off. Jemima dried up her hypocritical tears, and exclaimed, " A cross, methodistical creature ! I am glad she is gone ! " —" What do you mean, child ? and what is all this about ? " Jemima having told her, she exclaimed, " Why the woman is mad ! What ! object to a little harmless flattery ! and call that lying, indeed ! Nonsense ! it is all a pretence. She hate *flattery* ! no, indeed ; if you were to tell her the truth, she would hate you like poison."—" Very likely ; but see, mamma, what she has given me. What a beautiful bonnet ! But she owed it to me, for the trick she played me, and for her preaching."—" Well, child," answered her mother, " let her preach to you every day and welcome, if she comes as today, full-handed."

Such was the effect of Lady Delaval's kind efforts, on a mother so teaching, and a daughter so taught ; for indelible indeed are those habits of falsehood and disingenuousness which children acquire, whose parents do not make a *strict adherence* to truth the *basis* of their children's education ; and punish all deviation from it with salutary rigor. But, whatever be the *excellences*

or the *errors* of parents or preceptors, there is one necessary thing for them to remember, or their excellences will be useless, and their faults irremediable; namely, that they are not to form their children for the present world alone;—they are to educate them not merely as the *children of time* but as the *heirs of eternity*.

CHAPTER IV.

LIES OF FEAR.

I ONCE believed that the lie of fear was confined to the low and uneducated of both sexes, and to children; but further reflection and observation have convinced me that this is by no means the case; but that, as this lie springs from the want of *moral courage*, and as this defect is by no means confined to any class or age, the result of it, that fear of man which prompts to the lie of fear, must be universal also; though the nature of the dread may be various, and of different degrees of strength. For instance; a child or a servant (of course I speak of ill-educated children) breaks a toy or a glass, and denies having done so. Acquaintances forget to execute commissions entrusted to them; and either say that they are executed, when they are not, or make some false excuses for an omission which was the result of forgetfulness only. No persons are guilty of so many of this sort of lies, in the year, as negligent correspondents; since excuses for not writing sooner are usually *lies of fear*—fear of having forfeited favor by too long a silence.

As the lie of fear always proceeds, as I have before observed, from a want of *moral courage*, it is often the result of want of resolution to say “no,” when “yes” is more agreeable to the feelings of the questioner. “Is not my new gown pretty?” “Is not my new hat becoming?” “Is not my coat of a good color?” There are

few persons who have courage to say "no," even to these trivial questions; though the negative would be *truth*, and the affirmative, *falsehood*. And still less are they able to be honest in their replies to questions of a more delicate nature. "Is not my last work the best?" "Is not my wife beautiful?" "Is not my daughter agreeable?" "Is not my son a fine youth?"—those ensnaring questions, which contented and confiding egotism is only too apt to ask.

Fear of wounding the feelings of the interrogator, prompts an affirmative answer. But, perhaps, a lie on these occasions is one of the least displeasing, because it may possibly proceed from a kind aversion to give pain, and occasion disappointment; and has a *degree* of relationship, a distant family resemblance, to the LIE OF BENEVOLENCE; though, when accurately analyzed, even this goodnatured falsehood may be resolved into *selfish dread* of losing favor by speaking the truth. Of these *pseudo-lies* of benevolence I shall treat in their turn; but I shall now proceed to relate a story, to illustrate THE LIE OF FEAR, and its important results, under apparently unimportant circumstances.

THE BANK NOTE.

"ARE you returning immediately to Worcester?" said Lady Leslie, a widow residing near that city, to a young officer who was paying her a morning visit.—"I am; can I do any thing for you there?"—"Yes; you can do me a great kindness. My confidential servant, Baynes, is gone out for the day and night; and I do not like to trust my new footman, of whom I know nothing, to put this letter in the post-office, as it contains a fifty-pound note."—"Indeed! that is a large sum to trust to the post."—"Yes; but I am told it is the safest conveyance. It is, however, quite necessary that a person whom I can trust should put the letter in the box."—"Certainly," replied Captain Freeland. Then, with an air that

showed he considered *himself* as a person to be trusted, he deposited the letter in safety in his pocket book, and took leave; promising he would return to dinner the next day which was *Saturday*.

On his road, Freeland met some of his brother officers, who were going to pass the day and night at Great Malvern; and as they earnestly pressed him to accompany them, he wholly forgot the letter entrusted to his care; and, having despatched his servant to Worcester, for his *sac-de-nuit** and other things, he turned back with his companions, and passed the rest of the day in that sauntering but amusing idleness, that *dolce far niente*,† which may be reckoned *comparatively* virtuous, if it leads to the forgetfulness of little duties only, and is not attended by the positive infringement of greater ones. But, in not putting this important letter into the post, as he had engaged to do, Freeland violated a real duty; and he might have put it in at Malvern, had not the rencontre with his brother officers banished the commission given him entirely from his thoughts. Nor did he remember it till, as they rode through the village the next morning, on their way to Worcester, they met Lady Leslie walking in the road.

At sight of her, Freeland recollected with shame and confusion that he had not fulfilled the charge committed to him; and fain would he have passed her unobserved; for, as she was a woman of high fashion, great talents, and some severity, he was afraid that his negligence, if avowed, would not only cause him to forfeit her favor, but expose him to her powerful sarcasm.

To avoid being recognised was, however, impossible; and as soon as Lady Leslie saw him, she exclaimed, "Oh! Captain Freeland, I am so glad to see you! I have been quite uneasy concerning my letter since I gave it to your care; for it was of such consequence! Did you put it into the post yesterday?" "Certainly," replied Freeland, hastily, and in the hurry of the moment,

* Night bag.

† Sweet doing nothing.

"Certainly. How could you, dear Madam, doubt my obedience to your commands?"—"Thank you! thank you!" cried she, "How you have relieved my mind!" He had so; but he had painfully burthened his own. To be sure it was only a white lie,—the LIE OF FEAR. Still he was not used to utter falsehood; and he felt the *meanness* and degradation of *this*. He had yet to learn that it was mischievous also; and that none can presume to say where the consequences of the most apparently trivial lie will end. As soon as Freeland parted with Lady Leslie, he bade his friends farewell, and, putting spur to his horse, scarcely slackened his pace till he had reached a general post-office, and deposited the letter in safety. "Now, then," thought he, "I hope I shall be able to return and dine with Lady Leslie, without shrinking from her penetrating eye."

He found her when he arrived, very pensive and absent; so much so, that she felt it necessary to apologize to her guests, informing them that Mary Benson, an old servant of hers, who was very dear to her, was seriously ill, and painfully circumstanced; and that she feared she had not done her duty by her. "To tell you the truth, Captain Freeland," said she, speaking to him in a low voice, "I blame myself for not having sent for my confidential servant, who was not very far off, and despatched him with the money, instead of trusting it to the post." "It would have been better to have done so, *certainly!*" replied Freeland, deeply blushing. "Yes; for the poor woman, to whom I sent it, is not only herself on the point of being confined, but she has a sick husband, unable to be moved; and as (but owing to no fault of his) he is on the point of bankruptcy, his cruel landlord has declared that, if they do not pay their rent by tomorrow, he will turn them out into the street, and seize the very bed they lie on! However, as you put the letter into the post *yesterday*, they must get the fifty-pound note today, else they could not; for there is no delivery of letters in London on a *Sunday*, you know." "True, very true," replied Freeland, in a tone which he vainly

tried to render steady. "Therefore," continued Lady Leslie, "if you had told me, when we met, that the letter was not gone, I should have recalled Baynes, and sent him off by the mail to London ; and then he would have reached Somerstown, where the Bensons live, in good time ; but now, though I own it would be a comfort to me to send him, for fear of accident, I could not get him back again soon enough ; therefore, I must let things take their chance ; and, as letters seldom miscarry, the only danger is, that the note may be taken out." She might have talked an hour without answer or interruption ; for Freeland was too much shocked, too much conscience-stricken, to reply ; as he found that he had not only told a falsehood, but that, if he had had moral courage enough to tell the truth, the mischievous negligence, of which he had been guilty, could have been repaired ; but now, as Lady Leslie said, "it was too late !"

But, while Lady Leslie became talkative, and able to perform her duties to her friends, after she had thus unburthened her mind to Freeland, he grew every minute more absent, and more taciturn ; and, though he could not eat with appetite, he *threw down*, rather than *drank*, repeated glasses of hock and champagne, to enable him to rally his spirits ; but in vain. A naturally ingenuous and generous nature cannot shake off the first compunctious visitings of conscience for having committed an unworthy action, and having also been the means of injury to another. All on a sudden, however, his countenance brightened ; and as soon as the ladies left the table, he started up, left his compliments and excuses with Lady Leslie's nephew, who presided at dinner ; said he had a pressing call to Worcester ; and, when there, as the London mail was gone, he threw himself into a postchaise, and set off for Somerstown, which Lady Leslie had named as the residence of Mary Benson. "At least," said Freeland to himself with a lightened heart, "I shall now have the satisfaction of doing all I can to repair my fault." But, owing to the delay occasioned by want of horses, and by finding the ostlers at the inns in bed, he

did not reach London and the place of his destination till the wretched family had been dislodged ; while the unhappy wife was weeping, not only over the disgrace of being so removed, and for her own and her husband's increased illness in consequence of it, but from the agonizing suspicion that the mistress and friend, whom she had so long loved, and relied upon, had disregarded the tale of her sorrows, and had refused to relieve her necessities ! Freeland soon found a conductor to the mean lodging in which the Bensons had obtained shelter ; for they were well known ; and their hard fate was generally pitied ; but it was some time before he could speak, as he stood by their bedside—he was choked with painful emotion at first ; with pleasing emotions afterwards ; for his conscience smote him for the pain he had occasioned, and applauded him for the pleasure which he came to bestow. “ I come,” said he, at length, (while the sufferers waited in almost angry wonder, to hear his reason for thus intruding on them) “ I come to tell you, from your kind friend, Lady Leslie,”—“ Then she has *not* forgotten me !” screamed out the poor woman, almost gasping for breath. “ No, to be sure not ; she could not forget you ; she was incapable” here his voice wholly failed him. “ Thank heaven !” cried she, tears trickling down her pale cheek. “ I can bear any thing now ; for that was the bitterest part of all !” “ My good woman,” said Freeland, “ it was owing to a mistake ; pshaw ! no it was owing to *my fault*, that you did not receive a 50*l.* note by the post yesterday ;”—“ 50*l.* !” cried the poor man, wringing his hands, “ why that would have more than paid all we owed ; and I could have gone on with my business, and our lives would not have been risked, nor I disgraced !” Freeland now turned away, unable to say a word more ; but recovering himself, he again drew near them ; and, throwing his purse to the agitated speaker, said “ there ! get well ! *only get well !* and whatever you want shall be yours ! or I shall never lose this horrible choking again while I live !”

Freeland took a walk after this scene, and with hasty,

rapid strides ; the painful choking being his companion very often during the course of it,—for he was haunted by the image of those whom he had disgraced ; and he could not help remembering that, however blameable his negligence might be, it was nothing either in sinfulness or mischief, to the lie told to conceal it ; and that, but for that **LIE OF FEAR**, the effects of his negligence might have been *repaired* in time.

But he was resolved that he would not leave Somers-town till he had seen these poor people settled in a good lodging. He therefore hired a conveyance for them, and superintended their removal that evening to apartments full of every necessary comfort. “ My good friends,” said he, “ I cannot recall the mortification and disgrace which you have endured through my fault ; but I trust that you will have gained, in the end, by leaving a cruel landlord, who had no pity for your unmerited poverty. Lady Leslie’s note will, I trust, reach you tomorrow ;—but if not, I will make up the loss ; therefore be easy ! and when I go away may I have the comfort of knowing that your removal has done you no harm ! ”

He then, but not till then, had courage to write to Lady Leslie, and tell her the whole truth ; concluding his letter thus ;

“ If your interesting *protégés* have not suffered in their health, I shall not regret what has happened ; because I trust that it will be a lesson to me through life, and teach me never to tell even the most apparently *trivial* white lie again. How unimportant this violation of truth appeared to me at the moment ! and how sufficiently motivated ! as it was to avoid falling in your estimation ; but it was, you see, overruled for evil ;—and agony of mind, disgrace, and perhaps risk of life, were the consequences of it to innocent individuals ;—not to mention my own pangs ;—the pangs of an upbraiding conscience. But forgive me, my dear Lady Leslie. However, I trust that this evil, so deeply repented of, will be blessed to us all ; but it will be long before I forgive myself.”

Lady Leslie was delighted with this candid letter,

though grieved by its painful details, while she viewed with approbation the amends which her young friend had made, and his modest disregard of his own exertions.

The note arrived in safety ; and Freeland left the afflicted couple better in health, and quite happy in mind ; —as his bounty and Lady Leslie had left them nothing to desire in a pecuniary point of view.

When Lady Leslie and he met, she praised his virtue, while she blamed his fault ; and they fortified each other in the wise and moral resolution, never to violate truth again, even on the slightest occasion ; as a lie, when told, however unimportant it may at the time appear, is like an arrow shot over a house, whose course is unseen, and may be unintentionally the cause, to some one, of agony or death.

CHAPTER V.

LIES FALSELY CALLED LIES OF BENEVOLENCE.

THESE are lies which are occasioned by a selfish dread of losing favor, and provoking displeasure, by speaking the truth, rather than by real benevolence. Persons, calling themselves benevolent, withhold disagreeable truths, and utter agreeable falsehoods, from a wish to give pleasure, or to avoid giving pain. If you say that you are looking ill, they tell you that you are looking well. If you express a fear that you are growing corpulent, they say you are only just as fat as you ought to be. If you are hoarse in singing, and painfully conscious of it, they declare that they did not perceive it. And this not from the desire of flattering you, or from the malignant one of wishing to render you ridiculous, by imposing on your credulity, but from the desire of making you pleased with yourself. In short, they lay it down as a rule, that you must never scruple to sacrifice the truth, when the alternative is giving the slightest pain or mortification to any one.

I shall leave my readers to decide whether the lies of fear or of benevolence preponderate, in the following trifling, but characteristic anecdote.

A TALE OF POTTED SPRATS.

MOST mistresses of families have a family receipt book ; and are apt to believe that no receipts are so good as their own.

With one of these notable ladies a young house keeper went to pass a few days, both at her town and country house. The hostess was skilled, not only in culinary lore, but in economy ; and was in the habit of setting on her table, even when not alone, whatever her taste or carefulness had led her to pot, pickle, or preserve, for occasional use.

Before a meagre family dinner was quite over, a dish of POTTED SPRATS was set before the lady of the house, who, expatiating on their excellence, derived from a family receipt of a century old, pressed her still unsatisfied guest to partake of them.

The dish was as good as much salt and little spice could make it ; but it had one peculiarity ;—it had a strong flavor of garlic, and to garlic the poor guest had a great dislike.

But she was a timid woman ; and good breeding, and what she called benevolence, said, “persevere a swallow,” though her palate said, “no.” “Is it not excellent ?” said the hostess.—“Very ;” faltered out the half suffocated guest ;—and this was lie the first. “Did you ever eat any thing like it before ?”—“Never,” replied the other more firmly ; for *then* she knew that she spoke the truth, and *longing* to add, “and I hope I never shall eat any thing like it again.” “I will give you the receipt,” said the lady kindly ; “it will be of use to you as a young housekeeper ; for it is economical, as well as good, and serves to make out, when we have a scrap dinner. My

servants often dine on it." "I wonder you can get any servants to live with you," thought the guest; "but I dare say you do not get any one to stay long!"—"You do not, however, *eat* as if you liked it."—"Oh yes, *indeed*, I do, very much," (lie the second) she replied; "but you forget I have already eaten a *good dinner*;" (lie the third. Alas! what had benevolence, *so called*, to answer for on this occasion!)

"Well, I am delighted to find that you like my sprats," said the flattered hostess, while the cloth was removing; adding, "John! do not let those sprats be eaten in the kitchen!" an order which the guest heard with indescribable alarm.

The next day they were to set off for the country house, or cottage. When they were seated in the carriage, a large box was put in, and the guest fancied she smelt *garlic*; but

"... where ignorance is bliss,
"Tis folly to be wise."

She therefore asked no questions; but tried to enjoy the present, regardless of the future. At a certain distance they stopped to bait the horses. There the guest expected that they should get out, and take some refreshment; but her economical companion, with a shrewd wink of the eye, observed, "I always sit in the carriage on these occasions. If one gets out, the people at the inn expect one to order a luncheon. I therefore take mine with me." So saying, John was summoned to drag the carriage out of sight of the inn windows. He then unpacked the box took out of it knives and forks, plates, &c. and also a *jar*, which impregnating the air with its effluvia, even before it was opened, disclosed to the alarmed guest that its contents were the dreaded sprats!

"Alas!" thought she, "Pandora's box was nothing to this! for in that, Hope remained behind; but, at the bottom of this, is Despair!" In vain did the unhappy lady declare (lie the fourth) that "she had no appetite, and (lie the fifth) that she never ate in the morning." Her hostess would take no denial. However, she con-

trived to get a piece of sprat down, enveloped in bread ; and the rest she threw out of the window, when her companion was looking another way—who, on turning round, exclaimed; “ so you have soon despatched the fish ! let me give you another ; do not refuse, because you think they are nearly finished ; I assure you there are several left ; and (delightful information !) we shall have a fresh supply tomorrow ! ” However, this time she was allowed to know when she had eaten enough ; and the travellers proceeded to their journey’s end.

This day, the sprats did not appear at dinner ;—but, there being only a few left, they were kept for a *bonne bouche*, and reserved for supper ! a meal, of which, this evening, on account of indisposition, the hostess did not partake, and was therefore at liberty to attend entirely to the wants of her guest, who would fain have declined eating also, but it was impossible ; she had just declared that she was quite well, and had often owned that she enjoyed a piece of supper after an *early dinner*. There was therefore no retreat from the maze in which her insincerity had involved her ; and eat she must ; but, when she again smelt on her plate the nauseous composition, which being near the bottom of the pot, was more disagreeable than ever, human patience and human infirmity could bear no more ; the scarcely tasted morsel fell from her lips, and she rushed precipitately into the open air, almost disposed to execrate, in her heart, potted sprats, the good breeding of her officious hostess, and even Benevolence itself.

Some may observe, on reading this story, “ What a foolish creature the guest must have been ! and how improbable it is that any one should scruple to say, the dish is disagreeable, and I hate garlic ! ” But it is my conviction that the guest on this occasion, exhibited only a slightly-exaggerated specimen of the usual conduct of those who have been taught to conduct themselves wholly by the artificial rules of civilized society, of which, generally speaking, falsehood is the basis.

Benevolence is certainly one of the first of virtues ; and its result is an amiable aversion to wound the feelings of others, even in trifles ; therefore benevolence and politeness may be considered as the same thing ; but **WORLDLY POLITENESS** is only a *copy* of benevolence. Benevolence is gold ; this politeness a paper currency, contrived as its *substitute* ; as society, being aware that benevolence is as rare as it is precious, and that few are able to distinguish, in any thing, the false from the true, resolved, in lieu of benevolence, to receive **WORLDLY POLITENESS**, with all her train of deceitful welcomes, heartless regrets, false approbations, and treacherous smiles ; those alluring seemings, which shine around her brow, and enable her to pass for **BENEVOLENCE** herself.

But how must the religious and the moral dislike the one, though they venerate the other ! The kindness of the worldly Polite only lives its little hour in one's presence ; but that of the Benevolent retains its life and sweetness in one's absence. The worldly polite will often make the objects of their greatest flatteries and attentions, when present, the butt of their ridicule as soon as they see them no more ; while the benevolent hold the characters and qualities of their associates in a sort of *holy keeping* at all times, and are as *indulgent* to the *absent* as they were *attentive* to the *present*. The kindness of the worldly polite is the gay and pleasing flower worn in the bosom, as the ornament of a few hours ; then suffered to fade, and thrown by, when it is wanted no longer ;—but that of the really benevolent, is like the fresh-springing evergreen, which blooms on through all times, and all seasons, unfading in beauty, and undiminishing in sweetness. But, it may be asked, whether I do not admit that the principle of never wounding the self-love or feelings of any one is a benevolent principle ; and whether it be not commendable to act on it continually. Certainly ; if sincerity goes hand in hand with benevolence. But where is your benevolence, if you praise those, to their faces, whom you abuse as soon as they have left you ?—where your benevolence, if you welcome those, with smiling urbanity,

whom you see drive off with a "Well ; I am glad they are gone?" and how common is it to hear persons, who think themselves very moral, and very kind, begin, as soon as their guests are departed, and even when they are scarcely out of hearing, to criticise their dress, their manners, and their characters ; while the poor unconscious visitors, the dupes of their deceitful courtesy, are going home delighted with their visit, and saying "what a charming evening they have passed, and what agreeable and kind-hearted persons the master and mistress of the house, and their family are !" — Surely, then, I am not refining too much when I assert that the cordial seemings, with which these deluded guests were received, treated, and parted with, were any thing rather than the LIES OF BENEVOLENCE. I also believe that those who scruple not, even from well-intentioned kindness, to utter spontaneous falsehoods, are not gifted with much judgment and real feeling, nor are they given to think deeply ; for the virtues are nearly related, and live in the greatest harmony with each other ;—consequently, sincerity and benevolence must always agree, and not, as is often supposed, be at variance with each other. The truly benevolent feel, and cultivate such candid and kind views of those who associate with them that *they* need not *fear* to be sincere in *their* answers ; and if obliged to speak an unwelcome truth, or an unwelcome opinion, their well-principled kindness teaches them some way of making what they utter palatable ; and benevolence is gratified without injury to sincerity.

It is a common assertion, that society is so constituted, that it is impossible to tell the truth *always* ;—but, if those who possess good sense would use it as zealously to remove obstacles in the way of spontaneous truth as they do to justify themselves in the practice of falsehood, the difficulty would vanish. Besides, truth is so uncommon an ingredient in society, that few are acquainted with it sufficiently to know whether it be admissible or not. A pious and highly gifted man said in my presence, to a friend whom I esteem and admire, and who had asserted

that truth cannot always be told in society, "Has any one tried it?—We have all of us, in the course of our lives, seen dead birds of Paradise so often, that we should scarcely take the trouble of going to see one now. But the Marquis of Hastings has brought over a *living* bird of Paradise; and every one is eagerly endeavoring to procure a sight of *that*. I therefore prognosticate that, were spontaneous truth to be told in society, where it now is rarely, if ever, heard, *real, living truth* would be as much sought after, and admired, as the living bird of Paradise."*

The following anecdote exhibits that Lie which some may call the lie of Benevolence, and others, the lie of *fear*;—that is the dread of losing favor, by wounding a person's self-love. I myself denominate it the latter.

AN AUTHORESS AND HER AUDITORS.

A YOUNG lady, who valued herself on her benevolence and good breeding, and had as much respect for truth as those who live in the world usually have, was invited by an authoress, whose favor she coveted, and by whose attention she was flattered, to come and hear her read a manuscript tragi-comedy. The other auditor was an old lady, who, to considerable personal ugliness, united strange grimaces, and convulsive twitchings of the face, chiefly the result of physical causes.

The authoress read in so affected and dramatic a manner, that the young lady's boasted benevolence had no power to curb her propensity to laughter; which being perceived by the reader, she stopped in angry consternation, and desired to know whether she laughed at her, or her composition. At first she was too much flattered to make any reply;—but as she dared not own the

* I fear that I have given the words weakly and imperfectly; but I know I am correct, as to the sentiment and the illustration. The speaker was EDWARD IRVING.

truth, and had no scruple against being guilty of deception, she cleverly resolved to excuse herself by a practical lie. She therefore trod on her friend's foot, elbowed her, and, by winks and signs, tried to make her believe that it was the grimaces of her opposite neighbor, who was quietly knitting and twitching as usual, which had had such an effect on her risible faculties; and the deceived authoress, smiling herself, when her young guest directed her eye to her unconscious *vis-a-vis*, resumed her reading with a lightened brow and increased energy.

This added to the young lady's amusement; as she could now indulge her risibility occasionally at the authoress's expense, without exciting her suspicions; especially as the manuscript was sometimes intended to excite smiles, if not laughter; and the self-love of the writer led her to suppose that her hearer's mirth was the result of her comic powers. But the treacherous gratification of the auditor was soon at an end. The manuscript was meant to move tears as well as smiles; but as the matter became more pathetic, the manner became more ludicrous; and the youthful hearer could no more force a tear than she could restrain a laugh; till the mortified authoress, irritated into forgetfulness of all feeling and propriety, exclaimed, "Indeed, Mrs —, I must desire you to move your seat, and sit where Miss — does not see you; for you make such queer grimaces that you draw her attention and cause her to laugh when she should be listening to me." The erring but humane girl was overwhelmed with dismay at the unexpected exposure; and when the poor infirm old lady replied, in a faltering tone, "Is she indeed laughing at me?" she could scarcely refrain from telling the truth, and assuring her that she was incapable of such cruelty. "Yes," rejoined the authoress, in a paroxysm of wounded self-love, "She owned to me soon after she began, that you occasioned her ill-timed mirth; and when I looked at you, I could hardly help smiling myself; but I am sure you could help making such faces, if you would."—"Child!" cried the old lady, while tears of wounded

sensibility trickled down her pale cheeks, "and you, my unjust friend, I hope and trust that I forgive you both; but, if ever you should be paralytic yourselves, may you remember this evening, and learn to repent of having been provoked to laugh by the physical weakness of a palsied old woman!" The indignant authoress was now penitent, subdued, and ashamed,—and earnestly asked pardon for her unkindness; but the young offender, whose acted lie had exposed her to seem guilty of a fault which she had not committed, was in an agony to which expression was inadequate. But to exculpate herself was impossible; and she could only give her wounded victim tear for tear.

To attend to a farther perusal of the manuscript was impossible. The old lady desired that her carriage should come round directly; the authoress locked up her composition, that had been so ill received; and the young lady, who had been proud of the acquaintance of each, became an object of suspicion and dislike both to the one and the other; since the former considered her to be of a cruel and unfeeling nature, and the latter could not conceal from herself the mortifying truth, that her play must be wholly devoid of interest, as it had utterly failed either to rivet or to attract her young auditor's attention.

But, though this girl lost two valued acquaintances by acting a lie (a harmless white lie, as it is called,) I fear she was not taught or amended by the circumstance; but deplored her want of luck, rather than her want of integrity; and, had her deception met with the success which she expected, she would probably have boasted of her ingenious artifice to her acquaintance;—nor can I help believing that she goes on in the same way whenever she is tempted to do so, and values herself on the lies of SELFISH FEAR, which she dignifies by the name of LIES OF BENEVOLENCE.

It is curious to observe that the kindness which prompts to really erroneous conduct cannot continue to bear even a remote connexion with real benevolence. The mis-

taken girl, in the anecdote related above, begins with what she calls, a virtuous deception. She could not wound the feelings of the authoress by owning that she laughed at her mode of reading ; she therefore accused herself of a much worse fault ; that of laughing at the personal infirmities of a fellow creature ; and then, finding that her artifice enabled her to indulge her sense of the ridiculous with impunity, she at length laughs treacherously and systematically, because she dares do so, and not *involuntarily*, as she did at first, at her unsuspecting friend. Thus such hollow, unprincipled benevolence as hers soon degenerated into absolute *malevolence*. But, had this girl been a girl of principle and of *real benevolence*, she might have healed her friend's vanity at the same time that she wounded it, by saying, after she had owned that her mode of reading made her laugh, that she was now convinced of the truth of what she had often heard ; namely, that authors rarely do justice to their own works, when they read them aloud themselves, however well they may read the works of others ; because they are naturally so nervous on the occasion, that they are laughably violent, because painfully agitated.

This reply could not have offended her friend greatly if at all ; and it might have led her to moderate her *outré* manner of reading. She would in consequence have appeared to more advantage ; and the interests of *real benevolence*, namely, the doing good to a fellow creature, would have been served, and she would not, by a vain attempt to save a friend's vanity from being hurt, have been the means of wounding the feelings of an afflicted woman ; have incurred the charge of inhumanity, which she by no means deserved ; and have vainly, as well as grossly, sacrificed the interests of Truth.

CHAPTER VI.

LIES OF CONVENIENCE.

I HAVE NOW before me a very copious subject ; and shall begin by that most common *lie of convenience* ; the order to servants, to say “ Not at home ; ” a custom which even some moralists defend, because they say that it is not lying ; as it deceives no one. But this I deny ;—as I know it is often *meant* to deceive. I know that if the person, angry at being refused admittance, says, at the next meeting with the denied person, “ I am sure you *were* at home such a day, when I called, but did not *choose to see me*,” the answer is, “ Oh dear, no ;—how can you say so ? I am *sure* I was not at home ;—for I am never *denied to you* ; ” though the speaker is conscious all the while that “ not at home ” was intended to *deceive*, as well as to deny. But, if it be true that “ not at home ” is not intended to deceive, and is a form used merely to exclude visitors with as little trouble as possible, I would ask whether it were not just as easy to say, “ my master, or my mistress, is engaged ; and can see no one this morning.” Why have recourse even to the appearance of falsehood, when truth would answer every purpose just as well ?

But if “ not at home ” be understood amongst *equals*, merely as a legitimate excuse, it still is highly objectionable ; because it must have a most pernicious effect on the minds of *servants*, who cannot be supposed parties to this implied compact amongst their superiors, and must therefore understand the order *literally* ; which is, “ go, and lie for my convenience ! ” How then, I ask in the name of justice and common sense, can I, after giving such an order, resent any lie which servants may choose to tell me for their own convenience, pleasure, or interest ?

Thoughtless and injudicious, (I do not like to add,) *unprincipled* persons, sometimes say to servants, when they have denied their mistress, “ Oh fy ! how can you

tell me such a fib without blushing? I am ashamed of you! You know your lady *is* at home;—well;—I am really *shocked* at your having so much effrontery as to tell such a lie with so grave a face! But give my compliments to your mistress, and tell her, I hope that she will see me the next time I call;”—and all this uttered in a laughing manner, as if this moral degradation of the poor servant were an *excellent joke*! But on these occasions, what can the effect of such joking be on the conscious liars? It must either lead them to think as lightly of truth as their reprovers themselves, (since they seem more amused than shocked at the detected violation of it,) or they will turn away distressed in conscience, degraded in their own eyes, for having obeyed their employer, and feeling a degree of virtuous indignation against those persons who have, by their immoral command, been the means of their painful degradation;—nay, their master and mistress will be for ever lowered in their servant's esteem; they will feel that the *teacher* of a lie is brought down on a level with the utterer of it; and the chances are that, during the rest of their service, they will without scruple use *against their employers* the dexterity which they have taught them to use *against others*.*

* As I feel a great desire to lay before my readers the strongest arguments possible, to prove the vicious tendency of even the most tolerated lie of convenience; namely, the order to servants to say “Not at home;” and as I wholly distrust my own powers of arguing with effect on this, or any other subject, I give the following extracts from Dr Chalmers's “Discourses on the Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life;”—discourses which abundantly and eloquently prove the sinfulness of deceit in general, and the fearful responsibility incurred by all who depart, even in the most common occurrences, from that undeviating practice of truth which is every where enjoined on Christians in the pages of holy writ. But I shall, though reluctantly, confine myself in these extracts to what bears immediately on the subject before us. I must however state, in justice to myself, that my remarks on the same points were not only written, but printed and published, in a periodical work, before I knew that Dr Chalmers had written the book in question.

“You put a lie into the mouth of a dependent, and that for the purpose of protecting your time from such an encroachment as you would not feel to be convenient or agreeable. Look to the little ac-

But amongst the most frequent lies of convenience are those which are told relative to engagements, which they who make them are averse to keep. "Headachs, bad

count that is made of a brother's and sister's eternity. Behold the guilty task that is thus unmercifully laid upon one who is shortly to appear before the judgment seat of Christ. Think of the entanglement that is thus made to beset the path of a creature who is imperishable. That, at the shrine of Mammon such a bloody sacrifice should be rendered, by some of his unrelenting votaries, is not to be wondered at; but, that the shrine of elegance and fashion should be bathed in blood:—that *soft and sentimental ladyship* should put forth her hand to such an enormity;—that she who can sigh so gently, and shed her graceful tear over the sufferings of others, should thus be accessory to the second and more awful death of her own domestics;—that one, who looks the mildest and loveliest of human beings, should exact obedience to a mandate which carries wrath, and tribulation, and anguish in its train. Oh! how it should confirm every Christian in his defiance of the authority of fashion, and lead him to spurn at all its folly and all its worthlessness. And it is quite in vain to say that the servant, whom you thus employ as the deputy of your falsehood, can possibly execute the commission without the conscience being at all tainted or defiled by it; that a simple cottage maid can so sophisticate the matter, as, without any violence to her original principles, to utter the language of what she assuredly knows to be a downright lie;—that she, humble and untutored soul! can sustain no injury, when thus made to tamper with the plain English of these realms;—that she can at all satisfy herself how, by the prescribed utterance of "not at home," she is not pronouncing such words as are substantially untrue, but merely using them in another and perfectly understood meaning;—and which, according to their modern translation, denote that the person, of whom she is thus speaking, is *secretly* lurking in one of the most secure and intimate of its receptacles.

"You may try to darken this piece of casuistry as you will, and work up your minds into the peaceable conviction that it is all right, and as it should be. But, be very certain that, where the moral sense of your domestic is not already overthrown, there is, at least, one bosom within which you have raised a war of doubts and difficulties, and where, if the victory be on your side, it will be on the side of him who is the great enemy of righteousness.

"There is, at least, one person, along the line of this conveyance of deceit, who condemneth herself in that which she alloweth; who in the language of Paul, esteeming the practice to be unclean, to her will it be unclean; who will perform her task with the offence of her own conscience, and to whom, therefore, it will indeed be evil; who cannot render obedience in this matter to her earthly superior, but, by an act, in which she does not stand clear and unconscious of guilt before God; and with whom, therefore, the sad consequence of what we can call nothing else than a barbarous combination against the principles and prospects of the lower orders, is—that, as she has not

colds, unexpected visitors from the country," all these, in their turn, are used as lies of convenience, and gratify indolence, or caprice, at the expense of integrity.

How often have I pitied the wives and daughters of professional men, for the number of lies which they are obliged to tell, in the course of the year! "Dr —— is very sorry; but he was sent for to a patient just as he was coming with me to your house."—"Papa's compliments, and he is very sorry; but he was forced to attend a commission of bankruptcy; but will certainly come, if he can, by-and-by," when the chances are, that the physician is enjoying himself over his book and his fire, and the lawyer also, congratulating themselves on having

cleaved fully unto the Lord, and has not kept by the service of the one Master, and has not forsaken all but His bidding, she cannot be the disciple of Christ.

"And let us just ask a master or a mistress, who can thus make free with the moral principle of their servants in one instance, how they can look for pure or correct principle from them in other instances? What right have they to complain of unfaithfulness against themselves, who have deliberately seduced another into a habit of unfaithfulness against God? Are they so utterly unskilled in the mysteries of our nature, as not to perceive that the servant whom you have taught to lie, has gotten such rudiments of education at your hand, as that, without any further help, he can now teach himself to purloin?—and yet nothing more frequent than loud and angry complainings against the treachery of servants; as if, in the general wreck of their other principles, a principle of consideration for the good and interest of their employer, and who has at the same time been their seducer, was to survive in all its power and sensibility. It is just such a retribution as was to be looked for. It is a recoil, upon their own heads, of the mischief which they themselves have originated. It is the temporal part of the punishment which they have to bear for the sin of our text; but not the whole of it; far better for them both that both person and property were cast into the sea, than that they should stand the reckoning of that day, when called to give an account of the souls that they have murdered, and the blood of so mighty a destruction is required at their hands."

These remarks at first made part of a chapter on the lie of convenience, but thinking them not suited to that *period of my work*, I took them out again, and not being able to introduce them in any subsequent chapter, because they treat of one particular lie, and not of lying in general, I have been obliged to content myself with putting them in a note.

escaped that terrible bore, a party, at the expense of teaching their wife, or daughter, or son, to tell what they call, a white lie ! But, I would ask those fathers and those mothers who make their children the bearers of similar excuses, whether after giving them such commissions, they could conscientiously resent any breach of veracity, or breach of confidence, or deception, committed by their children in matters of more importance. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute,*" says the proverb ; and I believe that habitual, permitted, and encouraged lying, in little and seemingly unimportant things, leads to want of truth and principle in great and serious matters ; for when the barrier, or restrictive principle, is once thrown down, no one can say where a stop will be put to the inroads and the destruction.

I forgot, in the first edition of my work, to notice one falsehood which is only too often uttered by young women in a ball-room ; but I shall now mention it with due reprehension, though I scarcely know under what head to class it. I think, however, that it may be named without impropriety, one of the LIES OF CONVENIENCE.

But, I cannot do better than give an extract on this subject, from a letter addressed to me by a friend, on reading this book, in which she has had the kindness to praise, and the still greater kindness to admonish me.* She says, as follows ; "One falsehood that is very often uttered by the lips of youth, I trust not without a blush, you have passed unnoticed ; and, as I always considered it no venial one, I will take the present opportunity of pointing out its impropriety. A young lady, when asked by a gentleman to dance, whom she does not approve, will, without hesitation, say, though unprovided with any other partner, "If I dance I am engaged ;" this positive untruth is calculated to wound the feelings of the person

* Vide a (printed) letter addressed "to Mrs Opie, with observations on her recent publication, "Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches." The Authoress is Susan Reeve, wife of Dr Reeve, M. D., and daughter of E. Bonhote of Bungay, authoress of many interesting publications.

to whom it is addressed, for it generally happens that such person discovers he has been deceived, as well as rejected. It is very seldom that young men, to whom it would really be improper that a lady should give her hand for the short time occupied in one or two dances, are admitted into our public places; but, in such a case, could not a reference be made by her, to any friends who are present; pride and vanity too often prompt the refusal, and, because the offered partner has not sufficiently sacrificed to the graces, is little versed "in the poetry of motion," or derives no consequence from the possession of rank, or riches, he is treated with what he must feel to be contempt. True politeness, which has its seat in the heart, would scorn thus to wound another, and the real votaries of sincerity would never so violate its rules to escape a temporary mortification."

I shall only add that I have entire *unity of sentiment* with the foregoing extract.

Here I beg leave to insert a short Tale, illustrative of *Lies of Convenience*.

PROJECTS DEFEATED.

THERE are a great many match-makers in the world; beings who dare to take on themselves the *fearful responsibility* of bringing two persons together into that solemn union which only death or guilt can dissolve; and thus make themselves answerable for the possible misery of two of their fellow creatures.

One of these busy match-makers, a gentleman named Byrome, was very desirous that Henry Sanford, a relation of his, should become a married man; and he called one morning to inform him that he had at length met with a young lady who would, he flattered himself, suit him in all respects as a wife. Henry Sanford was not a man of many words; nor had he a high opinion of Byrome's judgment. He therefore only said, in reply, that

he was willing to accompany his relation to the lady's house, where, on Byrome's invitation, he found that he was expected to drink tea.

The young lady in question, whom I shall call Lydia L——, lived with her widowed aunt, who had brought her and her sisters up, and supplied to them the place of parents, lost in their infancy. She had bestowed on them an expensive and showy education; had, both by precept and example, given every worldly polish to their manners; and had taught them to set off their beauty by tasteful and fashionable dress; that is, she had done for them all that she thought was necessary to be done; and she, as well as Byrome, believed that they possessed every requisite to make the marriage state happy.

But Henry Sanford was not so easy to please. He valued personal beauty and external accomplishments far below christian graces and moral virtues; and was resolved never to unite himself to a woman whose conduct was not entirely under the guidance of a strict religious principle.

Lydia L—— was not in the room when Sanford arrived, but he very soon had cause to doubt the moral integrity of her aunt and sisters; for, on Byrome's saying, "I hope you are not to have any company but ourselves today," the aunt replied. "Oh, no; we put off some company that we expected, because we thought you would like to be alone;" and one of the sisters added, "Yes; I wrote to the disagreeable D——s, informing them that my aunt was too unwell, with one of her bad headaches, to see company;" "and I," said the other, "called on the G——s, and said that we wished them to come another day, because the beaux, whom they liked best to meet were engaged." "Admirable!" cried Byrome, "Let women alone for excuses!" while Sanford looked grave, and wondered how any one could think admirable what to *him* appeared so reprehensible. "However," thought he, "*Lydia* had no share in this treachery and white lying, but may dislike them as I do." Soon after she made her appearance, attired for conquest; and

so radiant did she seem in her youthful loveliness and grace, that Sanford earnestly hoped she had better principles than her sisters.

Time fled on rapid wings; and Byrome and the two elder sisters frequently congratulated each other that "the disagreeable D——s and tiresome G——s" had not been allowed to come, and destroy, as they would have done, the pleasure of the afternoon. But Lydia did not join in this conversation; and Sandford was glad of it. The hours passed in alternate music and conversation, and also in looking over some beautiful drawings of Lydia's; but the evening was to conclude with a French game, a *jeu-de-société* which Sanford was unacquainted with, and which would give Lydia an opportunity of telling a story gracefully.

The L——s lived in a pleasant village near the town where Sandford and Byrome resided; and a long avenue of fine trees led to their door; when, just as the aunt was pointing out their beauty to Sanford, she exclaimed, "Oh dear, girls, what shall we do? there is Mrs Carthew now entering the avenue! Not at home, John! not at home!" she eagerly vociferated. "My dear aunt, that will not do for her," cried the eldest sister; "for she will ask for us all in turn, and inquire where we are, that she may go after us." "True," said the other, "and if we admit her, she is so severe and methodistical, that she will spoil all our enjoyment." "However, in she must come," observed the aunt; "for, as she is an old friend, I should not like to affront her."

Sandford was just going to say, "If she be an old friend, admit her, by all means;" when on looking at Lydia, who had been silent all this time, and was, he flattered himself, of his way of thinking, he saw her put her finger archly to her nose, and heard her exclaim, "I have it! there, there; go all of you into the next room, and close the door!" she then bounded gracefully down the avenue, while Sandford, with a degree of pain which he could have scarcely thought possible, heard one of the sisters say to Byrome, "Ah! Lydia is to be trusted; she tells a white

lie with such an innocent look, that no one can suspect her." "What a valuable accomplishment," thought Sandford, "in a woman! what a recommendation in a wife!" and he really dreaded the fair deceiver's return.

She came back, "nothing doubting," and, smiling with great self-complacency, said, "It was very fortunate that it was I who met her; for I have more presence of mind than you, my dear sisters. The good soul had seen the D——s; and hearing my aunt was ill, came to inquire concerning her. She was even coming on to the house, as she saw no reason why she should not; and I, for a moment, was at a loss how to keep her away, when I luckily recollected her great dread of infection, and told her that, as the typhus fever was in the village, I feared it was only too possible that my poor aunt had caught it!" "Capital!" cried the aunt and Byrome! "Really, Lydia, that was even out-doing yourself," cried her eldest sister. "Poor Carthew! I should not wonder, if she came at all near the house, that she went home, and took to her bed from alarm!"

Even Byrome was shocked at this unfeeling speech; and could not help observing, that it would be hard indeed if such was the result, to a good old friend, of an affectionate inquiry. "True," replied Lydia, "and I hope and trust she will not really suffer; but, though very good, she is very troublesome; and could we but keep up the hum for a day or two, it would be such a comfort to us! as she comes very often, and now cannot endure cards, nor any music but hymn-singing."

"Then I am glad she was not admitted;" said Byrome, who saw with pain, by Sandford's folded arms and grave countenance, that a change in his feelings towards Lydia had taken place. Nor was he deceived; Sandford was indeed gazing intently, but not as before, with almost overpowering admiration, on the consciously blushing object of it. No; he was likening her as he gazed, to the beautiful apples that are said to grow on the shores of the Dead Sea, which tempt the traveller to pluck and eat, but are filled only with dust and bitter ashes.

"But we are losing time," said Lydia; "let us begin our French game!" Sandford coldly bowed assent! but he knew not what she said; he was so inattentive, that he had to forfeit continually; he spoke not; he smiled not; except with a sort of sarcastic expression; and Lydia felt conscious that she had *lost him*, though she knew not why; for her moral sense was too dull for her to conceive the effect which her falsehood and want of feeling, towards an old and pious friend, had produced on him. This consciousness was a painful one, as Sandford was handsome, sensible, and rich; therefore, he was what match-seeking girls (odious vulgarity!) call a *good catch*. Besides, Byrome had told her that she might depend on making a conquest of his relation, Henry Sandford. The evening, therefore, which began so brightly, ended in pain and mortification, both to Sandford and Lydia. The former was impatient to depart as soon as supper was over, and the latter, piqued, disappointed, and almost dejected, did not join her sisters in soliciting him to stay.

"Well," said Byrome, as soon as they left the house, "How do you like the beautiful and accomplished Lydia?"—"She is beautiful and accomplished; but that is all."—"Nay, I am sure you seemed to admire her exceedingly, till just now, and paid her more animated attention than I ever saw you pay any woman before."—"True; but I soon found that she was as hollow hearted as she is fair."—"Oh! I suppose you mean the deception which she practised on the old lady. Well; where was the great harm of that? she only told a white lie; and nobody, that is not a puritan, scruples to do that, you know."

"I am no puritan, as you term it; yet I scruple it; but, if I were to be betrayed into such meanness, (and no one perhaps can be always on his guard,) I should blush to have it known; but this girl seemed to glory in her shame, and to be proud of the disgraceful readiness with which she uttered her falsehood."—"I must own that I was surprised she did not express some regret at being forced to do what she did, in order to prevent our

pleasure from being spoiled.”—“Why should she? Like yourself she saw no harm in a *white lie*; but, mark me, Byrome, the woman whom I marry shall not think there is such thing as a *white lie*;—she shall think all lies *black*; because the intention of *all* lies is to *deceive*; and, from the highest authority, we are forbidden to deceive one another. I assure you, that if I were married to Lydia, I should distrust her expressions of love towards me;—I should suspect that she married my fortune, not me; and that, whenever strong temptation offered, she would deceive me as readily as, for a very slight one indeed, she deceived that kind friend who came on an errand of love, and was sent away alarmed, and anxious, by this young hypocrite’s unblushing falsehood! Trust me, Byrome, that my wife shall be a strict moralist.”—“What! a moral philosopher?”—“No; a far better thing. She shall be an *humble relying christian*;—thence she will be capable of speaking the truth, even to her own condemnation;—and on all occasions, her fear of man will be wholly subservient to her fear of her Creator.”

“And, pray, how can you ever be able to assure yourself that any girl is this paragon?”—“Surely, if what we call chance could so easily exhibit to me Lydia L—— in all the ugliness of her falsehood, it may equally, one day or other, disclose to me some other girl in all the beauty of her truth. Till then, I hope, I shall have resolution enough to remain a bachelor.”—“Then,” replied Byrome, shaking his head, “I must bid you good night, an old bachelor in prospect and in perpetuity!” And as he returned his farewell, Sandford sighed to think that his prophecy was only too likely to be fulfilled; since his observation had convinced him that a strict adherence to truth, on little as well as on great occasions, is, though one of the most IMPORTANT the RAREST of all virtues.”

CHAPTER VII.

ON LIES OF INTEREST.

THESE lies are very various, and are more excusable, and less offensive, than many others.

The pale, ragged beggar, who, to add to the effect of his or her ill looks, tells of the large family which does not exist, has a strong motive to deceive in the penury which does ;—and one cannot consider as a very *abandoned* liar, the tradesman, who tells you he cannot afford to come down to the price which you offer, because he gave almost as much for the goods himself. It is not from persons like these that we meet with the most disgusting marks of interested falsehood. It is when habitual and petty lying profanes the lips of those whom independence preserves from any strong temptation to violate truth, and whom religion and education might have taught to value it.

The following story will illustrate the *LIES OF INTEREST*.

THE SCREEN or "NOT AT HOME,"

THE widow of Governor Atherling returned from the East Indies, old, rich and childless ; and as she had none but very distant relations, her affections naturally turned towards the earliest friends of her youth ; one of whom she found still living, and residing in a large country town.

She therefore hired a house and grounds adjacent, in a village very near to that lady's abode, and became not only her frequent but welcome guest. This old friend was a widow in narrow circumstances, with four daughters slenderly provided for ; and she justly concluded that, if she and her family could endear themselves to

their opulent guest, they should in all probability inherit some of her property. In the meanwhile, as she never visited them without bringing with her, in great abundance, whatever was wanted for the table, and might therefore be said to contribute to their maintenance, without seeming to intend to do so, they took incessant pains to conciliate her more and more every day, by flatteries which she did not see through, and attentions which she deeply felt. Still, the Livingstones were not in spirit united to their amiable guest. The sorrows of her heart had led her by slow degrees, to seek refuge in a religious course of life; and, spite of her proneness to self-deception, she could not conceal from herself that, on this most important subject the Livingstones had never thought seriously, and were, as yet, entirely women of the world. But still her heart longed to be attached to something; and as her starved affections craved some daily food, she suffered herself to love this plausible, amusing, agreeable, and seemingly affectionate family; and she every day lived in hope, that, by her precepts and example, she should ultimately tear them from that "world they loved too well." Sweet and precious to their own souls, are the illusions of the good; and the deceived East Indian was happy, because she did not understand the true nature of the Livingstones.

On the contrary, so fascinated was she by what she fancied they were, or might become, that she took very little notice of a shame-faced, awkward, retiring, silent girl, the only child of the dearest friend that her childhood and her youth had known,—and who had been purposely introduced to her *only as Fanny Barnwell*. For the Livingstones were too selfish, and too prudent, to let their rich friend know that this poor girl was the orphan of *Fanny Beaumont*. *Withholding*, therefore, the most important part of the truth, they only informed her that Fanny Barnwell was an orphan, who was glad to live amongst her friends, that she might make her small income sufficient for her wants; taking care not to add that she was mistaken in supposing that Fanny Beaumont,

whose long silence and subsequent death she had bitterly deplored, had died childless ; for that she had married a second husband, by whom she had the poor orphan in question, and had lived many years in sorrow and obscurity, the result of this imprudent marriage ; resolving, however, in order to avoid accidents, that Fanny's visit should not be of long duration. In the meanwhile, they confided in the security afforded them by what may be called their PASSIVE LIE OF INTEREST. But, in order to make "assurance doubly sure," they had also recourse to the ACTIVE LIE OF INTEREST ; and, in order to frighten Fanny from ever daring to inform their visiter that she was the child of Fanny Beaumont, they assured her that that lady was so enraged against her poor mother, for having married her unworthy father, that no one dared to mention her name to her ; because it never failed to draw from her the most violent abuse of her once dearest friend. "And you know, Fanny," they took care to add, "that you could not bear to hear your poor mother abused." "No ; that I could not, indeed," was the weeping girl's answer ; the Livingstones therefore felt safe and satisfied. However, it still might not be amiss to make the old lady dislike Fanny, if they could ; and they contrived to render the poor girl's virtue the means of doing her injury.

Fanny's mother could not bequeath much money to her child ; but she had endeavored to enrich her with principles and piety. Above all, she had impressed her with the strictest regard for truth ;—and the Livingstones artfully contrived to make her integrity the means of displeasing their East Indian friend.

This good old lady's chief failing was believing implicitly whatever was said in her commendation ; not that she loved flattery, but that she liked to believe she had conciliated *good will* ; and being sincere *herself*, she never thought of distrusting the sincerity of *others*.

Nor was she at all vain of her once fine person, and finer face, or improperly fond of dress. Still from an almost pitiable degree of *bonhommie*, she allowed the

Livingstones to dress her as they liked ; and as they chose to make her wear fashionable and young looking attire, in which they declared that she looked "*so* handsome ! and *so* well !" she believed they were the best judges of what was proper for her, and always replied, " well, dear friends, it is entirely a matter of indifference to me ; so dress me as you please ;" while the Livingstones, not *believing* that it was a *matter of indifference*, used to laugh, as soon as she was gone, at her obvious credulity.

But this ungenerous and treacherous conduct excited such strong indignation in the usually gentle Fanny, that she could not help expressing her sentiments concerning it ; and by that means made them the more eager to betray her into offending their unsuspicious friend. They therefore asked Fanny, in her presence, one day, whether their dear guest did not dress most *becomingly* ?

The poor girl made sundry sheepish and awkward contortions, now looking down, and then looking up ;—unable to lie, yet afraid to tell the truth. " Why do you not reply, Fanny ?" said the artful questioner. " Is she not well dressed ?"—" Not in *my* opinion," faltered out the distressed girl. " And, pray, Miss Barnwell," said the old lady, " what part of my dress do you disapprove ?" After a pause, Fanny took courage to reply, " all of it, madam." " Why ? do you think it too young for me ?"—" I do." " A plain spoken young person that !" she observed in a tone of pique ;—while the Livingstones exclaimed, " impertinent ! ridiculous !"—and Fanny was glad to leave the room, feeling excessive pain at having been forced to wound the feelings of one whom she wished to be permitted to love, because she had once been her mother's dearest friend. After this scene, the Livingstones, partly from the love of mischief, and partly from the love of fun used to put similar questions to Fanny, in the old lady's presence, till, at last, displeased and indignant at her bluntness and ill-breeding, she scarcely noticed or spoke to her. In the meanwhile, Cecilia Livingstone became an object of increasing interest to her ; for she had a lover to whom she was greatly attach-

ed ; but who would not be in a situation to marry for many years.

This young man was frequently at the house, and was as polite and attentive to the old lady, when she was present, as the rest of the family ; but, like them, he was ever ready to indulge in a laugh at her credulous simplicity, and especially at her continually expressing her belief, as well as her hopes, that they were all beginning to think less of the present world and more of the next ; and as Alfred Lawrie, (Cecilia's lover,) as well as the Livingstones, possessed no inconsiderable power of mimicry, they exercised them with great effect on the manner and tones of her whom they called the *over dressed* saint, unrestrained, alas ! by the consciousness that she was their present, and would, as they expected, be their *future*, benefactress.

That confiding and unsuspecting being was, meanwhile, considering that though her health was injured by a long residence in a warm climate, she might still live many years ; and that, as Cecilia might not therefore possess the fortune which she had bequeathed to her till "youth and genial years were flown," it would be better to give it to her during her lifetime. "I will do so," she said to herself (tears rushing into her eye as she thought of the happiness which she was going to impart,) "and then the young people can marry directly !"

She took this resolution one day when the Livingstones believed that she had left her home on a visit. Consequently, having no expectation of seeing her for some time, they had taken advantage of her long vainly expected absence, to make some engagements which they knew she would have excessively disapproved. But though, as yet, they knew it not, the old lady had been forced to put off her visit ; a circumstance which she did not at all regret, as it enabled her to go sooner on her benevolent errand.

The engagement of the Livingstones for that day was a rehearsal of a private play at their house, which they were afterwards, and during their saintly friend's

absence, to perform at the house of a friend ; and a large room, called the library, in which there was a wide, commodious screen, was selected as the scene of action.

Fanny Barnwell, who disliked private and other theatricals as much as their old friend herself, ~~was~~ to have no part in the performance ; but, as they were disappointed of their prompter that evening, she was, though with great difficulty, persuaded to perform the office, for *that night only*.

It was to be a dress rehearsal ; and the parties were in the midst of adorning themselves, when to their great consternation, they saw their supposed distant friend coming up the street, and evidently intending them a visit. What was to be done ? To admit her was impossible. They therefore called up a new servant, who only came to them the day before, and who did not know the worldly consequence of their unwelcome guest ; and Cecilia said to her, “ you see that old lady yonder ; when she knocks, be sure to say that *we are not at home* ; and you had better add, that we shall not be home *till bed-time* ;” thus adding the *lie of CONVENIENCE* to other deceptions. Accordingly, when she knocked at the door, the girl spoke as she was desired to do, or rather she improved upon it ; for she said that “ her ladies had been out all day, and would not return till two o’clock in the morning.”—“ Indeed ! that is unfortunate ;” said their disappointed visitor, stopping to deliberate whether she should not leave a note of agreeable surprise for Cecilia ; but the girl, who held the door in her hand, seemed so impatient to get rid of her, that she resolved not to write, and then turned away.

The girl was really in haste to return to the kitchen ; for she was gossiping with an old fellow servant. She therefore neglected to go back to her anxious employers ; but Cecilia ran down the back stairs, to interrogate her, exclaiming, “ Well ; what did she say ? I hope she did not suspect that we were at home.”—“ No, to be sure not, Miss ;—how should she ?—for I said even more than you told me to say,” repeating her additions ; being eager

to prove her claim to the confidence of her new mistress; "But are you sure that she is really gone from the door?" "To be sure, Miss."—"Still, I wish you could go and see; because we have not seen her pass the window, though we heard the door shut."—"Dear me, Miss, how should you? for I looked out after her, and I saw her go down the street under the windows, and turn . . . yes,—I am sure that I saw her turn into a shop. However, I will go and look, if you desire it." She did so; and certainly saw nothing of the dreaded guest. Therefore, her young ladies finished their preparations, devoid of fear. But the truth was, that the girl, little aware of the importance of this unwelcomed lady, and concluding she could not be a *friend*, but merely some *troublesome nobody*, showed her contempt and her anger at being detained so long, by throwing to the street-door with such violence, that it did not really close; and the old lady, who had ordered her carriage to come for her at a certain hour, and was determined, on second thoughts, to sit down and wait for it, was able, unheard, to push open the door, and to enter the library unperceived;—for the girl lied to those who bade her lie, when she said she saw her walk away.

In that room Mrs Atherling found a sofa; and though she wondered at seeing a large screen opened before it, she seated herself upon it, and, being fatigued with her walk, soon fell asleep. But her slumber was broken very unpleasantly; for she heard, as she awoke, the following dialogue, on the entrance of Cecilia and her lover, accompanied by Fanny. "Well—I am so glad we got rid of Mrs Atherling so easily!" cried Cecilia. "That new girl seems apt. Some servants deny one so as to show one is at home."—"I should like them the better for it," said Fanny. "I hate to see any one ready at telling a falsehood."—"Poor little conscientious dear!" said the lover, mimicking her, "one would think the dressed-up saint had made you as methodical as herself." "What, I suppose, Miss Fanny, you would have had us let the old quiz in."—"To be sure I would; and I wonder you could be denied to so

kind a friend.—Poor dear Mrs Atherling ! how hurt she would be, if she knew you were at home !”—“ *Poor dear*, indeed ? Do not be so affected, Fanny. How should you care for Mrs Atherling, when you know that she dislikes you !”—“ *Dislikes me !* Oh yes ; I fear she does !”—“ I am *sure* she does,” replied Cecilia ; “ for you are downright rude to her. Did you not say, only the day before yesterday, when she said, ‘ There, Miss Barnwell, I hope I have *at last* gotten a cap which you like,’—‘ No ; I am sorry to say you have not ! ’”—“ To be sure I did ; I could not tell a falsehood even to please Mrs Atherling, though she was my own dear mother’s dearest friend.”—“ Your mother’s friend, Fanny ? I never heard *that* before ;” said the lover. “ Did you not know that, Alfred ?” said Cecilia, eagerly adding, “ but Mrs Atherling does not know it ;” giving him a meaning look, as if to say, “ and do not you *tell* her.”—“ Would she *did* know it !” said Fanny mournfully, “ for, though I dare not tell her so, lest she should abuse my poor mother, as you say she would, Cecilia, because she was so angry at her marriage with my misguided father, still, I think she would look kindly on her once dear friend’s orphan child, and like me, in spite of my honesty.”—“ No, no, silly girl ; honesty is usually its own reward. Alfred, what do you think ? Our old friend, who is not very penetrating, said one day to her, ‘ I suppose you think my caps too young for me ;’ and that true young person replied, ‘ Yes, madam, I do.’”—“ And would do so again, Cecilia ;—and it was far more friendly and kind to say so than flatter her on her dress, as you do, and then laugh at it when her back is turned. I hate to hear any one mimicked and laughed at ; and more especially my mamma’s old friend.”—“ There, there, child ! your sentimentality makes me sick. But come ; let us begin.”—“ Yes,” cried Alfred, “ let us rehearse a little, before the rest of the party come. I should like to hear Mrs Atherling’s exclamations, if she knew what we were doing. She would say thus ;” . . . Here he gave a most accurate representation of the poor old lady’s voice and man-

ner, and her fancied abuse of private theatricals, while Cecilia cried, "bravo! bravo!" and Fanny, "shame! shame!" till the other Livingstones, and the rest of the company, who now entered, drowned her cry in their loud applauses and louder laughter.

The old lady, whom surprise, anger and wounded sensibility, had hitherto kept *silent* and *still* in her involuntary hiding-place, now rose up, and, mounting on the sofa, looked over the top of the screen, full of reproachful meaning, on the conscious offenders!

What a moment, to them, of overwhelming surprise and consternation! The cheeks, flushed with malicious triumph and satirical pleasure, became covered with the deeper blush of detected treachery, or pale with fear of its consequences;—and the eyes, so lately beaming with ungenerous, injurious satisfaction, were now cast, with painful shame, upon the ground, unable to meet the justly indignant glance of her, whose kindness they had repaid with such palpable and base ingratitude! "An admirable likeness indeed, Alfred Lawrie," said their undeceived dupe, breaking her perturbed silence, and coming down from her elevation; "but it will cost you more than you are at present aware of.—But who art thou?" she added, addressing Fanny (who, though it might have been a moment of triumph to her, felt and looked as if she had been a sharer in the guilt,) "Who art *thou*, my honorable, kind girl? And who was your mother?"—"Your Fanny Beaumont," replied the quick-feeling orphan, bursting into tears. "Fanny Beaumont's child! and it was concealed from me!" said she, folding the weeping girl to her heart. "But it was all of a piece;—all treachery and insincerity, from the beginning to the end. However, I am undeceived before it was too late." She then disclosed to the detected family her generous motive for the unexpected visit; and declared her thankfulness for what had taken place, as far as she was herself concerned; though she could not but deplore, as a christian, the discovered turpitude of those whom she had fondly loved.

"I have now," she continued, "to make amends to one whom I have hitherto not treated kindly ; but I have at length been enabled to discover an undeserved friend, amidst undeserved foes. . . . My dear child," added she, parting Fanny's dark ringlets, and gazing fearfully in her face, "I must have been *blind* as well as blinded, not to see your likeness to your dear mother.—Will you live with me, Fanny, and be unto me as a DAUGHTER ?"—"Oh, most gladly !" was the eager and agitated reply. "You artful creature !" exclaimed Cecilia, pale with rage and mortification, "You knew very well that she was behind the screen."—"I know that she could *not* know it," replied the old lady ; "and you, Miss Livingstone, assert what you do not yourself believe. But come, Fanny, let us go and meet my carriage ; for, no doubt your presence here is now as unwelcome as mine." But Fanny lingered, as if reluctant to depart. She could not bear to leave the Livingstones in anger. They had been kind to her ; and she would fain have parted with them affectionately ; but they all preserved a sullen indignant silence, and scornfully repelled her advances.—"You see that you must not tarry here, my good girl," observed the old lady, smiling ; "so let us depart." They did so ; leaving the Livingstones and the lover, not deploring their fault, but lamenting their detection ;—lamenting also the hour when they added the lies of CONVENIENCE to their other deceptions, and had thereby enabled their unsuspecting dupe to detect those falsehoods, the result of their avaricious fears, which may be justly entitled the LIES OF INTEREST.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIES OF FIRST-RATE MALIGNITY.

LIES OF FIRST-RATE MALIGNITY come next to be considered ; and I think that I am right in asserting that such lies,—lies intended *wilfully* to destroy the reputation of

men and women, to injure their characters in public or private estimation, and for ever cloud over their prospects in life,—are less frequent than falsehoods of any other description.

Not that malignity is an unfrequent feeling ;—not that dislike or envy, or jealousy, would not gladly vent itself in many a malignant falsehood, or other efforts of the same kind, against the peace and fame of its often innocent and unconscious objects ;—but that the arm of the law, *in some measure* at least, defends reputations ; and if it should not have been able to deter the slanderer from his purpose, it can at least avenge the slandered.

Still, such is the prevailing tendency, in society, to prey on the reputations of others (especially of those who are at all *distinguished*, either in public or private life ;) such the propensity to impute **BAD MOTIVES TO GOOD ACTIONS** : so common the fiend-like pleasure of finding or imagining blemishes in beings on whom even a *motive judging world* in general gazes with respectful admiration and bestows the sacred tribute of well-earned praise ; that I am convinced there are many persons, worn both in mind and body by the consciousness of being the objects of calumnies and suspicions which they have it not in their power to combat, who steal broken-hearted to their graves, thankful for the summons of death, and hoping to find refuge from the injustice of their fellow-creatures in the bosom of their God and Saviour.

With the following *illustration* of the **LIE OF FIRST-RATE MALIGNITY** I shall conclude my observations on this subject.

THE ORPHAN.

THERE are persons in the world whom circumstances have so entirely preserved from intercourse with the base and the malignant, and whose dispositions are so free from bitterness, that they can scarcely believe in the existence of baseness and malignity. Such persons, when they

hear of injuries committed, and wrongs done, at the instigation of the most trivial and apparently worthless motives, are apt to exclaim, "You have been imposed upon. No one could be so wicked as to act thus upon such slight grounds; and you are not relating as a sober observer of human nature and human action, but with the exaggerated view of a dealer in fiction and romance!" Happy, and privileged beyond the ordinary charter of human beings, are those who can thus exclaim;—but the inhabitants of the tropics might, with equal justice, refuse to believe in the existence of that thing called snow, as these unbelievers in the moral turpitude in question refuse their credence to anecdotes which disclose it. All they can with propriety assert is, that such instances have not come under their cognisance. Yet, even to these favored few, I would put the following questions:—Have you never experienced feelings of selfishness, anger, jealousy, or envy, which, though habits of religious and moral restraint taught you easily to subdue them, had yet troubled you long enough to make you fully sensible of their existence and their power? If so, is it not easy to believe that such feelings, when excited in the minds of those not under religious and moral guidance, may grow to such an unrestrained excess as to lead to actions and lies of terrible malignity?

I cannot but think that even the purest and best of my friends must answer in the affirmative. Still, they have reason to return thanks to their Creator, that their lot has been cast amongst such "pleasant places;" and that it is theirs to breathe an atmosphere impregnated only with airs from heaven.

My lot, from a peculiar train of circumstances, has been somewhat differently cast; and when I give the following story, to illustrate a lie of **FIRST RATE MALIGNITY**, I do so with the certain knowledge that its foundation is truth.

CONSTANTIA GORDON was the only child of a professional man, of great eminence, in a provincial town. Her mother was taken from her before she had attained the

age of womanhood, but not before the wise and pious precepts which she gave her had taken deep root, and had therefore counteracted the otherwise pernicious effects of a showy and elaborate education. Constantia's talents were considerable; and as her application was equal to them, she was at an early age, distinguished in her native place for her learning and accomplishments.

Among the most intimate associates of her father, was a gentleman of the name of Overton; a man of some talent, and some acquirement; but, as his pretensions to eminence were not as universally allowed as he thought that they ought to have been, he was extremely tenacious of his own consequence, excessively envious of the slightest successes of others, while any dissent from his dogmas was an offence which his mean soul was incapable of forgiving.

It was only too natural that Constantia, as she was the petted, though not spoiled child of a fond father, and the little sun of the circle in which she moved, was, perhaps, only too forward in giving her opinion on literature, and on some other subjects, which are not usually discussed by women at all, and still less by girls at her time of life; and she had sometimes ventured to disagree in opinion with Oracle Overton—the nickname by which this man was known. But he commonly took refuge in sarcastic observations on the ignorance and presumption of women in general, and of blue-stockings in particular, while on his face a grin of conscious superiority contended with the frown of pedantic indignation.

Hitherto this collision of wits had taken place in Constantia's domestic circle only; but, one day, Overton and the former met at the house of a nobleman in the neighborhood, and in company with many persons of considerable talent. While they were at table, the master of the house said that it was his birth-day; and some one immediately proposed that all the guests, who could write verses, should produce one couplet at least, in honor of the day.

But as Overton and Constantia were the only persons present who were known to be so gifted, they alone were assailed with earnest entreaties to employ their talents on the occasion. The latter, however, was prevented by timidity from compliance ; and she persevered in her refusal, though Overton loudly conjured her to indulge the company with a display of her *wonderful genius* ; accompanying his words with a sarcastic smile, which she well understood. Overton's muse, therefore, since Constantia would not let hers enter into the competition, walked over the course ; having been highly applauded for a *médiocre* stanza of eight doggrel lines. But, as Constantia's timidity vanished when she found herself alone with the ladies in the drawing room, who were most of them friends of hers, she at length produced some verses, which not only delighted her affectionate companions, but, when shown to the gentlemen, drew from them more and warmer encomiums than had been bestowed on the frothy tribute of her competitor ; while the writhing and mortified Overton forced himself to say they were very well, very well indeed, for a scribbling Miss of sixteen ; insinuating at the same time that the pretended extempore was one written by her father at home, and gotten by heart by herself. But the giver of the feast declared that he had forgotten it was his birth-day, till he sat down to table ; therefore, as every one said, although the verses were written by a girl of sixteen only, they would have done honor to a riper age, Overton gained nothing, but added mortification from his mean attempt to blight Constantia's well earned laurels, especially as his ungenerous conduct drew on him severe animadversions from some of the other guests. His fair rival also unwittingly deepened his resentment against herself, by venturing, in a playful manner, being emboldened by success, to dispute some of his paradoxes ; —and once she did it so successfully, that she got the laugh against Overton, in a manner so offensive to his self love, that he suddenly left the company, vowing revenge in his heart, against the being who had thus shone

at his expense. However, he continued to visit at her father's house ; and was still considered as their most intimate friend.

Constantia, meanwhile, increased not only both in beauty and accomplishments, but in qualities of a more precious nature ; namely, in a knowledge of her christian duties. But her charities were performed in secret, and so fearful was she of being deemed righteous overmuch, and considered as an enthusiast, even by her father himself, that the soundness of her religious character was known only to the sceptical Overton, and two or three more of her associates, while it was a notorious fact, that the usual companions of her father and herself were free-thinkers and latitudinarians, both in politics and religion. But, if Constantia did not lay open her religious faith to those by whom she was surrounded, she fed its lamp in her own bosom, with never-ceasing watchfulness ; and like the solitary light in a cottage on the dark and lonely moors, it beamed on her hours of solitude and retirement, cheering and warming her amidst surrounding darkness.

It was to do yet more for her. It was to support her, not only under the sudden death of a father whom she tenderly loved, but under the unexpected loss of income which his death occasioned. On examining his affairs, it was discovered that, when his debts were all paid, there would be a bare maintenance only remaining for the afflicted orphan. Constantia's sorrow, though deep, was quiet and gentle as her nature ; and she felt, with unspeakable thankfulness, that she owed the tranquillity, and resignation of her mind to her religious convictions alone.

The interesting orphan had only just returned into the society of her friends, when a Sir Edward Vandeleur, a young baronet of large fortune, came on a visit in the neighborhood.

Sir Edward was the darling and pride of a highly gifted mother, and several amiable sisters ; and Lady Vandeleur, who was in declining health, had often urged her son to let her have the satisfaction of seeing him married before she was taken away from him.

But, it was no easy thing for a man like Sir Edward Vandeleur to find a wife suited to him. His feelings were too much under a strong religious restraint, to admit of his falling violently in love, as the phrase is; and beauty and accomplishments had no chance of captivating his heart, unless they were accompanied by qualities which fully satisfied his principles and his judgment.

It was at this period of his life that Sir Edward Vandeleur was introduced to Constantia Gordon, at a small conversation party, at the house of a mutual acquaintance.

Her beauty, her graceful manners, over which sorrow had cast a new and sobered charm, and her great conversational powers, made her presently an object of interest to Sir Edward; and when he heard her story, that interest was considerably increased by pity for her orphan state and altered circumstances.

Therefore, though Sir Edward saw Constantia rarely, and never, except at one house, he felt her at every interview growing more on his esteem and admiration; and he often thought of the recluse in her simple mourning attire, and wished himself by her side, when he was the courted, flattered, attendant on a reigning belle.

Not that he was in love;—that is, not that he had imbibed an attachment which his reason could not at once enable him to conquer, if it should ever disapprove its continuance; but his judgment, as well as his taste, told him that Constantia was the sort of woman to pass life with. “Seek for a companion in a wife!” had always been his mother’s advice. “Seek for a woman who has understanding enough to know her duties, and piety and principle enough to enable her to fulfil them; one who can teach her children to follow in her steps, and form them for virtue here, and happiness hereafter!” “Surely,” thought Sir Edward, as he recalled this natural advice, “I have found the woman so described in Constantia Gordon!” But he was still too prudent to pay her any marked attention; especially as Lady Vandeleur had recommended caution.

At this moment his mother wrote thus :

"I do not see any apparent objection to the lady in question. Still, be cautious! Is there no one at — who has known her from her childhood, and can give you an account of her and her moral and religious principles, which can be relied upon? Death, that great discoverer of secrets, proved that her father was not a very worthy man, still, bad parents have good children, and *vice versa*; but, inquire and be wary."

The day after Sir Edward received this letter, he was introduced to Overton at the house of a gentleman in the neighborhood; and at the most unfortunate period possible for Constantia Gordon. Overton had always pretended to have a sincere regard for the poor orphan, and no one was more loud in regrets for her reduced fortune; but, as he was fond of giving her pain, he used to mingle with his pity, so many severe remarks on her father's thoughtless conduct, that had he not been her father's most familiar friend, she would have forbidden him her presence.

One day having found her alone at her lodgings, he accompanied his expressions of affected condolence with a proposal to give her a bank-note now and then, to buy her a new gown; as he was (he said) afraid that she would not have money sufficient to set off her charms to advantage. To real kindness, however vulgarly worded, Constantia's heart was ever open; but she immediately saw that this offer, prefaced as it was by abuse of her father, was merely the result of malignity and coarseness combined; and her spirit, though habitually gentle, was roused to indignant resentment.

But who, that has ever experienced the bitterness of feeling excited by the cold, spiteful efforts of a malignant temper to irritate a gentle and generous nature, can withhold their sympathy and pardon from Constantia on this occasion? At last, gratified at having made his victim a while forego her nature, and at being now enabled to represent her as a vixen; he took his leave with hypocritical kindness, calling her his "*naughty scolding Con,*" leaving her to humble herself before that Being whom she feared

to have offended by her violence, and to weep over the recollection of an interview which had added, to her other miseries, that of self-reproach.

Overton, meanwhile, did not retire unhurt from the combat. The orphan had uttered, in her agony, some truths which he could not forget. She had held up to him a mirror of himself, from which he found it difficult to turn away, while in proportion to his sense of suffering was his resentment against its fair cause; and his desire of revenge was in proportion to both.

It was on this very day that he dined in company with Sir Edward Vandeleur, who was soon informed, by the master of the house, that Overton had been from her childhood, the friend and intimate of Constantia Gordon; and the same gentleman informed Overton in private, that Sir Edward was supposed to entertain thoughts of paying his addresses to Constantia.

Inexpressible was Overton's consternation at hearing that this girl, whose poverty he had insulted, whom he disliked because she had been a thorn to his self-love, and under whose just severity he was still smarting, was likely, not only to be removed from his power to torment her, but to be raised above him by a fortunate marriage.

Great was his triumph, therefore, when Sir Edward, before they parted, requested an interview with him the following morning, at his lodgings in the town of —, adding, that he wished to ask him some questions concerning their mutual friend, Constantia Gordon.

Accordingly they met; and the following conversation took place. Sir Edward began by candidly confessing the high opinion which he had conceived of Constantia, and his earnest wish to have its justice confirmed by the testimony of her oldest and most intimate friend. "Sir Edward," replied the exulting hypocrite, with well-acted reluctance, "you put an honorable and a kind-hearted man, like myself, into a complete *embarras*."—"Sir, what do I hear?" cried Sir Edward starting from his seat, "Can you feel any embarrassment, when called upon to bear testimony in favor of Constantia Gordon?"—"I

dare say *you* cannot think such a thing possible," he replied with a sneer ; " for men in love are usually blind."—" But I am not in love yet," eagerly replied Sir Edward ; " and it very much depends on this conversation whether I ever am so with the lady in question."—" Well then, Sir Edward, however unpalatable, I must speak the truth. I need not tell you that Constantia is beautiful, accomplished, and *talented*, is, I think, the *new* word."—" No, sir ; I already know she is all these ; and she appears to me as gentle, virtuous, and pious, as she is beautiful."—" I dare say she does ; but, as to her *gentleness*, however I might provoke her improperly ;—but, I assure you, she flew into such a passion with me yesterday, that I thought she would have struck me !"—" Is it possible ? I really feel a difficulty in believing you !"—" No doubt ; so let us talk of something else."—" No, no,—Mr Overton ; I came hither to be informed on a subject deeply interesting to me, and, at whatever risk of disappointment, I will await all you have to say."—" I have nothing to say, Sir Edward, you know Con is beautiful and charming ; and is not that enough ?"—" No ! it is *not* enough. Outward graces are not sufficient to captivate and fix me, unless they are accompanied by charms that fade not with time, but blossom to eternity."—" Whew ! " exclaimed Overton, with well-acted surprise, " I see that you are a methodist, Sir Edward ; and if so, my friend Con will not suit you."—" Does it follow that I am a methodist, because I require that my wife should be a woman of pious and moral habits ?"—" Oh ! for *morals*, these, indeed, my friend Con would suit you well enough. Let her morals pass ; but as to her *piety*, religion will never turn her head."—" What do you mean, Mr Overton ?"—" Why, sir, our lovely friend has learned from the company which she has kept, to think freely on such subjects ;—very freely ;—for women, you know, always go to extremes. *Men* keep within the rational bounds of *deism* ; but the female sceptic, weaker in intellect, and incapable of reasoning, never rests, till she loses herself in the mazes and absurdities of atheism."

Had Sir Edward Vandeleur seen the fair smooth skin of Constantia suddenly covered with leprosy, he would not have been more shocked than he was at being informed of this utter blight to her mental beauty in his rightly judging eyes; and starting from his seat, he exclaimed, "do you really mean to assert that your fair friend is an atheist?"—"Sir Edward, I am Constantia's friend; and I was her father's friend; and I am sorry these things have been forced upon me; but I could not deceive an honorable man, who placed confidence also in my honor; though, as Constantia is the child of an old friend, and poor, it would be, perhaps, a saving to my pocket, if she were well married."—"Then, it is true!" said Sir Edward, clasping his hands in agony; "and this lovely girl is what I hate to name! Yet, she looks so right-minded! and I have thought the expression of her dark blue eye was that of pious resignation!"—"Yes, yes; I know that look; and she knows that is her *prettiest* look. That eye, half turned up, shows her fine long dark eyelashes to great advantage!"—"Alas!" replied Sir Edward, deeply sighing, "if this be so—oh! what are looks? Good morning. You have distressed, but you have *saved* me."—When Overton, soon after saw Sir Edward drive past in his splendid curricule, he exulted that he had prevented Constantia from ever sitting there by his side.

Yet he was, as I have said before, one of the few who knew how deeply and sincerely Constantia was a believer; for he had himself, in vain attempted to shake her belief, and thence, he had probably a double pleasure in representing her as he did.

Sir Edward was engaged that evening to meet Constantia at the accustomed house; and, as his attentions to her had been rather marked, and her friends, with the usual dangerous officiousness on such occasions, had endeavored to convince her that she had made a *conquest*, as the phrase is, of the young baronet, the expectation of meeting him was become a circumstance of no small interest to her; though she was far too humble to be convinced that they were right in their conjectures.

But the mind of Constantia was too much under the guidance of religious principle, to allow her to love any man, however amiable, unless she was sure of being beloved by him. She was too delicate, and had too much self-respect, to be capable of such a weakness ; she therefore escaped that danger, of which I have seen the peace of some young women become the victims ; namely, that of being talked and flattered into a hopeless passion by the idle wishes and representations of gossiping acquaintances. And well was it for her peace that she had been thus *holily* on her guard ; for, when Sir Edward Vandeleur, instead of keeping his engagement, sent a note to inform her friend that he was not able to wait on her, as he thought of going to London the next day, Constantia felt that the idea of his attachment was as unfounded as it had been pleasing, and she rejoiced that the illusion had not been long enough to endanger her tranquillity. Still, she could not but own, in the secret of her heart, that the prospect of passing life with a being apparently so suited to herself, was one on which her thoughts had dwelt with involuntary pleasure ; and a tear started to her eyes, at the idea that she might see him no more. But, she considered it as the tear of weakness, and though her sleep that night was short, it was tranquil, and she rose the next morning to resume the duties of the day with her accustomed alacrity. In her walks she met Sir Edward, but happily for her, as he was leaning on Overton's arm, whom she had not seen since she had parted with him in anger, a turn was given to her feelings, by the approach of the latter, which enabled her to conquer at once her emotion at the unexpected sight of the former. Still the sight of Overton occasioned in her disagreeable and painful recollections, which gave an unpleasing and equivocal expression to her beautiful features, and enabled Overton to observe, "You see, Sir Edward, how her conscience flies in her face at seeing me ! How are you ? How are you ?" said Overton, catching her hand as she passed.—"Have you forgiven me yet ? Oh ! you vixen, how you scolded me the other day !" Constantia, too much mor-

tified and agitated to speak, and repel the charge, replied by a look of indignation ; and, snatching her hand away, she bowed to Sir Edward, and hastened out of sight. "You see," cried Overton, "that she resents still ! and how like a fury she looked ! You must be convinced that I told you the truth. Now, could you believe, Sir Edward, that pretty Con could have looked in that manner ?"—"Certainly not ; and appearances are indeed deceitful." Still, Sir Edward wished Constantia had given him an opportunity of bidding her farewell ; however, he left his good wishes and respects for her with their mutual friend, and set off that evening to join his mother at Hastings. "But are you sure, Edward," said Lady Vandeleur, when he had related to her all that had passed, "that this Overton is a man to be depended upon ?"—"Oh, yes ! and he could have no *motive* for calumniating her, but the contrary, as it would have been a relief to his mind and pocket to get his old friend's daughter well married."—"But, does she appear to her other friends neglectful of her religious duties, as if she had really no religion at all ?"—"So far from it, that she has always been punctual in the *outward* performance of them ; therefore, no one but Overton, the confidential friend and intimate of the family, could suspect or *know* her real opinions ; thus she adds, I fear, *hypocrisy* to scepticism. Overton also accuses her of being violent in her temper ; and I was unexpectedly enabled to see the truth of this accusation, in a measure, confirmed. Therefore, indeed, dear mother, all I have to do is to forget her, and resume my intention of accompanying you and my sisters to the continent." Accordingly they set off very soon on a foreign tour.

Constantia, after she left Overton and Sir Edward so hastily and suddenly, returned home in no enviable state of mind ; because she felt sure that her manner had been such as to convince the latter that she was the violent creature which Overton had represented her to be ; and though she had calmly resigned all idea of being beloved by Sir Edward Vandeleur, she was not entirely in-

age of womanhood, but not before the wise and pious precepts which she gave her had taken deep root, and had therefore counteracted the otherwise pernicious effects of a showy and elaborate education. Constantia's talents were considerable; and as her application was equal to them, she was at an early age, distinguished in her native place for her learning and accomplishments.

Among the most intimate associates of her father, was a gentleman of the name of Overton; a man of some talent, and some acquirement; but, as his pretensions to eminence were not as universally allowed as he thought that they ought to have been, he was extremely tenacious of his own consequence, excessively envious of the slightest successes of others, while any dissent from his dogmas was an offence which his mean soul was incapable of forgiving.

It was only too natural that Constantia, as she was the petted, though not spoiled child of a fond father, and the little sun of the circle in which she moved, was, perhaps, only too forward in giving her opinion on literature, and on some other subjects, which are not usually discussed by women at all, and still less by girls at her time of life; and she had sometimes ventured to disagree in opinion with Oracle Overton—the nickname by which this man was known. But he commonly took refuge in sarcastic observations on the ignorance and presumption of women in general, and of blue-stockings girls in particular, while on his face a grin of conscious superiority contended with the frown of pedantic indignation.

Hitherto this collision of wits had taken place in Constantia's domestic circle only; but, one day, Overton and the former met at the house of a nobleman in the neighborhood, and in company with many persons of considerable talent. While they were at table, the master of the house said that it was his birth-day; and some one immediately proposed that all the guests, who could write verses, should produce one couplet at least, in honor of the day.

But as Overton and Constantia were the only persons present who were known to be so gifted, they alone were assailed with earnest entreaties to employ their talents on the occasion. The latter, however, was prevented by timidity from compliance ; and she persevered in her refusal, though Overton loudly conjured her to indulge the company with a display of her *wonderful genius* ; accompanying his words with a sarcastic smile, which she well understood. Overton's muse, therefore, since Constantia would not let hers enter into the competition, walked over the course ; having been highly applauded for a *médiocre* stanza of eight doggrel lines. But, as Constantia's timidity vanished when she found herself alone with the ladies in the drawing room, who were most of them friends of hers, she at length produced some verses, which not only delighted her affectionate companions, but, when shown to the gentlemen, drew from them more and warmer encomiums than had been bestowed on the frothy tribute of her competitor ; while the writhing and mortified Overton forced himself to say they were very well, very well indeed, for a scribbling Miss of sixteen ; insinuating at the same time that the pretended extempore was one written by her father at home, and gotten by heart by herself. But the giver of the feast declared that he had forgotten it was his birth-day, till he sat down to table ; therefore, as every one said, although the verses were written by a girl of sixteen only, they would have done honor to a riper age, Overton gained nothing, but added mortification from his mean attempt to blight Constantia's well earned laurels, especially as his ungenerous conduct drew on him severe animadversions from some of the other guests. His fair rival also unwittingly deepened his resentment against herself, by venturing, in a playful manner, being emboldened by success, to dispute some of his paradoxes ; —and once she did it so successfully, that she got the laugh against Overton, in a manner so offensive to his self love, that he suddenly left the company, vowing revenge in his heart, against the being who had thus shone

phrase is, it was not unlikely that she had a secret liking to him ; and as to her scribbling verses, and pretending to be literary, he would take care that she should not write when she was his wife ; and he really thought he had better propose to her at once, especially as it was a duty in him to make her a lady himself, since he had prevented another man's doing so. There was perhaps another inducement to marry Constantia. It would give him an opportunity of tormenting her now and then, and making her smart for former impertinences. Perhaps this motive was nearly as strong as the rest. Be that as it may, Overton had, at length, the presumption to make proposals of marriage to the young and lovely heiress, who, though ignorant of his base conduct to her, and the LIE OF FIRST RATE MALIGNITY with which he had injured her fame, and blighted her prospects, had still a dislike to his manners and character, which it was impossible for any thing to overcome. He was therefore refused,—and in a manner so decided, and, spite of herself, so haughty, that Overton's heart renewed all its malignity towards her ; and his manner became so rude and offensive, that she was constrained to refuse him admittance, and go on a visit to a friend at some distance, intending not to return till the house which she had purchased in a village near to ——— was ready for her. But she had not been absent many months when she received a letter one evening, to inform her that her dearest friend at ——— was supposed to be in the greatest danger, and she was requested to set off directly. To disobey this summons was impossible ; and, as the mail passed the house where she was, and she was certain of getting on faster that way than any other, she resolved, accompanied by her servant, to go by the mail, if possible ; and, happily, there were two places vacant. It was night when Constantia and her maid entered the coach, in which two gentlemen were already seated ; and, to the consternation of Constantia, she soon saw, as they passed near a lamp, that her *vis-a-vis* was Overton ! He recognised her at the same moment ; and instantly began in

the French language, to express his joy at meeting her and to profess the faithfulness of his fervent affection. In vain did she try to force conversation with the other passenger, who seemed willing to talk, and who, though evidently not a gentleman, was much preferable, in her opinion, to the new Sir Richard. He would not allow her to attend to any conversation but his own; and, as it was with difficulty that she could keep her hand from his rude grasp, she tried to change seats with her maid; but Overton forcibly withheld her; and she thought it was better to endure the evil patiently, than violently resist it. When the mail stopped, that the passengers might sup, Constantia hoped *Overton* would, at least, leave her for a time; but, though the other passenger got out, he kept his seat, and was so persevering, and was so much more disagreeable when the restraint imposed on him by the presence of others was removed, that she was glad when the coach was again full, and the mail drove off.

Overton, however, became so increasingly offensive to her, that at length, she assured him, in language the most solemn and decided, that *nothing* should ever induce her to be his wife; and that, were she pennyless, *service* would be more desirable to her than union with him.

This roused his anger even to frenzy; and, still speaking French, a language which he was sure the illiterate man in the corner could not understand, he told her that she refused him only because she loved Sir Edward Vandeleur; "but," said he, "you have no chance of obtaining him. I have taken care to prevent *that*. I gave him such a character of you as frightened him away from you, and" "Base minded man!" cried Constantia; "what did you, what could you say against my character?"—"Oh! I said nothing against your morals. I only told him you were an atheist, and a vixen, that is all; and, you know, you are the latter, though not the former; but are more like a methodist than an atheist!"—"And you told him these horrible falsehoods! And if you had not, would he have . . . did he then? . . . but I know not what I say; and I am miserable! Cruel,

wicked man! how could you thus dare to injure and misrepresent an unprotected orphan! and the child of your friend! and to calumniate me to *him* too! to Sir Edward Vandeleur! Oh it was cruel indeed!"—"What! then you wished to please him, did you? answer me!" he vociferated, seizing both her hands in his; "Are you attached to Sir Edward Vandeleur?" But, before Constantia could answer no, and, while faintly screaming with apprehension and pain, she vainly tried to free herself from Overton's nervous grasp, a powerful hand rescued her from the ruffian gripe. Then, while the dawn shone brightly upon her face, Constantia and Overton at the same moment recognised, in her rescuer, Sir Edward Vandeleur himself!

He was just returned from France; and was on his way to the neighborhood of — being now, as he believed, able to see Constantia with entire indifference, when, as one of his horses became ill, he resolved to take that place in the mail which the other passenger had quitted for the box; and had thus the pleasure of hearing all suspicions, all imputations, against the character of Constantia cleared off, and removed, at once, and for ever! Constantia's joy was little inferior to his own; but it was soon lost in terror at the probable result of the angry emotions of Sir Edward and Overton. Her fear, however, vanished, when the former assured the latter, that the man who could injure an innocent woman, by a lie of **FIRST RATE MALIGNITY**, was beneath even the resentment of an honorable man.

I shall only add, that Overton left the mail at the next stage, baffled, disgraced, and miserable; that Constantia found her friend recovering; and that the next time she travelled along that road, it was as the bride of Sir Edward Vandeleur.

CHAPTER IX.

LIES OF SECOND RATE MALIGNITY.

I HAVE observed, in the foregoing chapter, that LIES OF FIRST RATE MALIGNITY are not frequent, because the arm of the law defends reputations ;—but, against lies of second rate malignity, the law holds out no protection ; nor is there a tribunal of sufficient power either to deter any one from uttering them, or to punish the utterer. The lies in question spring from the spirit of detraction ; a spirit more widely diffused in society than any other ; and it gives birth to satire, ridicule, mimicry, quizzing, and lies of second rate malignity, as certainly as a wet season brings snails.

I shall now explain what I consider as lies of SECOND RATE MALIGNITY ;—namely, tempting persons, by dint of flattery, to do what they are incapable of doing well, from the mean, malicious wish of leading them to expose themselves, in order that their tempter may enjoy a hearty laugh at their expense. Persuading a man to drink more than his head can bear, by assurances that *the wine is not strong*, and that he has not drunk as much as he thinks he has, in order to make him intoxicated, and that his persuaders may enjoy the cruel delight of witnessing his drunken silliness, his vain-glorious boastings, and those physical contortions, or mental weaknesses, which intoxication is always sure to produce. Complimenting either man or woman on qualities which they do not possess, in hopes of imposing on their credulity ; praising a lady's work, or dress, to her face ; and then, as soon as she is no longer present, not only abusing both her work and her dress, but laughing at her weakness, in believing the praise sincere. Lavishing encomiums on a man's abilities and learning in his presence ; and then, as soon as he is out of hearing, expressing contempt for his credulous belief in the sincerity of the praises bestowed ; and wonder that he should be so blind and

conceited as not to know that he was in learning only a smatterer, and in understanding just not a fool. All these are lies of *second rate malignity*, which cannot be exceeded in *base and petty treachery*.

The following story will, I trust, explain fully what, in the common intercourse of society, I consider as LIES OF SECOND RATE MALIGNITY.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN

AND

THE YOUNG ONE.

NOTHING shows the force of habit more than the tenaciousness with which those adhere to economical usages who, by their own industry and unexpected good fortune, are become rich in the decline of life.

A gentleman, whom I shall call Dr Albany, had, early in life, taken his degree at Cambridge, as a doctor of physic, and had settled in London as a physician; but had worn away the best part of his existence in vain expectation of practice, when an old bachelor, a college friend, whom he had greatly served, died, and left him the whole of his large fortune.

Dr Albany had indeed *deserved* this bequest; for he had rendered his friend the greatest of all services. He had rescued him, by his friendly advice and enlightened arguments, from scepticism, apparently the most hopeless; and, both by precept and example, had allured him along the way that leads to salvation.

But, as wealth came to Dr Albany too late in life for him to think of marrying, and as he had no relations who needed all his fortune, he resolved to leave the greatest part of it to those friends who wanted it the most.

Hitherto, he had scarcely ever left London; as he had thought it right to wait at home to receive business, even though business never came; but now he was resolved

to renew the neglected acquaintances of his youth ; and, knowing that some of his early friends lived near Cheltenham, Leamington, and Malvern, he resolved to visit those watering places, in hopes of meeting there some of these well-remembered faces.

Most men, under his circumstances, would have ordered a handsome carriage, and entered Cheltenham in style ; but, as I before observed, habits of economy adhere so closely to persons thus situated, that Dr Albany could not prevail on himself to travel in a manner more in apparent accordance with the acquisition of such a fortune. He therefore went by a cheap day coach ; nor did he take a servant with him. But, though still denying indulgences to himself, the first wish of his heart was to be generous to others ; and, surely, that economy which is unaccompanied by avarice may, even in the midst of wealth, be denominated a virtue.

While dinner was serving up, when they stopped on the road, Albany walked up a hill near the inn, and was joined there by a passenger from another coach. During their walk he observed a very pretty house on a rising ground in the distance, and asked his companion, who lived there. The latter replied that it was the residence of a clergyman, of the name of Musgrave. "Musgrave !" he eagerly replied, "what Musgrave ? Is his name Augustus ?"—"Yes ;"—"Is he married ?"—"Yes ;"—"Has he a family ?"—"Oh yes ; a large one ; six daughters, and one son ; and he has found it a hard task to bring them up, as he wished to make them accomplished. The son is now going to college."—"Are they an amiable family ?"—"Very ; the girls sing and play well, and draw well."—"And what is the son to be ?"—"A clergyman."—"Has he any chance of a living ?"—"Not that I know of ; but he must be something ; and a legacy which the father has just had, of a few hundred pounds, will enable him to pay college expenses, till his son gets ordained, and can take curacies."—"Is Musgrave," said Albany after a pause, "a likely man to give a cordial welcome to an old friend, whom

he has not seen for many years ?"—“ Oh yes ; he is very hospitable ; and there he is, now going into his own gate.” —“ Then I will not go on,” said Albany, hastening to the stables. “ There, coachman,” cried he, “ take your money ; and give me my little portmanteau.”

Augustus Musgrave had been a favorite college friend of Dr Albany and he had many associations with his name and image, which were dear to his heart.

The objects of them were gone for ever ; but, thus recalled, they came over his mind like strains of long forgotten music, which he had loved and carolled in youth ; throwing so strong a feeling of tenderness over the recollection of Musgrave, that he felt an irresistible desire to see him again, and greet his wife and children in the language of glowing good will.

But, when he was introduced into his friend's presence, he had the mortification of finding that he was not recognised ; and was obliged to tell his name.

The name, however, seemed to electrify Musgrave with affectionate gladness. He shook his old friend heartily by the hand, presented him to his wife and daughters, and for some minutes moved and spoke with the brightness and alacrity of early youth.

But the animation was momentary. The cares of a family, and the difficulty of keeping up the appearance of a gentleman with an income not sufficient for his means, had preyed on Musgrave's spirits ; especially as he knew himself to be involved in debt. He had also other cares. The weakness of his nature, which he dignified by the name of tenderness of heart, had made him allow his wife and children to tyrannize over him ; and his son, who was a universal quizzer, did not permit even his father to escape from his impertinent ridicule. But then Musgrave was assured, by his own family, that his son Marmaduke was a wit ; and that, when he was once in orders, his talents would introduce him into the first circles, and lead to ultimate promotion in his profession.

I have before said that Dr Albany did not travel like a gentleman ; nor were his every-day clothes at all indi-

cative of a well filled purse. Therefore, though he was a physician, and a man of pleasing manners, Musgrave's fine lady wife, and her *tonnish* daughters, could have readily excused him, if he had not persuaded their unexpected guest to stay a week with them ; and, with a frowning brow, they saw the portmanteau, which the *strange person* had brought himself, carried into the best chamber.

But oh ! the astonishment and the comical grimaces with which Marmaduke Musgrave on his coming in from fishing, beheld the new guest ! Welcome smiled on one side of his face, but scorn sneered on the other ; and when Albany retired to dress, he declared that the only thing which consoled him for finding such a person forced on them, was the consciousness that he could extract great fun out of the old quiz, and serve him up for the entertainment of himself and friends.

To this amiable exhibition the mother and daughters looked forward with great satisfaction ; while his father, having vainly talked of the dues of hospitality, gave in, knowing that it was in vain to contend ; comforting himself with the hope that, while Marmaduke was quizzing his guest he must necessarily leave him alone.

In the meanwhile, how different were the cogitations and the plans of the benevolent Albany ! He had a long *tete-a-tete* walk with Musgrave, which had convinced him that his old friend was not happy, owing, he suspected, to his narrow income and expensive family.

Then his son was going to college ; a dangerous and ruinous place ; and, while the good old man was dressing for dinner, he had laid plans of action which made him feel more deeply thankful than ever for the wealth so unexpectedly bestowed on him. Of this wealth he had as yet said nothing to Musgrave. He was not purse-proud ; and when he heard his friend complain of his poverty, he shrunk from saying how rich he himself was. He had therefore simply said that he was enabled to retire from business ; and when Musgrave saw his friend's independent, economical habits, as evinced by his mode of

travelling, he concluded that he had only gained a small independence, sufficient for his slender wants.

To those to whom amusement is every thing, and who can enjoy fun even when it is procured by the sacrifice of every benevolent feeling, that evening at the rectory, when the family party was increased by the arrival of some of the neighbors, would have been an *exquisite treat*; for Marmaduke played off the unsuspecting old man to admiration; mimicked him even to his face, unperceived by him; and having found out that Albany had not only a passion for music, but unfortunately fancied he could sing himself, he urged his guest, by his flatteries, lies of **SECOND RATE MALIGNITY**, to sing song after song, in order to make him expose himself for the entertainment of the company, and give him an opportunity of perfecting his mimicry.

Blind, infatuated, contemptible boy! short-sighted trifler on the path of the world! Marmaduke Musgrave saw not that the very persons who seemed to idolize his pernicious talent must, unless they were lost to all sense of moral feeling, despise and distrust the youth who could play on the weakness of an unoffending, artless old man, and violate the rights of hospitality to his father's friend.

But Marmaduke had no heart, and but little mind; for mimicry is the lowest of the talents; and to be even a successful quizzer requires no talent at all. But his father had once a heart, though cares and pecuniary embarrassments had choked it up, and substituted selfishness for sensibility; the sight of his early companion had called some of the latter quality into action; and he seriously expostulated with his son on his daring to turn so respectable a man into ridicule. But Marmaduke answered him by insolent disregard; and when he also said, if your friend be so silly as to sing, that is, do what he *cannot* do, am I not justified in laughing at him? Musgrave assented to the proposition. He might, however, have replied, "but you are not justified in lying, in order to urge him on, nor in saying to him, 'you can sing,' when you know he *cannot*. If he be *weak*, it is not ne-

cessary that you should be *treacherous*." But Musgrave always came off halting from a combat with his undutiful son; he therefore sighed, ceased, and turned away. On one point Marmaduke was right; when vanity prompts us to do what we cannot do well, while conceit leads us to fancy that our efforts are successful, we are perhaps fit objects for ridicule. A consideration which holds up to us this important lesson; namely, that our *own weakness* alone can, for any length of time, make us victims of the satire and malignity of others. When Albany's visit to Musgrave was drawing near to its conclusion, he was very desirous of being asked to prolong it, as he had become attached to his friend's children, from living with them, and witnessing their various accomplishments, and was completely the dupe of Marmaduke's treacherous compliments. He was therefore glad when he, as well as the Musgraves, was invited to dine at a house in the neighborhood, on the very day intended for his departure. This circumstance led them all, with one accord to say that he must remain at least a day longer, while Marmaduke exclaimed, "Go you shall not! Our friends would be so disappointed, if they and their company did not hear you sing and act that sweet song about Chloe! and all the pleasure of the evening would be destroyed to me, dear sir, if you were not there!"

This was more than enough to make Albany put off his departure; and he accompanied the Musgrave's to the dinner party. They dined at an early hour; so early, that it was yet daylight, when, tea being over, the intended amusements of the afternoon began, of which the most prominent was to be the vocal powers of the mistaken Albany, who, without much pressing, after sundry flatteries from Marmaduke, cleared his throat, and began to sing and act the song of "Chloe." At first, he was hoarse, and stopped to apologize for want of voice; "Nonsense!" cried Marmaduke, "you were never in better voice in your life! Pray go on; you are only nervous!" while the side of his face *not* next to Albany was distorted with laughter and ridicule, Albany, believ-

ing him, continued his song ; and Marmaduke, sitting a little behind him, took off the distorted expression of his countenance, and mimicked his odd action. But, at this moment, the broadest splendor of the setting sun threw its beams into a large pier glass opposite, with such brightness, that Albany's eyes were suddenly attracted to it, and thence to his treacherous neighbor, whom he detected in the act of mimicking him in mouth, attitude, and expression—while behind him he saw some of the company laughing with a degree of violence which was all but audible !

Albany paused, in speechless consternation—and when Marmaduke asked why “ he did not go on, as every one was delighted,” the susceptible old man hid his face in his hands, shocked, mortified, and miserable, but taught and enlightened. Marmaduke however, nothing doubting, presumed to clap him on the back, again urging him to proceed ; but the indignant Albany, turning suddenly round, and throwing off his arm with angry vehemence, exclaimed, in the touching tone of wounded feeling, “ Oh ! thou serpent, that I would have cherished in my bosom, was it for thee to sting me thus ? But I was an old fool ; and the lesson, though a painful one, will, I trust be salutary.”—“ What is all this ? what do you mean ? ” faltered out Marmaduke ; but the rest of the party had not courage enough to speak ; and many of them rejoiced in the detection of baseness which, though it amused their depraved taste, was very offensive to their moral sense. “ What does it mean ? ” cried Albany, “ I appeal to all present, whether they do not understand my meaning, and whether my resentment be not just ! ” —“ I hope, my dear friend, that you acquit *me*,” said the distressed father.—“ Of all,” he replied, “ except of the fault of not having taught your son better morals and manners. Young man ! ” he continued, “ the next time you exhibit any one as your butt, take care that you do not sit opposite a pier glass. And now, sir,” addressing himself to the master of the house, “ let me request to have a postchaise sent for to the nearest town directly.”

—“Surely, you will not leave us, and in anger,” cried all the Musgraves, Marmaduke excepted. “I hope I do not go in anger, but I cannot stay,” cried he, “because I have lost my confidence in you.” The gentleman of the house, who thought Albany right in going, and wished to make him all the amends he could, for having allowed Marmaduke to turn him into ridicule, interrupted him, to say that his own carriage waited his orders, and would convey him whithersoever he wished. “I thank you, sir, and accept your offer,” he replied, “since the sooner I quit this company, in which I have so lamentably exposed myself, the better it will be for you, and for us all.” Having said this, he took the agitated Musgrave by the hand, bowed to his wife and daughters, who hid their confusion under distant and haughty airs; *then*, stepping opposite to Marmaduke, who felt it difficult to meet the expression of that eye, on which just anger and a sense of injury had bestowed a power hitherto unknown to it, he addressed him thus; “**Before we part**, I must tell you, young man, that I intended, urged, I humbly trust, by virtuous considerations, to expend on your maintenance at college a part of that large income which I cannot spend on myself. I had also given orders to my agent to purchase for me the advowson of a living now on sale, intending to give it to you; here is the letter, to prove that I speak the truth; but I need not tell you that I cannot make the fortune, which was left me by a pious friend, assist a youth to take on himself the sacred profession of a christian minister, who can utter falsehoods, in order to betray a fellow creature into folly, utterly regardless of that christian precept, “Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.” He then took leave of the rest of the company, and drove off, leaving the Musgraves chagrined and ashamed, and bitterly mortified at the loss of the intended patronage to Marmaduke, especially when a gentleman present exclaimed, “No doubt, this is the Dr Albany, to whom Clewes of Trinity left his large fortune!”

Albany, taught by his misadventure in this worldly and

treacherous family, went, soon after, to the abode of another of his college friends, residing near Cheltenham. He expected to find this gentleman and family in unclouded prosperity ; but they were laboring under unexpected adversity, brought on them by the villany of others ; he found them however bowed in lowly resignation before the inscrutable decree. On the pious son of these reduced, but contented parents, he, in due time, bestowed the living intended for the treacherous Marmaduke. Under their roof he experienced gratitude which he felt to be sincere, and affection in which he dared to confide ; and, ultimately, he took up his abode with them, in a residence suited to their early prospects and his riches ; for even the artless and unsuspecting can, without danger, associate and sojourn with those whose thoughts and actions are under the guidance of religious principle, and who live in this world as if they every hour expected to be summoned away to the judgment of a world to come.

CHAPTER X.

LIES OF BENEVOLENCE.

IN a former chapter I commented on those lies which are, at best, of a mixed nature, and are made up of worldly motives, of which fear and selfishness compose the principal part, although the utterer of them considers them as LIES OF BENEVOLENCE.

Lies of real benevolence are, like most other falsehoods, various in their species and degrees ; but, as they are, however in fact objectionable, the most amiable and respectable of all lies, and seem so like virtue that they may easily be taken for her children ; and as the illustrations of them, which I have been enabled to give, are so much more connected with our tenderest and most solemn feelings, than those afforded by other lies ; I thought it right that, like the principal figures in a procession, they should bring up the rear.

The lies which relations and friends generally think it their duty to tell an unconsciously dying person, are prompted by real benevolence, as are those which medical men deem themselves justified in uttering to a dying patient; though, if the person dying, or the surrounding friends, be strictly religious characters, they must be, on principle, desirous that the whole truth should be told.*

* Richard Pearson, the distinguished author of the life of William Hey of Leeds, says, in that interesting book, p. 261, "Mr Hey's sacred respect for truth, and his regard for the welfare of his fellow creatures, never permitted him intentionally to deceive his patients by flattering representations of their state of health, by assurances of the existence of no danger, when he conceived their situation to be hopeless, or even greatly hazardous. "The duty of a medical attendant," continues he, "in such delicate situations, has been a subject of considerable embarrassment to men of integrity and conscience, who view the uttering of a falsehood as a crime, and the practice of deceit as repugnant to the spirit of christianity. That a sacrifice of truth may sometimes contribute to the comfort of a patient, and be medically beneficial, is not denied; but that a wilful and deliberate falsehood can, in any case, be justifiable before God, is a maxim not to be lightly admitted. The question may be stated thus; Is it justifiable for a man deliberately to violate a moral precept of the law of God, *from a motive of prudence and humanity*? If this be *affirmed*, it must be admitted that it would be no less justifiable to infringe the laws of his country from similar motives; and, consequently, it would be an act of injustice to punish him for such a transgression. But, will it be contended, that the divine, or even the human legislator, must be subjected to the control of this sort of casuistry? If falsehood, under these circumstances, be no crime, then, as no detriment can result from uttering it, very little merit can be attached to so light a sacrifice; whereas, if it were presumed that some guilt were incurred, and that the physician voluntarily exposed himself to the danger of future suffering, for the sake of procuring temporary benefit to his patient, he would have a high claim upon the gratitude of those who derived the advantage. But, is it quite clear that pure benevolence commonly suggests the deviation from truth, and that neither the low consideration of conciliating favor, nor the view of escaping censure, and promoting his own interest, have any share in prompting him to adopt the measure he defends? To assist in this inquiry, let a man ask himself whether he carries this caution and shows this kindness, indiscriminately on all occasions; being as fearful of giving pain, by exciting apprehension in the mind of the poor, as of the rich; of the meanest, as of the most elevated rank. Suppose it can be shown that these humane falsehoods are distributed promiscuously, it may be inquired further, whether, if such a proceeding were a manifest breach of a municipal law, exposing the delinquent to suffer a very inconvenient and serious punishment, a medical adviser would feel himself obliged to expose his person or

Methinks I hear some of my readers exclaim, can any one suppose it a duty to run the risk of killing friends or relations, by telling the whole truth; that is, informing them that they are dying! But, if the patient be not really dying, or in danger, no risk is incurred; and if they be near death which is it of most importance to consider,—their momentary quiet here, or their interests hereafter? Besides, many of those persons who would think that, for spiritual reasons merely, a disclosure of the truth was improper, and who declare that, on *such occasions*, falsehood is *virtue*, and concealment, humanity, would hold a different language, and act differently, were the unconsciously dying person one who was known not to have made a will, and who had *considerable property to dispose of*. Then, consideration for their own temporal interests, or for those of others, would probably make them advise or adopt a contrary proceeding. Yet, who that seriously reflects can, for a moment, put worldly interests in any comparison with those of a spiritual nature? But perhaps, an undue preference of worldly over spiritual interests might not be the leading motive to tell truth in the one case, and withhold it in the other. The persons in question would probably be influenced by the conviction satisfactory to them, but awful and er-

his estate to penal consequences, whenever the circumstances of his patient should seem to require the intervention of a falsehood. It may be presumed without any breach of charity, that a demur would frequently, perhaps generally, be interposed on the occasion of such a requisition. But, surely, the laws of the Moral Governor of the universe are not to be esteemed less sacred, and a transgression of them less important in its consequences, than the violation of a civil statute; nor ought the fear of God to be less powerful in deterring men from the committing of a crime, than the fear of a magistrate. Those who contend for the necessity of violating truth, that they may benefit their patients, place themselves between two conflicting rules of morality; their obligation to obey the command of God, and their presumed duty to their neighbor; or in other words, they are supposed to be brought by the Divine Providence into this distressing alternative of necessarily sinning against God or their fellow creatures. When a moral and a positive duty stand opposed to each other, the Holy Scriptures have determined that obedience to the former is to be preserved, before compliance with the latter."

aneous in my apprehension, that a death bed repentance, and death bed supplication, must be wholly unavailing for the soul of the departing ; that, as the sufferer's work for himself is wholly done, and his fate fixed for time, and for eternity, it were needless cruelty to let him know his end was approaching ; but that, as his work for *others* is not done, if he has not made a testamentary disposal of his property, it is a duty to urge him to make a will, even at all risk to himself.

My own opinion, which I give with great humility, is, that the truth is never to be violated or withheld, in order to deceive ; but I know myself to be in such a painful minority on this subject, that I almost doubt the correctness of my own judgment.

I am inclined to think that lies of Benevolence are more frequently passive, than active,—are more frequently instanced in withholding and concealing the truth, than in direct spontaneous lying. There is one instance of withholding and concealing the truth from motives of mistaken benevolence, which is so common, and so pernicious, that I feel it particularly necessary to hold up to severe reprehension. It is withholding or speaking only half the truth in giving the character of a servant.

Many persons, from reluctance to injure the interests even of very unworthy servants, never give the whole character unless it be required of them, and then, rather than tell a positive lie, they disclose the whole truth. But are they not lying, that is, are they not meaning to *deceive*, when they *withhold* the truth ?

When I speak to ladies and gentlemen respecting the character of a servant, I of course conclude that I am speaking to honorable persons. I therefore expect that they should give me a correct character of the domestic in question ; and should I omit to ask whether he, or she, be honest, or sober, I require that information on those points should be given me unreservedly. They must leave me to judge whether I will run the risk of hiring a drunkard, a thief, or a servant otherwise ill disposed ; but they would be dishonorable if they betrayed me into

receiving into my family, to the risk of my domestic peace, or my property, those who are addicted to dishonest practices, or otherwise of immoral habits. Besides, what an erroneous and bounded benevolence this conduct exhibits ! If it be benevolence towards the servant whom I hire, it is *malevolent* towards *me*, and unjust also. True christian kindness is just and impartial in its dealings, and never serves even a friend at the expense of a third person. But, the masters and mistresses, who thus do what they call a benevolent action at the sacrifice of truth and integrity, often, no doubt, find their sin visited on their own heads ; for they are not likely to have trustworthy servants. If servants know that, owing to the sinful kindness and lax morality of their employers, their faults will not receive their proper punishment—that of disclosure,—when they are turned away, one of the most powerful motives to behave well is removed ; for those are not likely to abstain from sin, who are sure that they shall sin with impunity. Thus, then, the master or mistress who, in mistaken kindness, conceals the fault of a single servant, leads the rest of the household into the temptation of sinning also ; and what is fancied to be benevolent to one, becomes, in its consequences, injurious to many. But, let us now see what is the probable effect on the servants so screened and befriended ? They are instantly exposed, by this withholding of the truth, to the peril of temptation. Nothing, perhaps, can be more beneficial to culprits, of all descriptions, than to be allowed to take the *immediate* consequences of their offences, provided those consequences stop short of death, that most awful of punishments, because it cuts the offender off from all means of amendment ; therefore it were better for the interests of servants, in every point of view, to let them abide by the certainty of not getting a new place, because they cannot have a character from their last ; by this means the humane wish to punish, in order to *save*, would be gratified, and consequently, if the truth was always told on occasions of this nature, the feelings of **REAL BENEVOLENCE** would, in the end, be gratified.

But, if good characters are given to servants, or incomplete characters, that is, if their good qualities are mentioned, and their bad withheld, the consequences to the beings so mistakenly befriended may be of the most fatal nature ; for, if *ignorant* of their besetting sin, the heads of the family cannot guard against it, but, unconsciously, may every hour put temptations in their way ; while, on the contrary, had they been made acquainted with that besetting sin, they would have taken care never to have risked its being called into action.

But who, it may be asked, would hire servants, knowing that they had any "besetting sins?"

I trust that there are many who would do this from the pious and benevolent motive of saving them from further destruction, especially if penitence had been satisfactorily manifested.

I will now endeavor to illustrate some of my positions by the following story.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

ANN BELSON had lived in a respectable merchant's family, of the name of Melbourne, for many years, and had acquitted herself to the satisfaction of her employers in successive capacities of nurse, house-maid, and lady's maid. But it was at length discovered that she had long been addicted to petty pilfering ; and, being emboldened by past impunity, she purloined some valuable lace, and was detected ; but her kind master and mistress could not prevail on themselves to give up the tender nurse of their children to the just rigor of the law, and as their children themselves could not bear to have "poor Ann sent to gaol," they resolved to punish her in no other manner, than by turning her away *without a character*, as the common phrase is. But without a character she could not procure another service, and might be thus consigned to misery and ruin. This idea was insupportable ! However

she might deserve punishment they shrunk from inflicting it ! and they resolved to keep Ann Belson themselves, as they could not recommend her conscientiously to any one else. This was a truly benevolent action ; because, if she continued to sin, they alone were exposed to suffer from her fault. But they virtuously resolved to put no further temptation in her way, and to guard her against herself, by unremitting vigilance.

During the four succeeding years, Ann Belson's honesty was so entirely without a stain, that her benevolent friends were convinced that her penitence was sincere, and congratulated themselves that they had treated her with such lenity.

At this period the pressure of the times, and losses in trade, produced a change in the circumstances of the Melbournes ; and retrenchment became necessary. They therefore, felt it right to discharge some of their servants, and particularly the lady's maid.

The grateful Ann would not hear of this dismissal. She insisted on remaining on any terms, and in any situation ; nay, she declared her willingness to live with her indulgent friends for nothing ; but, as they were too generous to accept her services at so great a disadvantage to herself, especially as she had poor relations to maintain, they resolved to procure her a situation ; and having heard of a very advantageous one, for which she was admirably calculated, they insisted on her trying to procure it.

" But what shall we do, my dear," said the wife to her husband, " concerning Ann's character ? Must we tell the whole truth ? As she has been uniformly honest during the last four years, should we not be justified in concealing her fault ? " " Yes ; I think, at least I hope so," replied he. " Still, as she was dishonest more years than she has now been honest, I really . . . I . . . it is a very puzzling question, Charlotte ; and I am but a weak casuist." A strong christian might not have felt the point so difficult. But the Melbournes had not studied serious things deeply ; and the result of the consultation was,

that Ann Belson's past faults should be concealed, if possible.

And possible it was. Lady Baryton, the young and noble bride who wished to hire her, was a thoughtless, careless, woman of fashion ; and as she learned that Ann could make dresses, and dress hair to admiration, she made few other inquiries ; and Ann was installed in her new place.

It was, alas ! the most improper of places, even for a sincere penitent, like Ann Belson ; for it was a place of the most dangerous trust. Jewels, laces, ornaments of all kinds, were not only continually exposed to her eyes, but placed under her especial care. Not those alone. When her lady returned home from a run of good luck at loo, a reticule, containing bank-notes and sovereigns, was emptied into an unlocked drawer ; and Ann was told how fortunate her lady had been. The first time that this heedless woman acted thus, the poor Ann begged she would lock up her money. "Not I ; it is too much trouble ; and why should I ?"—"Because, my lady, it is not right to leave money about ; it may be stolen."—"Nonsense ! who should steal it ? I know you must be honest ; the Melbournes gave you such a high character." Here Ann turned away in agony and confusion. "But, my lady, the other servants," she resumed in a faint voice. "Pray, what business have the other servants at my drawers?—However, do you lock up the drawer, and keep the key."—"No ; keep it *yourself*, my lady."—"What, I go about with keys, like a house-keeper ? Take it I say !" Then flinging the key down, she went singing out of the room, little thinking to what peril, temporal and spiritual, she was exposing a hapless fellow-creature.

For some minutes after this *new danger* had opened upon her, Ann sat leaning on her hands, absorbed in painful meditation, and communing seriously with her own heart ; nay, she even prayed for a few moments to be delivered from evil ; but the next minute she was ashamed of her own self-distrust, and tried to resume her business with her usual alacrity.

A few evenings afterwards, her lady brought her reticule home, and gave it to Ann, filled as before. "I conclude, my lady, you know how much money is in this purse."—"I did know; but I have forgotten."—"Then let me tell it."—"No, no; nonsense!" she replied as she left the room; "lock it up, and then it will be safe, you know, as I can trust you." Ann sighed deeply, but repeated within herself, "Yes, yes; I am certainly now to be trusted;" but, as she said this, she saw two sovereigns on the carpet, which she had dropped out of the reticule in emptying it, and had locked the drawer without perceiving. Ann felt fluttered when she discovered them; but, taking them up, resolutely felt for the key to add them to the others;—but the image of her recently widowed sister, and her large destitute family, rose before her, and she thought she would *not* return them, but ask her lady to give them to the poor widow. But then, her lady had already been very bountiful to her, and she would not ask her; however, she would consider the matter, and it seemed as if it was *intended* she should have the sovereigns; for they were separated from the rest, *as if for her*. Alas! it would have been safer for her to believe that they were left there as a *snare* to try her penitence, and her faith; but she took a different view of it; she picked up the gold, then laid it down; and long and severe was the conflict in her heart between good and evil.

We weep over the woes of romance; we shed well-motivated tears over the sorrows of real life, but, where is the fiction, however highly wrought, and where the sorrows, however acute, that can deserve our pity and our sympathy so strongly, as the *agony* and conflicts of a *penitent*, yet *tempted* soul! Of a soul that has turned to virtue, but is as forcibly pulled back again to vice,—that knows its own danger, without power to hurry from it; till, fascinated by the glittering bait, as the bird by the rattlesnake, it yields to its fatal allurements, regardless of consequences! It was not without many a heartach, many a struggle, that Ann Belson gave way to the temp-

tation, and put the gold in her pocket ; and when she had done so, she was told her sister was ill, and had sent to beg she would come to her, late as it was. Accordingly, when her lady was in bed, she obtained leave to go to her, and while she relieved her sister's wants with the two purloined sovereigns, the poor thing almost fancied that she had done a good action ! Oh ! never is sin so dangerous as when it has allured us in the shape of a deed of benevolence. It had so allured the Melbournes when they concealed Ann's faults from Lady Baryton ; and its bitter fruits were only too fast preparing.

" *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute ;*" says the proverb, or "the first step is the only difficult one." The next time her lady brought her winnings to her, Ann pursued a new plan ; she insisted on telling the money over ; but took care to make it less than it was, by two or three pounds. Not long after, she told Lady Baryton that she must have a new lock put on the drawer that held the money, as she had certainly dropped the key *somewhere* ; and that, before she missed it, some one, she was sure, had been trying at the lock ; for it was evidently hampered the last time she unlocked it. "Well, then, get a new lock," replied her careless mistress ; "however, let the drawer be forced now ; and then we had better tell over the money." The drawer was forced ; they told the money ; and even Lady Baryton was conscious that some of it was missing. But, the *missing key*, and *hampered lock*, exonerated Ann from suspicion ; especially as Ann owned that she had *discovered* the loss before ; and declared that, had not her lady insisted on telling over the money, she had intended to replace it *gradually* ; because she felt herself responsible ; while Lady Baryton, satisfied and deceived, recommended her to be on the watch for the thief, and soon forgot the whole circumstance.

Lady Baryton thought herself, and perhaps she was, a woman of feeling. She never read the Old-Bailey convictions without mourning over the prisoners condemned to death ; and never read an account of an execution

without shuddering. Still, from want of reflection, and a high-principled sense of what we owe to others, especially to those who are the members of our own household, she never for one moment troubled herself to remember that she was daily throwing temptations in the way of a servant to commit the very faults which led those convicts, whom she pitied, to the fate which she deplored. Alas! what have those persons to answer for, in every situation of life, who consider their dependents and servants merely as such, without remembering that they are, like themselves, heirs of the invisible world to come; and that, if they take no pains to enlighten their minds, in order to *save* their immortal souls, they should, at least be careful never to *endanger* them.

In a few weeks after the dialogue given above, Lady Baryton bought some strings of pearls at an India sale; and having, on her way thence, shown them to her jeweller, that he might count them, and see if there were enough to make a pair of bracelets, she brought them home, because she could not yet afford proper clasps to fasten them; and these were committed to Ann's care. But, as Lord Baryton, the next week, gave his lady a pair of diamond clasps, she sent the pearls to be made up immediately. In the evening, however, the jeweller came to tell her that there were two strings less than when she brought them before. "Then they must have been stolen!" she exclaimed; "and now I remember that Belson told me she was sure there was a thief in the house."—"Are you sure," said Lord Baryton, "that Belson is not the thief herself?"—"Impossible! I had such a character of her! and I have trusted her implicitly!"—"It is not right to tempt even the most honest," replied Lord Baryton; "but we must have strict search made; and all the servants must be examined."

They were so; but, as Ann Belson was not a hardened offender, she soon betrayed herself by her evident misery and terror; and was committed to prison on her own *full confession*; but she could not help exclaiming, in the agony of her heart, "Oh, my lady! remember that I conjured

you not to trust me!" and Lady Baryton's heart reproached her, at least for *some hours*. There were other hearts also that experienced self-reproach, and of a far longer duration; for the Melbournes, when they heard what had happened, saw that the seeming benevolence of their concealment had been a real injury, and had ruined her whom they meant to save. They saw that had they told Lady Baryton the truth, that lady would either not have hired her, in spite of her skill, or she would have taken care not to put her in situations calculated to tempt her cupidity. But, neither Lady Baryton's regrets, nor self-reproach, nor the greater agonies of the *Melbournes*, could alter or avert the course of justice; and Ann Belson was condemned to death. She was, however, strongly recommended to mercy, both by the jury and the noble prosecutor; and her conduct in prison was so exemplary, so indicative of the deep contrition of a trembling, humble christian, that, at length, the intercession was not in vain; and the Melbournes had the comfort of carrying to her what was to them, at least, joyful news; namely, that her sentence was commuted for transportation.

Yet, even this mercy was a severe trial to the self-judged Melbournes; since they had the misery of seeing the affectionate nurse of their children, the being endeared to them by many years of active services, torn from all the tender ties of existence, and exiled for life as a felon to a distant land! exiled too, for a crime which, had they performed their SOCIAL DUTY, she might never have committed. But the pain of mind which they endured on this lamentable occasion was not thrown away on them; as it awakened them to serious reflection; they learned to remember, and to teach their children to remember, the holy command, "that we are not to do evil, that good may come;" and that no deviation from truth and ingenuousness can be justified, even if it claims for itself the plausible title of the active or *passive* LIE OF BENEVOLENCE.

There is another species of withholding the truth,

which springs from so amiable a source, and is so often practised even by pious christians, that, while I venture to say it is at variance with reliance on the wisdom and mercy of the Creator, I do so with reluctant awe. I mean a *concealment* of the whole extent of a calamity from the person afflicted, lest the blow should fall too heavily upon them.

I would ask, whether such conduct be not inconsistent with the belief that trials are *mercies* in disguise? that the Almighty "loveth those whom he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son that he receiveth?"

If this assurance be true, we set our own judgment against that of the Deity, by concealing from the sufferer the extent of the trial inflicted; and seem to believe ourselves more capable than he is to determine the quantity of suffering that is good for the person so visited; and we set up our *finite* against *infinite* wisdom.

There are other reasons, besides religious ones, why this sort of deceit should no more be practised than any other.

The motive for withholding the whole truth, on these occasions, is *to do good*; but will the desired good be effected by this opposition to the Creator's revealed will towards the sufferer? Is it certain that good will be performed at all, or that concealment is necessary?

What is the reason given for concealing half the truth? Fear lest the whole would be more than the sufferer could bear; which implies that it is already mighty, to an awful degree. Then, surely, a degree more of suffering, at such a moment, cannot possess much added power to destroy; and if the trial be allowed to come in its full force, the mind of the victim will make exactly the same efforts as minds always do when oppressed by misery. A state of heavy affliction is so repulsive to the feelings, that even in the first paroxysms of it we all make efforts to get away from under its weight; and, in proof of this assertion, I ask, whether we do not always find the afflicted less cast down than we expected? The religious pray as well as weep; the merely moral look around for consolation here,

and, as a dog, when cast into the sea, as soon as he rises and regains his breath, strikes out his feet, in order to float securely upon the waves ; so, be their sorrows great or small, all persons instantly strive to find support somewhere ; and they do find it, while in proportion to the depth of the affliction is often the subsequent rebound.

I could point out instances (but I shall leave my readers to imagine them) in which, by concealing from bereaved sufferers the most affecting part of the truth, we stand between them and the balm derived from that very incident which was mercifully intended to heal their wounds.

I also object to such concealment ; because it entails upon those who are guilty of it a series of falsehoods ; falsehoods too, which are often fruitlessly uttered ; since the object of them is apt to suspect deceit, and endure that restless agonizing suspicion, which those who have ever experienced it could never inflict on the objects of their love.

Besides, religion and reason enable us in time, to bear the calamity of which we *know* the extent ; but we are always on the watch to find out that which we only *suspect*, and the mind's strength, frittered away in vain and varied conjectures, runs the risk of sinking beneath the force of its own indistinct fears.

Confidence too in those dear friends whom we trusted before is liable to be entirely destroyed ; and in *all its* bearings, this *well-intentioned* departure from the truth is pregnant with mischief.

Lastly, I object to such concealment, from a conviction that its continuance is IMPOSSIBLE ; for, some time or other, the whole truth is revealed at a moment when the sufferers are not so well able to bear it as they were in the first paroxysms of grief.

In this, my next and last tale, I give another illustration of those amiable, but pernicious lies, the LIES OF REAL BENEVOLENCE.

THE FATHER AND SON.

"WELL, then, thou art willing that Edgar should go to a public school," said the vicar of a small parish in Westmoreland to his weeping wife. "Quite willing."—"And yet thou art in tears, Susan?"—"I weep for his faults; and not because he is to quit us. I grieve to think he is so disobedient and unruly that we can manage him at home no longer. And yet I loved him so dearly! so much more than" Here her sobs redoubled; and, as Vernon rested her aching head on his bosom, he said, in a low voice, "Aye; and so did I love him, even better than our other children; and therefore, probably, our injustice is thus visited. But, he is so clever! He learned more Latin in one week than his brothers in a month!" "And he is so *beautiful*!" observed his mother. "And so generous!" rejoined his father; "but, cheer up, my beloved; under stricter discipline than ours he may yet do well, and turn out all we could wish."—"I hope, however," replied the fond mother, "that his master will not be very severe; and I will try to look forward." As she said this, she left her husband with something like comfort; for a tender mother's hopes for a darling child are easily revived, and she went, with recovered calmness, to get her son's wardrobe ready against the day of his departure. The equally affectionate father meanwhile called his son into the study, to prepare his mind for that parting which his undutiful conduct had made unavoidable.

But Vernon found that Edgar's mind required no preparation; that the idea of change was delightful to his volatile nature; and that he panted to distinguish himself on a wider field of action than a small retired village afforded to his daring, restless spirit; while his father saw with agony, which he could but ill conceal, that this desire of entering into a new situation had power to annihilate all regret at leaving the tenderest of parents and the companions of his childhood.

However, his feelings were a little soothed when the parting hour arrived ; for then the heart of Edgar was so melted within him at the sight of his mother's tears, and his father's agony, that he uttered words of tender contrition, such as they had never heard from him before ; the recollection of which spoke comfort to their minds when they beheld him no longer.

But, short were the hopes which that parting hour had excited. In a few months the master of the school wrote to complain of the insubordination of his new pupil. In his next letter he declared that he should be under the necessity of expelling him ; and Edgar had not been at school six months, before he prevented the threatened expulsion, only by running away, no one knew whither ! Nor was he heard of by his family for four years ; during which time not even the dutiful affection of their other sons, nor their success in life, had power to heal the breaking heart of the mother, nor cheer the depressed spirits of the father. At length the prodigal returned, ill, meagre, pennyless, and penitent ; and was received, and forgiven. " But where hast thou been, my child, this long, long time ? " said his mother, tenderly weeping, as she gazed on his pale sunk cheek. " Ask me no questions ! I am here ; that is enough ; " Edgar Vernon replied, shuddering as he spake. " It is enough ! " cried his mother, throwing herself on his neck ! " For this, my son was dead, and is alive again ; was lost, and found ! " But the father felt and thought differently ; he knew that it was his duty to interrogate his son ; and he resolved to insist on knowing where and how those long four years had been passed. He, however, delayed his questions till Edgar's health was re-established, but when that time arrived, he told him that he expected to know all that had befallen him since he ran away from school. " Spare me till tomorrow," said Edgar Vernon, " and then you shall know all." His father acquiesced ; but the next morning Edgar had disappeared, leaving the following letter behind him :—

" I cannot, dare not, tell you what a wretch I have

been ! though I own your right to demand such a confession from me. Therefore, I must become a wanderer again ! Pray for me, dearest and tenderest of mothers ! Pray for me, best of fathers and of men ! I dare not pray for myself, for I am a vile and wretched sinner, though your grateful and affectionate son, E. V."

Though this letter nearly drove the mother to distraction, it contained for the father a degree of soothing comfort. She dwelt only on the conviction which it held out to her, that she should probably never behold her son again ; but *he* dwelt with pious thankfulness on the sense of his guilt, expressed by the unhappy writer ; trusting that the sinner who knows and owns himself to be "vile" may, when it is least expected of him, repent and amend.

How had those four years been passed by Edgar Vernon ? That important period of a boy's life, the years from fourteen to eighteen ? Suffice it that, under a feigned name, in order that he might not be traced, he had entered on board a merchant ship ; that he had left it after he had made one voyage ; that he was taken into the service of what is called a *sporting character*, whom he had met on board ship, who saw that Edgar had talents and spirit which he might render serviceable to his own pursuits. This man, finding he was the son of a gentleman, treated him as such, and initiated him gradually into the various arts of gambling, and the vices of the metropolis ; but one night they were both surprised by the officers of justice at a noted gaming-house ; and, after a desperate scuffle, Edgar escaped wounded, and nearly killed, to a house in the suburbs. There he remained till he was safe from pursuit, and then, believing himself in danger of dying, he longed for the comfort of his paternal roof ; he also longed for paternal forgiveness ; and the prodigal returned to his forgiving parents.

But, as this was a tale which Edgar might well shrink from relating to a pure and pious father, flight was far easier than such a confession. Still, "so deceitful is the human heart, and desperately wicked," that I believe

Edgar was beginning to feel the monotony of his life at home, and therefore was glad of an excuse to justify to himself his desire to escape into scenes more congenial to his habits and, now, perverted nature. His father, however, continued to hope for his reformation, and was therefore little prepared for the next intelligence of his son, which reached him through a private channel. A friend wrote to inform him that Edgar was taken up for having passed forged notes, knowing them to be forgeries; that he would soon be fully committed to prison for trial; and would be tried with his accomplices at the ensuing assizes for Middlesex.

At first, even the firmness of Vernon yielded to the stroke, and he was bowed low unto the earth. But the confiding christian struggled against the sorrows of the suffering father, and overcame them; till, at last, he was able to exclaim, "I will go to him! I will be near him at his trial! I will be near him even at his death, if death be his portion! And no doubt, I shall be permitted to awaken him to a sense of his guilt. Yes, I may be permitted to see him expire contrite before God and man, and calling on his name who is able to save to the uttermost!" But, just as he was setting off for Middlesex, his wife, who had long been declining, was, to all appearance, so much worse, that he could not leave her. She having had suspicions that all was not right with Edgar, contrived to discover the TRUTH, which had been *kindly*, but erroneously concealed from her, and had sunk under the sudden, *unmitigated* blow; and the welcome intelligence, that the *prosecutor had withdrawn the charge*, came at a moment when the sorrows of the bereaved husband had closed the father's heart against the voice of gladness.

"This news came too late to save the poor victim!" he exclaimed, as he knelt beside the corpse of her whom he had loved so long and so tenderly; "and I feel that I cannot, cannot *yet* rejoice in it as I ought." But he soon repented of this ungrateful return to the mercy of Heaven; and, even before the body was consigned to

the grave, he thankfully acknowledged that the liberation of his son was a ray amidst the gloom that surrounded him.

Meanwhile, Edgar Vernon, when unexpectedly liberated from what he knew to be certain danger to his life, resolved, on the ground of having been falsely taken up, and as an innocent injured man, to visit his parents; for he had heard of his mother's illness; and his heart yearned to behold her once more. But it was only in the dark hour that he dared venture to approach his home; and it was his intention to discover himself at first to his mother only.

Accordingly, the gray parsonage was scarcely visible in the shadows of twilight, when he reached the gate that led to the back door; at which he gently knocked, but in vain. No one answered his knock; all was still within and around. What could this mean? He then walked round the house, and looked in at the window; all there was dark and quiet as the grave; but the church bell was tolling, while alarmed, awed, and overpowered, he leaned against the gate. At this moment he saw two men rapidly pass along the road, saying, "I fear we shall be too late for the funeral! I wonder how the poor old man will bear it! for he loved his wife dearly!"—"Aye; and so he did that wicked boy, who has been the death of her;" replied the other.

These words shot like an arrow through the not yet callous heart of Edgar Vernon, and, throwing himself on the ground, he groaned aloud in his agony; but the next minute, with the speed of desperation, he ran towards the church, and reached it just as the service was over, the mourners departing, and as his father was borne away, nearly insensible, on the arms of his *virtuous* sons.

At such a moment Edgar was able to enter the church unheeded; for all eyes were on his afflicted parent; and the self-convicted culprit dared not force himself, at a time like that, on the notice of the father whom he had so grievously injured. But his poor bursting heart felt that it must vent its agony, or break; and, ere the coffin was

lowered into the vault, he rushed forward, and, throwing himself across it, called upon his mother's name, in an accent so piteous and appalling, that the assistants, though they did not recognise him at first, were unable to drive him away ; so awed, so affected, were they by the agony which they witnessed.

At length he rose up and endeavored to speak, but in vain ; then, holding his clenched fists to his forehead, he screamed out, " Heaven preserve my senses ! " and rushed from the church with all the speed of desperation. But whither should he turn those desperate steps ! He longed, earnestly longed, to go and humble himself before his father, and implore that pardon for which his agonized soul pined. But, alas ! earthly pride forbade him to indulge the salutary feeling ; for he knew his worthy, unoffending brothers were in the house, and he could not endure the mortification of encountering those whose virtues must be put in comparison with his vices. He therefore cast one long lingering look at the abode of his childhood, and fled for ever from the house of mourning, humiliation, and safety.

In a few days, however, he wrote to his father, detailing his reasons for visiting home, and all the agonies which he had experienced during his short stay. Full of consolation was this letter to that bereaved and mourning heart ! for to him it seemed the language of contrition ; and he lamented that his beloved wife was not alive, to share in the hope which it gave him. " Would that he had come, or would *now* come to me ! " he exclaimed ; but the letter had no date ; and he knew not whither to send an invitation. But *where* was he, and *what* was he, at that period ? In gambling-houses, at cock-fights, sparing-matches, fairs ; and in every scene where profligacy prevailed the most ; while at all these places he had a preeminence in skill, which endeared these pursuits to him, and made his occasional contrition powerless to influence him to amendment of life. He therefore continued to disregard the warning voice within him ; till at length, it was no longer heeded.

One night, when on his way to Y——, where races were to succeed the assizes, which had just commenced, he stopped at an inn, to refresh his horse ; and, being hot with riding, and depressed by some recent losses at play, he drank very freely of the spirits which he had ordered. At this moment he saw a school-fellow of his in the bar, who, like himself, was on his way to Y——. This young man was of a coarse, unfeeling nature ; and, having had fortune left him, was full of the consequence of newly acquired wealth.

Therefore, when Edgar Vernon impulsively approached him, and, putting his hand out, asked how he did, Dunham haughtily drew back, put his hands behind him, and, in the hearing of several persons, replied, “ I do not know you, sir ! ” — “ Not *know* me, Dunham ? ” cried Edgar Vernon, turning very pale. “ That is to say, I do not *choose* to know you. ” — “ And why not ? ” cried Edgar, seizing his arm, and with a look of menace. “ Because because I do not choose to know a man who murdered his mother. ” “ Murdered his mother ! ” cried the by-standers, holding up their hands, and regarding Edgar Vernon with a look of horror. “ Wretch ! ” cried he, seizing Dunham in his powerful grasp, “ explain yourself this moment, or, ” . . . — “ Then take your fingers from my throat ! ” Edgar did so ; and Dunham said, “ I meant only that you broke your mother’s heart by your ill conduct ; and pray, was not that murdering her ? ” While he was saying this, Edgar Vernon stood with folded arms, rolling his eyes wildly from one of the bystanders to the other ; and seeing, as he believed, disgust towards him in the countenances of them all. When Dunham had finished speaking, Edgar Vernon wrung his hands in agony, “ true, most true, I am a murderer ! I am a parricide ! ” Then, suddenly drinking off a large glass of brandy near him, he quitted the room, and, mounting his horse, rode off at full speed. Aim and object in view, he had *none* ; he was only trying to ride from himself ; trying to escape from those looks of horror and aversion which the remarks of Dunham had provoked. But what right had Dunham so to provoke him ?

After he had put this question to himself, the image of Dunham, scornfully rejecting him his hand, alone took possession of his remembrance, till he thirsted for revenge ; and the irritation of the moment urged him to seek it immediately.

The opportunity, as he rightly suspected, was in his power ; Dunham would soon be coming that way on his road to Y—— ; and he would meet him. He did so ; and, riding up to him, seized the bridle of his horse, exclaiming, “you have called me a murderer, Dunham ; and you were right ; for, though I loved my mother dearly, and would have died for her, I killed her by my wicked course of life !” — “Well, well ; I know *that*,” replied Dunham, “so let me go ! for I tell you I do not like to be seen with such as you. Let me go, I say !”

He *did* let him go ; but it was as the tiger lets go its prey, to spring on it again. A blow from Edgar’s nervous arm knocked the rash insulter from his horse. In another minute Dunham lay on the road a bleeding corpse ; and the next morning officers were out in pursuit of the murderer. That wretched man was soon found, and soon secured. Indeed, he had not desired to *avoid* pursuit ; but, when the irritation of drunkenness and revenge had subsided, the agony of remorse took possession of his soul ; and he confessed his crime with tears of bitterest penitence. To be brief ; Edgar Vernon was carried into that city as a manacled criminal, which he had expected to leave as a successful gambler ; and, before the end of the assizes, he was condemned to death.

He made a full confession of his guilt before the judge pronounced condemnation ; gave a brief statement of the provocation which he received from the deceased ; blaming himself at the same time for his criminal revenge, in so heart-rending a manner, and lamenting so pathetically the disgrace and misery in which he had involved his father and family, that every heart was melted to compassion ; and the judge wept, while he passed on him the awful sentence of the law.

His conduct in prison was so exemplary, that it proved

he had not forgotten his father's precepts, though he had not acted upon them ; and his brothers, for whom he sent, found him in a state of mind which afforded them the only and best consolation. This contrite, lowly state of mind accompanied him to the awful end of his existence ; and it might be justly said of him, that " nothing in his life became him like the losing it."

Painful, indeed, was the anxiety of Edgar and his brothers, lest their father should learn this horrible circumstance ; but as the culprit was arraigned under a feigned name, and as the crime, trial and execution, had taken, and would take up, so short a period of time, they flattered themselves that he would never learn how and where Edgar died ; but would implicitly believe what was told him. They therefore wrote him word that Edgar had been taken ill at an inn, near London, on his *road home* ; that he had sent for them ; and they had hopes of his recovery. They followed this letter of **BENEVOLENT LIES** as soon as they could, to inform him that all was over.

This plan was wholly disapproved by a friend of the family, who, on principle, thought all concealment wrong ; and, probably, useless too.

When the brothers drove to his house, on their way home, he said to them, " I found your father in a state of deep submission to the divine will, though grieved at the loss of a child, whom not even his errors could drive from his affections. I also found him consoled by those expressions of filial love and reliance on the merits of his Redeemer, which you transmitted to him from Edgar himself. Now, as the poor youth died penitent, and as his crime was palliated by great provocation, I conceive that it would not add much to your father's distress, were he to be informed of the truth. You know that, from a principle of obedience to the implied designs of Providence, I object to any concealment on such occasions, but on this, disclosure would certainly be a *safer*, as well as a more *proper*, mode of proceeding ; for, though he does not read newspapers, he may one day learn the fact

as it is ; and then the consequence may be fatal to life or reason. Remember how ill concealment answered in your poor mother's case." But he argued in vain. However, he obtained leave to go with them to their father, that he might judge of the possibility of making the disclosure which he advised.

They found the poor old man leaning his head upon an open Bible, as though he had been praying over it. The sight of his sons in mourning told the tale which he dreaded to hear ; and, wringing their hands in silence, he left the room, but soon returned ; and with surprising composure said, " Well ; now I can bear to hear particulars." When they had told him all they chose to relate, he exclaimed, melting into tears, " Enough !—Oh, my dear sons and dear friend, it is a sad and grievous thing for a father to own ; but I feel this sorrow to be a blessing ! I had always feared that he would die a violent death, either by his own hand, or that of the executioner ; (here the sons looked triumphantly at each other ;) therefore, his dying a penitent, and with humble christian reliance, is *such a relief to my mind* ! Yes ; I feared he might commit forgery, or even murder ; and that would have been dreadful !"—" Dreadful, indeed ! " faltered out both the brothers, bursting into tears ; while Osborne, choked, and almost convinced, turned to the window. " Yet," added he, " even in that case, if he had died penitent, I trust that I could have borne the blow, and been able to believe the soul of my unhappy boy would find mercy ! " Here Osborne eagerly turned round, and would have ventured to tell the truth ; but was withheld by the frowns of his companions, and the truth *was not told*.

Edgar had not been dead above seven months, before a visible change took place in his father's spirits, and expression of countenance ; for the constant dread of his child's coming to a terrible end had hitherto preyed on his mind, and rendered his appearance haggard ; but now he looked, and *was* cheerful ; therefore his sons rejoiced, whenever they visited him, that they had not taken Osborne's advice. " You are wrong," said he, " he would

have been just as well, if he had known the manner of Edgar's death. It is not his *ignorance*, but the cessation of anxious suspense, that has thus renovated him. However, he may go in his ignorance to his grave; and I earnestly hope he will do so."—"Amen;" said one of his sons; "for his life is most precious to our children, as well as to us. Our little boys are improving so fast under his tuition!"

The consciousness of recovering health, as a painful affection of the breast and heart, had greatly subsided since the death of Edgar, made the good old man wish to visit, during the summer months, an old college friend, who lived in Yorkshire; and he communicated his intentions to his sons. But they highly disapproved them, because, though Edgar's dreadful death was not likely to be revealed to him in the little village of R——, it might be disclosed to him by some one or other during a long journey.

However, as he was bent on going, they could not find a sufficient excuse for preventing it; but they took every precaution possible. They wrote to their father's intended host, desiring him to keep all papers and magazines for the last seven months out of his way; and when the day of his departure arrived, Osborne himself went to take a place for him; and took care it should be in that coach which did not stop at, or go through York, in order to obviate all possible chance of his hearing the murder discussed. But it so happened that a family, going from the town whence the coach started, wanted the whole of it; and, without leave, Vernon's place was transferred to the other coach, which went the very road Osborne disapproved. "Well, well; it is the same thing to me;" said the good old man, when he was informed of the change; and he set off, full of pious thankfulness for the affectionate conduct and regrets of his parishioners at the moment of his departure, as they lined the road along which the coach was to pass, and expressed even clamorously their wishes for his return.

The coach stopped at an inn outside the city of York;

and as Vernon was not disposed to eat any dinner, he strolled along the road, till he came to a small church, pleasantly situated, and entered the church-yard to read, as was his custom, the inscriptions on the tombstones. While thus engaged, he saw a man filling up a new made grave, and entered into conversation with him. He found it was the sexton himself ; and he drew from him several anecdotes of the persons interred around them.

During this conversation they had walked over the whole of the ground, when, just as they were going to leave the spot, the sexton stopped to pluck some weeds from a grave near the corner of it, and Vernon stopped also ; taking hold, as he did so, of a small willow sapling, planted near the corner itself.

As the man rose from his occupation, and saw where Vernon stood, he smiled significantly, and said, "I planted that willow ; and it is on a grave, though the grave is not marked out."—"Indeed !"—"Yes ; it is the grave of a murderer."—"Of a murderer !" echoed Vernon, instinctively shuddering and moving away from it. "Yes," resumed he, "of a murderer who was hanged at York. Poor lad ! it was very right that he should be hanged ; but he was not a hardened villain ! and he died so penitent ! and, as I knew him when he used to visit where I was groom, I could not help planting this tree, for old acquaintance sake." Here he drew his hand across his eyes. "Then he was not a low-born man."—"Oh no ; his father was a clergyman, I think."—"Indeed ! poor man ; was he living at the time ?" said Vernon, deeply sighing. "Oh yes ; for his poor son did so fret, lest his father should ever know what he had done ; for he said he was an angel upon earth ; and he could not bear to think how he would grieve ; for, poor lad, he loved his father and mother too, though he did so badly."—"Is his mother living ?"—"No ; if she had, he would have been alive ; but his evil courses broke her heart ; and it was because the man he killed reproached him for having murdered his mother, that he was provoked to murder him."—"Poor, rash, mistaken youth ! then he had provo-

cation.”—“ Oh yes ; the greatest ; but he was very sorry for what he had done ; and it would have broken your heart to hear him talk of his poor father.”—“ I am glad I did not hear him,” said Vernon hastily, and in a faltering voice (for he thought of Edgar.) “ And yet, sir, it would have done your heart good too.”—“ Then he had virtuous feelings, and loved his father amidst all his errors ? ”—“ Aye.”—“ And I dare say his father loved him, in spite of his faults.”—“ I dare say he did,” replied the man ; “ for one’s children are our own flesh and blood, you know, sir, after all that is said and done ; and may be this young fellow was spoiled in the bringing up.”—“ Perhaps so,” said Vernon, sighing deeply. “ However, this poor lad made a very good end.”—“ I am glad of that ! and he lies here,” continued Vernon, gazing on the spot with deepening interest, and moving nearer to it as he spoke. “ Peace be to his soul ! but was he not dissected ? ”—“ Yes ; but his brothers got leave to have the body after dissection. They came to me ; and we buried it privately at night.”—“ His brothers came ! and who were his brothers ? ”—“ Merchants in London ; and it was a sad cut on them ; but they took care that their father should not know it.”—“ No ! ” cried Vernon, turning sick at heart. “ Oh no ; they wrote *him* word that his son was ill ; then went to Westmoreland, and ” “ Tell me,” interrupted Vernon, gasping for breath, and laying his hand on his arm, “ tell me the name of this poor youth ! ”—“ Why, he was tried under a false name, for the sake of his family ; but his real name was Edgar Vernon ! ”

The agonized parent drew back, shuddered violently and repeatedly, casting his eyes to heaven at the same time, with a look of mingled appeal and resignation. He then rushed to the obscure spot which covered the bones of his son, threw himself upon it, and stretched his arms over it, as if embracing the unconscious deposit beneath, while his head rested on the grass, and he neither spoke nor moved. But he uttered one groan ; then all was stillness !

His terrified and astonished companion remained motionless for a few moments,—then stooped to raise him; but the **FIAT OF MERCY** had gone forth and the paternal heart, broken by the sudden shock, had suffered, and breathed its last.

CHAPTER XI.

LIES OF WANTONNESS.

I COME NOW TO LIES OF WANTONNESS; that is, lies told from no other motive but a love of lying, and to show the utterer's total contempt of truth, and for those scrupulous persons of their acquaintance who look on it with reverence, and endeavor to act up to their principles; lies, having their origin merely in a depraved fondness for speaking and inventing falsehood. Not that persons of this description confine their falsehoods to this sort of lying; on the contrary, they lie after this fashion, because they have exhausted the strongly motivated and more natural sorts of lying. In such as these, there is no more hope of amendment than there is for the man of intemperate habits, who has exhausted life of its pleasures, and his constitution of its energy. Such persons must go despised and (terrible state of human degradation!) untrusted, unbelieving, into their graves.

PRACTICAL LIES come last on my list; lies not **UTTERED BUT ACTED**; and dress will furnish me with most of my illustrations.

It has been said that the great art of dress is to **CONCEAL DEFECTS** and **HEIGHTEN BEAUTIES**; therefore, as concealment is deception, this great art of dress is founded on falsehood; but, certainly, in some instances, on falsehood, *comparatively*, of an innocent kind.

If the false hair be so worn, that no one can fancy it natural; if the bloom on the cheek is such, that it cannot be mistaken for nature; or, if the person who "conceals defects, and heightens beauties," openly avows the prac-

tice, then is the deception annihilated. But, if the cheek be so artfully tinted, that its hue is mistaken for natural color ; if the false hair be so skilfully woven, that it passes for natural hair ; if the crooked person, or meagre form, be so cunningly assisted by dress, that the uneven shoulder disappears, and becoming fulness succeeds to unbecoming thinness, while the man or woman thus assisted by art expects their charms will be imputed to *nature* alone ; then these aids of dress partake of the nature of other lying, and become equally vicious in the eyes of the religious and the moral.

I have said, the *man* or woman so assisted by art ; and I believe that, by including the *stronger sex* in the above observation, I have only been *strictly just*.

While men hide baldness by gluing a piece of false hair on their heads, *meaning* that it should pass for their own, and while a false calf gives muscular beauty to a shapeless leg, can the observer on human life do otherwise than include the wiser sex in the list of those who indulge in the permitted artifices and mysteries of the toilet ? Nay ; bolder still are the advances of some men into its sacred mysteries. I have seen the eyebrows, even of the young, darkened by the hand of art, and their cheeks reddened by its touch ; and who has not seen, in Bond Street, or *the Drive*, during the last twenty or thirty years, certain notorious men of fashion glowing in immortal bloom, and rivalling the dashing belle beside them ?

As the foregoing observations on the practical lies of dress, have been mistaken by many, and have exposed me to severe, (and I think I may add) unjust animadversions, I take the opportunity afforded me by a second edition, to say a few words in explanation of them.

I do not wish to censure any one for having recourse to art to hide the defects of nature ; and, I have *expressly said*, that such practices are comparatively innocent ; but, it seems to me, that they cease to be innocent, and become passive and practical lies also, if, when men and women hear the fineness of their complexion, hair, or teeth, com-

mended in their presence, they do not own that the beauty so commended is entirely artificial, provided such be really the case. But,

I am far from advising any one to be guilty of the unnecessary *egotism*, of *volunteering* such an assurance ; all I contend for is, that when we are praised for qualities, whether of mind or person, which we do not possess, we are guilty of *passive* if not *practical* lying, if we do not disclaim our right to the encomium bestowed.

The following also are PRACTICAL LIES of every day's experience.

Wearing paste for diamonds, intending that the false should be taken for the true ; and purchasing brooches, pins, and rings of mock jewels, intending that they should pass for real ones. Passing off gooseberry wine at dinner for real Champagne, and English *liqueurs* for foreign ones. But, on these occasions, the motive is not always the mean and contemptible wish of imposing on the credulity of others ; but it has sometimes its source in a dangerous as well as deceptive ambition, *that of making an appearance beyond what the circumstances of the person so deceiving really warrant ; the wish to be supposed to be more opulent than they really are ; that most common of all the practical lies ; as ruin and bankruptcy follow in its train.* The lady who purchases and wears paste which she hopes will pass for diamonds, is usually one who has no right to wear jewels at all ; and the gentleman who passes off gooseberry wine for Champagne is, in all probability, aiming at a style of living beyond his situation in society.

On some occasions, however, when ladies substitute paste for diamonds, the substitution tells a tale of greater error still. I mean, when ladies wear mock for real jewels, because their extravagance has obliged them to raise money on the latter ; and they are therefore constrained to keep up the appearance of their necessary and accustomed splendor by a PRACTICAL LIE.

The following is another of the PRACTICAL LIES in common use.

The medical man, who desires his servant to call him out of church, or from a party, in order to give him the appearance of the great business which he has *not*, is guilty not of uttering, but of *acting* a falsehood ; and the author also, who makes his publisher put second and third editions before a work of which, perhaps, not even the first edition is sold.

But, the most fatal to the interests of others, though perhaps the most pitiable of practical lies, are those acted by men who, though they know themselves to be in the gulf of bankruptcy, either from wishing to put off the evil day, or from the visionary hope that something will occur unexpectedly to save them, launch out into increased splendor of living, in order to obtain further credit, and induce their acquaintances to entrust their money to them.

There is, however, one PRACTICAL LIE more fatal still, in my opinion ; because it is the practice of schools, and consequently the sin of early life ;—a period of existence in which it is desirable, both for general and individual good, that habits of truth and integrity should be acquired, and strictly adhered to. I mean the pernicious custom which prevails amongst boys, and probably girls, of getting their schoolfellows to do their exercises for them, or consenting to do the same office for others.

Some will say, “but it would be so ill natured to refuse to write one’s schoolfellows’ exercises, especially when one is convinced that they cannot write them for themselves.” But, leaving the question of truth and falsehood *unargued* a while, let us examine coolly that of the probable good or evil done to the parties obliged.

What are children sent to school for?—to learn. And when there, what are the motives which are to make them learn ? dread of punishment, and hope of distinction and reward. There are few children so stupid, as not to be led on to industry by one or both of these motives, however indolent they may be ; but, if these motives be not allowed their proper scope of action, the stupid boy will never take the trouble to learn, if he finds that he can avoid punishment, and gain reward, by prevailing on

some more diligent boy to do his exercises for him. Those, therefore, who indulge their schoolfellows, do it at the expense of their future welfare, and are in reality *foes* where they fancied themselves *friends*. But, generally speaking, they have not even *this* excuse for their pernicious compliance, since it springs from want of sufficient firmness to say no,—and deny an earnest request at the command of principle. But, to such I would put this question. “Which is the real friend to a child, the person who gives it the sweetmeats which it asks for, at the risk of making it ill, merely because it were *so hard* to refuse the dear little thing ; or the person who, considering only the interest and health of the child, resists its importunities, though grieved to deny its request ? No doubt that they would give the palm of *real* kindness, *real* good nature to the *latter* ; and in like manner, the boy who *refuses* to do his schoolfellow’s task is more truly kind, more truly good natured, to him than he who, by indulging his indolence, runs the risk of making him a dunce for life.

But some may reply, “It would make one *odious* in the school, were one to refuse this common compliance with the wants and wishes of one’s companions.”—Not if the refusal were declared to be the result of principle, and every aid not contrary to it were offered and afforded ; and there are many ways in which schoolfellows may assist each other, without any violation of truth, and without sharing with them in the PRACTICAL LIE, by imposing on their masters, as theirs, lessons which they never wrote.

This common practice in schools is a PRACTICAL LIE of considerable importance, from its frequency ; and because, as I before observed, the result of it is, that the first step which a child sets in a school is into the midst of deceit—tolerated, cherished deceit. For, if children are quick at learning, they are called upon immediately to enable others to deceive ; and, if dull, they are enabled to appear in borrowed plumes themselves.

How often have I heard men in mature life say, “Oh !

I knew such a one at school ; he was a very good fellow, but so dull ! I have often done his exercises for him." Or, I have heard the contrary asserted. " Such a one was a very clever boy at school indeed ; he has done many an exercise for me ; for he was *very good natured*." And in neither case was the speaker conscious that he had been guilty of the meanness of deception himself, or been accessory to it in another.

Parents also correct their children's exercises, and thereby enable them to put a deceit on the master ; not only by this means convincing their offspring of their own total disregard of truth ; a conviction doubtless most pernicious in its effects on their young minds ; but as full of folly as it is of laxity of principle ; since the deceit cannot fail of being detected, whenever the parents are not at hand to afford their assistance.

But, is it *necessary* that this school delinquency should exist ? Is it not advisable that children should learn the rudiments of truth, rather than falsehood, with those of their mother tongue and the classics ? Surely masters and mistresses should watch over the morals, while improving the *minds* of youth. Surely parents ought to be tremblingly solicitous that their children should always speak truth, and be corrected by their preceptors for uttering falsehood. Yet, of what use could it be to correct a child for telling a spontaneous lie, on the impulse of strong temptation, if that child be in the daily habit, of deceiving his master on system, and of assisting others to do so ? While the present practice with regard to exercise-making exists ; while boys and girls go up to their preceptors with lies in their hands, whence, sometimes, no doubt, they are transferred to their lips ; every hope that truth will be taught in schools, as a necessary moral duty, must be totally and for ever, annihilated.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR OWN EXPERIENCE OF THE PAINFUL RESULTS OF
LYING.

I CANNOT point out the mischievous nature and impolicy of lying better than by referring my readers to their own experience. Which of them does not know some few persons, at least, from whose habitual disregard of truth they have often suffered ; and with whom they find intimacy unpleasant, as well as unsafe ; because confidence, that charm and cement of intimacy, is wholly wanting in the intercourse ? Which of my readers is not sometimes obliged to say, "I ought to add, that my authority for what I have just related, is only Mr and Mrs such-a-one, or a certain young lady, or a certain young gentleman ; therefore, you know what credit is to be given to it."

It has been asserted, that every town and village has its idiot ; and, with equal truth, probably, it may be advanced, that every one's circle of acquaintances contains one or more persons known to be habitual liars, and always mentioned as such. I may be asked, "if this be so, of what consequence is it ? And how is it mischievous ? If such persons are known and chronicled as liars, they can deceive no one, and, therefore, can do no harm." But this is not true ; we are not always on our guard, either against our own weakness, or against that of others ; and if the most notorious liar tells us something which we wish to believe, our wise resolution never to credit or repeat what he has told us, fades before our desire to confide in him on this occasion. Thus, even in spite of caution, we become the agents of his falsehood ; and, though lovers of truth, are the assistants of lying.

Nor are there many of my readers, I venture to pronounce, who have not at some time or other of their lives, had cause to lament some violation of truth, of which they themselves were guilty, and which, at the time, they considered as wise, or positively unavoidable.

But the greatest proof of the impolicy even of occasional lying is, that it exposes one to the danger of never being believed in future. It is difficult to give implicit credence to those who have once deceived us ; when they did so deceive, they were governed by a motive sufficiently powerful to overcome their regard for truth ; and how can one ever be sure, that equal temptation is not always present, and always overcoming them ?

Admitting, that perpetual distrust attends on those who are known to be frequent violators of truth, it seems to me that the liar is, as if he was *not*. He is, as it were, annihilated for all the important purposes of life. That man or woman is no better than a nonentity, whose simple assertion is not credited immediately. Those whose words no one dares to repeat, without naming the *authority*, lest the information conveyed by them should be too implicitly credited, such persons, I repeat it, exist, as if they existed *not*. They resemble that diseased eye, which, though perfect in color, and appearance, is wholly useless, because it cannot perform the function for which it was created, that of *seeing* ; for, of what use to others, and of what benefit to themselves, can those be whose tongues are always suspected of uttering falsehood, and whose words, instead of inspiring confidence, that soul and cement of society, and of mutual regard, are received with offensive distrust, and never repeated without caution and apology ?

I shall now endeavor to show, that speaking the truth does not imply a necessity to wound the feelings of any one ; but that, even if the unrestricted practice of truth in society did at first give pain to self-love, it would, in the end, further the best views of benevolence ; namely, moral improvement.

There cannot be any reason why *offensive* or *home* truths should be *volunteered*, because one lays it down as a principle that truth must be spoken when *called for*. If I put a question to another which may, if truly answered, wound either my sensibility or my self-love, I should be rightly served if replied to by a *home truth* ;

but, taking conversation according to its general tenor—that is, under the usual restraints of decorum and propriety—truth and benevolence will, I believe, be found to go hand in hand; and not, as is commonly imagined, be opposed to each other. For instance, if a person in company be old, plain, affected, vulgar in manners, or dressed in a manner unbecoming their years, my utmost love of truth would never lead me to say, “how old you look! or how plain you are! or how improperly dressed! or how vulgar! and how affected!” But, if this person were to say to me, “do I not look old? am I not plain? am I not improperly dressed? am I vulgar in manners?” and so on, I own that, according to my principles, I must, in my reply, adhere to the strict truth, after having vainly tried to avoid answering, by a serious expostulation on the folly, impropriety, and indelicacy of putting such a question to any one. And what would the consequence be? The person so answered, would probably, never like me again. Still, by my reply, I might have been of the greatest service to the indiscreet questioner. If ugly, the inquirer being convinced that not on outward charms could he or she build their pretensions to please, might study to improve in the more permanent graces of mind and manner. If growing old, the inquirer might be led by my reply to reflect seriously on the brevity of life, and try to grow in grace while advancing in years. If ill-dressed, or in a manner unbecoming a certain time of life, the inquirer might be led to improve in this particular, and be no longer exposed to the sneer of detraction. If vulgar, the inquirer might be induced to keep a watch in future over the admitted vulgarity; and, if affected, might endeavor at greater simplicity, and less pretension in appearance.

Thus, the temporary wound to the self-love of the inquirer might be attended with lasting benefit; and benevolence in reality be not wounded, but gratified. Besides, as I have before observed, the truly benevolent can always find a balm for the wounds which duty obliges them to inflict.

Few persons are so entirely devoid of external and internal charms, as not to be subjects for some kind of commendation ; therefore, I believe, that means may always be found to smooth down the plumes of that self-love which principle has obliged us to ruffle. But, if it were to become a general principle of action in society to utter spontaneous truth, the difficult situation in which I have painted the utterers of truth to be placed, would, in time, be impossible ; for, if certain that the truth would be spoken, and their suspicions concerning their defects confirmed, none would dare to put such questions as I have enumerated. Those questions sprung from the hope of being contradicted and flattered, and were that hope annihilated, no one would ever so question again.

I shall observe here, that those who make mortifying observations on the personal defects of their friends, or on any infirmity, either of body or mind, are not actuated by the love of truth, or by any good motive whatever ; but that such unpleasant sincerity is merely the result of coarseness of mind, and a mean desire to inflict pain and mortification ; therefore, if the utterer of them be noble, or even royal, I should still bring a charge against them, terrible to "ears polite," that of ill-breeding and positive *vulgarity*.

All human beings are convinced in the closet of the importance of truth to the interests of society, and of the mischief which they experience from lying, though few, comparatively, think the practice of the one, and avoidance of the other, binding either on the christian or the moralist, when they are acting in the busy scenes of the world. Nor can I wonder at this inconsistency, when boys and girls, as I have before remarked, however they may be taught to speak the truth at home, are so often tempted into the tolerated commission of falsehood as soon as they set their foot into a public school.

But we must wonder still less at the little shame which attaches to what is called *WHITE LYING*, when we see it sanctioned in the highest assemblies in this kingdom.

It is with fear and humility that I venture to blame a custom prevalent in our legislative meetings ; which, as christianity is declared to be "part and parcel of the law of the land," ought to be christian as well as wise ; and where every member, feeling it binding on him individually to act according to the legal oath, should speak the truth, and nothing *but* the truth. Yet, what is the real state of things there on some occasions ?

In the heat, (the pardonable heat, perhaps,) of political debates, and from the excitement produced by collision of wits, a noble lord, or an honorable commoner, is betrayed into severe personal comment on his antagonist. The *unavoidable* consequence, as it is *thought*, is apology, or duel.

But as these assemblies are called christian, even the warriors present deem apology a more proper proceeding than duel. Yet, how is apology to be made consistent with the dignity and dictates of worldly honor ? And how can the necessity of duel, that savage, heathenish disgrace to a civilized and christian land, be at once obviated ? Oh ! the method is easy enough. "It is as easy as lying," and lying is the remedy. A noble lord, or an honorable member gets up, and says, that undoubtedly his noble or honorable friend used such and such words ; but, no doubt, that by those words he did not mean what those words usually mean ; but he meant so and so. Some one on the other side immediately rises on behalf of the *offended*, and says, that if the *offender* will say that by so and so, he did not mean so and so, the *offended* will be perfectly satisfied. On which the offender rises, declares that by *black* he did not mean *black*, but *white* ; in short, that black is white, and white black ; the offended says, enough ; I am satisfied ! the honorable house is satisfied also that life is put out of peril, and what is called honor is satisfied by the sacrifice *ONLY* of truth.

I must beg leave to state, that no one can rejoice more fervently than myself when these disputes terminate without duels ; but must there be a victim ? and must that victim be truth ? As there is no intention to deceive on

these occasions, nor wish, nor expectation to do so, the soul, the essence of lying, is not in the transaction on the side of the *offender*. But the *offended* is forced to say that *he* is satisfied, when he certainly can *not* be so. He knows that the *offender* meant, at the moment, what he said; therefore, he is *not* satisfied when he is told, in order to return his half-drawn sword to the scabbard, or his pistol to the holster, that black means white, and white means black.

However, he has his resource; he may ultimately tell the truth, declare himself, when out of the house, unsatisfied; and may (horrible alternative!) *peril his* life, or that of his opponent. But is there no other course which can be pursued by him who gave the offence? Must apology to *satisfy* be made in the language of falsehood? Could it not be made in the touching and impressive language of truth? Might not the perhaps, already penitent offender, say "no; I will not be guilty of the meanness of subterfuge. By the words which I uttered, I meant at the moment what those words conveyed, and nothing else. But I then saw through the medium of passion; I spoke in the heat of resentment; and I now scruple not to say that I am sorry for what I said, and entreat the pardon of him whom I offended. If he be not satisfied, I know the consequences, and must take the responsibility."

Surely an apology like this would satisfy any one, however offended; and if the adversary were not contented, the noble or honorable house would undoubtedly deem his resentment brutal, and he would be constrained to pardon the offender in order to avoid disgrace.

But I am not contented with the conclusion of the apology which I have put into the mouth of the offending party; for I have made him willing, if necessary, to comply with the requirements of *worldly honor*. Instead of ending his apology in that unholy manner, I should have wished to end it thus:—"But if this heart-felt apology be not sufficient to appease the anger of him whom I have *offended*, and he expects me, in order to expiate my

fault, to meet him in the lawless warfare of single combat, I solemnly declare that I will not so meet him ; that not even the dread of being accused of cowardice, and being frowned on by those whose respect I value, shall induce me to put in peril either his life or my own."

If he and his opponent be married men, and, above all, if he be *indeed* a christian, he might add, "I will not, for any *personal* considerations, run the risk of making his wife and mine a widow, and his children and my own fatherless. I will not run the risk of disappointing that confiding tenderness which looks up to us for happiness and protection, by any rash and selfish action of mine. But, I am not actuated to this refusal by this consideration alone ; I am withheld by one more binding and more powerful still. For I remember the precepts taught in the Bible, and confirmed in the New Testament ; and I cannot, will not, *dare* not, enter into single and deadly combat, in opposition to that awful command, 'thou shalt not kill !'"

Would any one, however narrow and worldly in his conceptions, venture to condemn as a coward, meanly shrinking from the responsibility he had incurred, the man that could dare to put forth sentiments like these, regardless of that fearful thing, "the world's dread laugh ?"

There might be some among his hearers by whom this truly noble daring could not possibly be appreciated. But, though in both houses of parliament, there might be heroes present, whose heads are even bowed down by the weight of their laurels ; men, whose courage has often paled the cheek of their enemies in battle, and brought the loftiest low ; still, (I must venture to assert) he who can dare, for the sake of conscience, to speak and act counter to the prejudices and passions of the world, at the risk of losing his standing in society, such a man is a hero in the best sense of the word ; his is courage of the most difficult kind ; that moral courage, founded indeed on *fear*, but a fear that tramples firmly

The medical man, who desires his servant to call him out of church, or from a party, in order to give him the appearance of the great business which he has *not*, is guilty not of uttering, but of *acting* a falsehood; and the author also, who makes his publisher put second and third editions before a work of which, perhaps, not even the first edition is sold.

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Some will say, “but it would be so ill natured to refuse to write one’s schoolfellows’ exercises, especially when one is convinced that they cannot write them for themselves.” But, leaving the question of truth and falsehood *unargued* a while, let us examine coolly that of the probable good or evil done to the parties obliged.

What are children sent to school for?—to learn. And when there, what are the motives which are to make them learn? dread of punishment, and hope of distinction and reward. There are few children so stupid, as not to be led on to industry by one or both of these motives, however indolent they may be; but, if these motives be not allowed their proper scope of action, the stupid boy will never take the trouble to learn, if he finds that he can avoid punishment, and gain reward, by prevailing on

some more diligent boy to do his exercises for him. Those, therefore, who indulge their schoolfellows, do it at the expense of their future welfare, and are in reality *foes* where they fancied themselves *friends*. But, generally speaking, they have not even *this* excuse for their pernicious compliance, since it springs from want of sufficient firmness to say no,—and deny an earnest request at the command of principle. But, to such I would put this question. “Which is the real friend to a child, the person who gives it the sweetmeats which it asks for, at the risk of making it ill, merely because it were *so hard* to refuse the dear little thing; or the person who, considering only the interest and health of the child, resists its importunities, though grieved to deny its request? No doubt that they would give the palm of *real* kindness, *real* good nature to the *latter*; and in like manner, the boy who *refuses* to do his schoolfellow’s task is more truly kind, more truly good natured, to him than he who, by indulging his indolence, runs the risk of making him a dunce for life.

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This common practice in schools is a PRACTICAL LIE of considerable importance, from its frequency; and because, as I before observed, the result of it is, that the first step which a child sets in a school is into the midst of deceit—tolerated, cherished deceit. For, if children are quick at learning, they are called upon immediately to enable others to deceive; and, if dull, they are enabled to appear in borrowed plumes themselves.

How often have I heard men in mature life say, “Oh!

have still to say ; as I am painfully conscious of my own inability to do justice to it ; and if the good which I desire be but effected, I am willing to resign to others the merit of the success.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXTRACTS FROM LORD BACON, AND OTHERS.

IN a gallery of moral philosophers, the rank of Bacon, in my opinion, resembles that of Titian in a gallery of pictures ; and some of his successors not only look up to him as authority for certain excellences, but, making him, in a measure, their study ; they endeavor to diffuse over their own productions the beauty of his conceptions, and the depth and breadth of his manner. I am, therefore, sorry that those passages in his *Essay on Truth* which bear upon the subject before me, are so unsatisfactorily brief ;—however, as even a sketch from the hand of a master is valuable, I give the following extracts from the essay in question.

“ But to pass from theological and philosophical truth—to truth, or rather veracity, in civil business, it will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and sound dealing is the honor of man’s nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that does so overwhelm a man with shame, as to be found false or perfidious ; and therefore Montaigne saith very acutely, when he inquired the reason, why the giving the lie should be such a disgraceful and odious charge, ‘ If it be well weighed,’ said he, ‘ to say that a man lies, is as much as to say, he is a bravado towards God and a coward towards man. For the liar insults God and crouches to man.’ ” *Essay on Truth.*

I hoped to have derived considerable assistance from Addison; as he ranks so very high in the list of moral writers, that Dr Watts said of his greatest work, "there is so much virtue in the eight volumes of the Spectator, such a reverence of things sacred, so many valuable remarks for our conduct in life, that they are not improper to lie in parlours, or summer-houses, to entertain one's thoughts in any moments of leisure." But, in spite of his fame as a moralist, and of this high eulogium from one of the best authorities, Addison appears to have done very little as an advocate for spontaneous truth, and an assailant of spontaneous lying; and has been much less zealous and effective than either Hawkesworth or Johnson. However, what he has said, is well said; and I have pleasure in giving it.

"The great violation of the point of honor from man to man is, giving the lie. One may tell another that he drinks and blasphemes, and it may pass unnoticed; but to say he lies, though but in jest, is an affront that nothing but blood can expiate. The reason perhaps may be, because no other vice implies a want of courage so much as the making of a lie; and, therefore, telling a man he lies, is touching him in the most sensible part of honor, and, indirectly, calling him a coward. I cannot omit, under this head, what Herodotus tells us of the ancient Persians; that, from the age of five years to twenty, they instruct their sons only in three things;—to manage the horse, to make use of the bow, and to *speake the truth*." SPECTATOR, Letter 99.

I know not whence Addison took the extract, from which I give the following quotation, but I refer my readers to No. 352 of the Spectator.

"Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out, before we are aware; whereas, a LIE is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one break wants a great many more to make it good. It is like building on a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to

keep it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation ; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it ; and, because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger. All his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them ; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out ; and while he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous. Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion ; so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will serve his turn ; neither truth nor falsehood."

Dr Hawkesworth, in the "Adventurer," makes lying the subject of a whole number ; and begins thus :—"When Aristotle was once asked what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods," he replied, "not to be credited when he shall speak the truth." "The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected that, from the violation of truth, they should be restrained by their pride ;" and again, "almost every other vice that disgraces human nature may be kept in countenance by applause and association. The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned, and disowned. It is natural to expect that a crime thus generally detested should be generally avoided, &c. Yet,

so it is, that in defiance of censure and contempt, truth is frequently violated ; and scarcely the most vigilant and unremitted circumspection will secure him that mixes with mankind from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can scarcely be imagined that they mean any injury to him, or profit to themselves." He then enters into a copious discussion of the lie of vanity, which he calls the most common of lies, and not the least mischievous ; but I shall content myself with only one extract from the conclusion of this paper. " There is, I think, an ancient law in Scotland, by which LEASING MAKING was capitally punished. I am, indeed, far from designing to increase in this country the number of executions ; yet, I cannot but think that they who destroy the confidence of society, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the security of life, might very properly be awakened to a sense of their crimes by denunciations of a whipping-post or pillory ; since many are so insensible of right and wrong, that they have no standard of action *but the law*, nor feel *guilt* but as they dread *punishment*."

In No. 54 of the same work, Dr Hawkesworth says, " that these men, who consider the imputation of some vices as a compliment, would resent that of a lie as an insult, for which *life* only could atone. Lying, however," he adds, " does not incur more infamy than it deserves, though other vices incur less. But," continues he, " there is equal *turpitude* and yet greater *meanness*, in those forms of speech which deceive without direct falsehood. The crime is committed with greater deliberation, as it requires more contrivance ; and by the offenders the use of language is totally perverted. They conceal a meaning opposite to that which they express ; their speech is a kind of riddle propounded for an evil purpose.

" Indirect lies more effectually than others destroy that mutual confidence which is said to be the band of society. They are more frequently repeated, because they are not prevented by the dread of detection. Is it not astonishing that a practice so universally infamous

should not be more generally avoided? To think, is to renounce it; and, that I may fix the attention of my readers a little longer upon the subject, I shall relate a story which, perhaps, by those who have much sensibility, will not soon be forgotten."

He then proceeds to relate a story which is, I think, more full of moral teaching than any one I ever read on the subject; and so superior to the preceding ones written by myself that I am glad there is no necessity for me to bring them in immediate competition with it;—and that all I need do, is to give the moral of that story. Dr Hawkesworth calls the tale "the Fatal Effects of False Apologies and Pretences;" but "the fatal effects of *white lying*," would have been a juster title; and perhaps, my readers will be of the same opinion, when I have given an extract from it. I shall preface the extract by saying that, by a series of white lies, well intentioned, but, like all lies, mischievous in their result, either to the purity of the moral feeling, or to the interests of those who utter them, jealousy was aroused in the husband of one of the heroines, and duel and death were the consequences. The following letter, written by the too successful combatant to his wife, will sufficiently explain all that is necessary for my purpose.

"My dear Charlotte, I am the most wretched of all men; but I do not upbraid you as the cause. Would that I were not more guilty than you! We are the martyrs of dissimulation. But your dissimulation and falsehood were the effects of mine. By the success of *a lie put into the mouth of a chairman*, I was prevented reading a letter which would at last have undeceived me; and, by persisting in dissimulation, the Captain has made his friend a fugitive, and his wife a widow. Thus does insincerity terminate in misery and confusion, whether in its immediate purpose it succeeds, or is disappointed. If we ever meet again (to meet again in peace is impossible, but if we ever meet again,) let us resolve to be sincere; to be *sincere* is to be *wise, innocent, and safe*. We venture to commit faults, which shame or fear would

prevent, if we did not hope to conceal them by a lie. But, in the labyrinth of falsehood, men meet those evils which they seek to avoid; and, as in the straight path of truth alone they can see before them, in the straight path of truth alone they can pursue felicity with success. Adieu! I am dreadful! I can subscribe nothing that does not reproach and torment me."

Within a few weeks after the receipt of this letter, the unhappy lady heard that her husband was cast away, in his passage to France.

I shall next bring forward a greater champion of truth than the author of the *Adventurer*; and put her cause into the hands of the mighty author of the *Rambler*. Boswell, in his *Life of Dr Johnson*, says thus;—

"He would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was. 'A servant's strict regard for truth,' said he, 'must be weakened by the practice. A *philosopher* may know that it is merely a *form of denial*; but few servants are such *nice distinguishers*. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for *me*, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for *himself*?' " *

"The importance of strict and scrupulous veracity," says Boswell, vol. ii. pp. 454-55, "cannot be too often

* Boswell adds, in his own person, "I am however satisfied that every servant of any degree of intelligence, understands saying, his master is not at home, not at all as the affirmation of a fact, but as customary words, intimating that his master wishes not to be seen; so that there can be no bad effect from it." So says the *man of the world*; and so say almost *all* the men of the world, and women too. But, even they will admit that the opinion of Johnson is of more weight, on a question of morals, than that of *Boswell*; and I beg leave to add that of another powerful minded and pious man. Scott, the editor of the Bible, says, in a note to the fourth chapter of Judges, "A very criminal deviation from simplicity and godliness is become customary amongst professed Christians. I mean the instructing and requiring servants to *prevaricate* (to word it no more harshly,) in order that their masters may be preserved from the inconvenience of unwelcome visitants. And it should be considered whether they who require their servants to disregard the truth, for their pleasure, will not teach them an evil lesson, and habituate them to use falsehood for their own pleasure also." When I first wrote on this subject, I was not aware that writers of such eminence as those from whom I

inculcated. Johnson was known to be so rigidly attentive to it, that, even in his common conversation, the slightest circumstance was mentioned with exact precision. The knowledge of his having such a principle and habit made his friends have a perfect reliance on the truth of **EVERY THING THAT HE TOLD**, however it might have been **DOUBTED**, if told by **OTHERS**.

"What a bribe and a reward does this anecdote hold out to us to be accurate in relation ! for, of all *privileges*, that of being considered as a person on whose veracity and accuracy every one can implicitly rely, is perhaps the most valuable to a social being." Vol. iii. p. 450.

"Next morning while we were at breakfast," observes the amusing biographer, "Johnson gave a very earnest recommendation of what he himself practised with the utmost conscientiousness ;" I mean, a strict regard to truth, even in the most minute particulars. 'Accustom your children,' said he, 'constantly to this. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say, that it happened at another, do not let it pass ; but instantly check them ; *you don't know where deviation from truth will end.*' Our lively hostess, whose fancy was impatient of the rein, fidgetted at this, and ventured to say, 'this is too much. If Mr Johnson should forbid me to drink tea, I would comply ; as I should feel the restraint only twice a day ; but little variations in narrative must happen a thousand times a day, if one is not perpetually watching.'—Johnson. 'Well, madam ; and you *ought to be perpetually watching.* It is more from *carelessness about truth*, than from *intentional lying*, that there is so much falsehood in the world.' "

"Johnson inculcated upon all his friends the importance of perpetual vigilance against the slightest degree of

now quote had written respecting this *Lie of Convenience* ; but it is most gratifying to me to find the truth of my humble opinion confirmed by such men as Johnson, Scott, and Chalmers.

I know not who wrote a very amusing and humorous book, called "Thinks I to myself;" but this subject is admirably treated there, and with effective ridicule, as, indeed, is worldly insincerity in general.

falsehood ; the effect of which, as Sir Joshua Reynolds observed to me, has been that all who were of his *school* are distinguished for a love of truth and accuracy, which they would not have possessed in the same degree, if they had not been acquainted with Johnson.”*

“ We talked of the casuistical question,” says Boswell, vol. iv. 334, “ whether it was allowable at any time to depart from truth.”—Johnson. ‘ The general rule is, that truth should never be violated ; because it is of the utmost importance to the comfort of life that we should have a full security by mutual faith ; and occasional inconveniences should be willingly suffered, that we may preserve it. I deny,’ he observed further on, ‘ the lawfulness of telling a lie to a sick man, for fear of alarming him. *You have no business with consequences ; you are to tell the truth.*’ ”

Leaving what the great moralist himself added on this subject, because it is not necessary for my purpose, I shall do Boswell the justice to insert the following testimony, which he himself bears to the importance of truth.

“ I cannot help thinking that there is much weight in the opinion of those who have held that truth, as an eternal and immutable principle, is never to be violated for supposed, previous, or superior obligations, of which, every man being led to judge for himself, there is great danger that we too often, from partial motives, persuade ourselves that they exist ; and, probably, whatever extraordinary instances may sometimes occur, where some evil may be prevented by violating this noble principle, it would be found that human happiness would, *upon the whole*, be more perfect, were truth universally preserved.”

But, however just are the above observations, they are inferior in pithiness, and practical power, to the following few words, extracted from another of Johnson’s sentences. “ All truth is not of equal importance ; but, if *little vio-*

* However Boswell’s self-flattery might blind him, what he says relative to the harmlessness of servants denying their masters, makes him an exception to this general rule.

lations be allowed, every violation will, in time be thought little."

The following quotation is from the 96th number of the Rambler. It is the introduction to an Allegory, called Truth, Falsehood, and Fiction; but, as I think his didactic is here superior to his narrative, I shall content myself with giving the first.

"It is reported of the Persians, by an ancient writer, that the sum of their education consisted in teaching youth to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak truth. The bow and the horse were easily mastered; but it would have been happy if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what preservations a Persian mind was secured against the temptations of falsehood.

"There are indeed, in the present corruptions of mankind, many incitements to forsake truth; the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of imposing on the ignorance or credulity of others, so frequently occur; so many immediate evils are to be avoided, and so many present gratifications obtained by craft and delusion; that very few of those who are much entangled in life, have spirit and constancy sufficient to support them in the steady practice of open veracity. In order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependant by interest, and the friend by tenderness. Those who are neither servile nor timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and, while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness, will dispose to pay them."

There cannot be a stronger picture given of the difficulties attendant on speaking the strict truth; and I own I feel it to be a difficulty which it requires the highest of motives to enable us to overcome. Still, as the old proverb says, "where there is a will, there is a way;" and if that will be derived from the only right source,

the only effective motive, I am well convinced, that all obstacles to the utterance of spontaneous truth would at length vanish, and that falsehood would become as rare as it is contemptible and pernicious.

The contemporary of Johnson and Hawkesworth, Lord Kames, comes next on my list of moral writers, who have treated on the subject of truth; but I am not able to give more than a short extract from his *Sketches of the History of Man*; a work which had no small reputation in its day, and was in every one's hand, till eclipsed by the depth and brilliancy of modern Scotch philosophers.

He says, p. 169, in his 7th section, with respect to veracity in particular, "man is so constituted that he must be indebted to information for the knowledge of most things that benefit or hurt him; and if he could not depend on information, society would be very little benefited. Further, it is wisely ordered, that we should be bound by the moral sense to speak truth, even where we perceive no harm in transgressing that duty, *because it is sufficient that harm may come, though not foreseen; at the same time, falsehood always does mischief.* It may happen not to injure us externally in our reputation, or goods; but it never fails to injure us internally; the sweetest and most refined pleasure of society is a candid intercourse of sentiments, of opinion, of desires, and wishes; and it would be poisonous to indulge any falsehood in such an intercourse."

My next extracts are from two celebrated divines of the Church of England, Bishop Beveridge, and Archdeacon Paley. The Bishop, in his "*Private Thoughts*," thus heads one of his sections (which he denominates resolutions;—)

RESOLUTION III.—*I am resolved, by the grace of God, always to make my tongue and heart go together, so as never to speak with the one, what I do not think with the other.*

"As my happiness consisteth in nearness and vicinity, so doth my holiness in likeness and conformity, to the

chiefest good. I am so much the better, as I am the liker the best ; and so much the holier, as I am more conformable to the holiest, or rather to him who is holiness itself. Now, one great title which the Most High is pleased to give himself, and by which he is pleased to reveal himself to us, is the God of truth ; so that I shall be so much the liker to the God of Truth, by how much I am the more constant to the truth of God. And, the farther I deviate from this, the nearer I approach to the nature of the devil, who is the father of lies, and liars too ; John viii. 44. And therefore to avoid the scandal and reproach, as well as the dangerous malignity, of this damnable sin, I am resolved, by the blessing of God, always to tune my tongue in unison to my heart, so as never to speak any thing, but what I think really to be true. So that, if ever I speak what is not true it shall not be the error of my will, but of my understanding.

“ I know, lies are commonly distinguished into officious, pernicious, and jocose ; and some may fancy some of them *more tolerable than others*. But, for my own part, I think they are *all* pernicious ; and therefore, not to be jested withal, nor indulged, *upon any pretence or color whatsoever*. Not as if it was a sin, not to speak exactly as a thing is in itself, or as it seems to me in its literal meaning, without some liberty granted to rhetorical tropes and figures ; [for so, the Scripture itself would be chargeable with lies ; many things being contained in it which are not true in a literal sense.] But, I must so use *rhetorical*, as not to abuse my *Christian* liberty ; and therefore, never to make use of hyperboles, ironies, or other tropes and figures, to deceive or impose upon my auditors, but only for the better adorning, illustrating, or confirming the matter.

“ I am resolved never to promise any thing with my mouth, but what I intend to perform in my heart ; and never to intend to perform any thing, but what I am sure I can perform. For, though I may intend to do as I say now, yet there are a thousand weighty things that inter-

vene, which may turn the balance of my intentions, or otherwise hinder the performance of my promise."

I come now to an extract from Dr Paley, the justly celebrated author of the work entitled "Moral Philosophy."

"A lie is a breach of promise; for whosoever seriously addresses his discourse to another, tacitly promises to speak the truth, because he knows that the truth is expected. Or the obligation of veracity may be made out from the direct ill consequences of lying to social happiness; which consequences consist, either in some specific injury to particular individuals, or in the destruction of that confidence which is essential to the intercourse of human life; for which latter reason a lie may be pernicious in its general tendency; and therefore, criminal, though it produce no particular or visible mischief to any one. There are falsehoods which are not lies; that is, which are not criminal, as where no one is deceived; which is the case in parables, fables, jests, tales to create mirth, ludicrous embellishments of a story, where the declared design of the speaker is not to inform but to divert; *compliments in the subscription of a letter; a servant's denying his master; a prisoner's pleading not guilty; an advocate asserting the justice, or his belief in the justice, of his client's cause. In such instances no confidence is destroyed, because none was reposed; no promise to speak the truth is violated, because none was given or understood to be given.*

"In the first place, it is almost impossible to pronounce beforehand with certainty, concerning any lie, that it is inoffensive, *volat irrevocable*, and collects oft-times reactions in its flight, which entirely changes its nature. It may owe, possibly, its mischief to the officiousness or misrepresentation of those who circulate it; but the mischief is, nevertheless, in some degree chargeable upon the original editor. In the next place, this liberty in conversation defeats its own end. Much of the pleasure, and all the benefit, of conversation depend upon our opinion of the speaker's veracity, for which this rule

leaves no foundation. The faith, indeed, of a hearer must be extremely perplexed, who considers the speaker, or believes that the speaker considers himself, as under no obligation to *adhere to truth*, but according to the *particular importance of what he relates*. But, beside and above both these reasons, *white lies* always introduce others of a darker complexion. I have seldom known any one who deserted *truth in trifles* that could be *trusted in matters of importance*.*

"Nice distinctions are out of the question upon occasions which, like those of speech, return every hour. The habit, therefore, when once formed, is easily extended to serve the designs of malice or interest; like all habits, it spreads indeed of itself.

"As there may be falsehoods which are not lies, so there are many lies without literal or direct falsehood. An opening is always left for this species of prevarication, when the literal and grammatical signification of a sentence is different from the popular and customary meaning. It is the wilful deceit that makes the lie; and we wilfully deceive when our expressions are not true in the sense in which we believe the hearer apprehends them. Besides, it is absurd to contend for any sense of words, in opposition to usage, and upon nothing else;—or a man may *act* a lie,—as by pointing his finger in a wrong direction, when a traveller inquires of him his road;—or when a tradesman shuts up his windows, to induce his creditors to believe that he is abroad; for, to all moral purpose, and therefore as to veracity, speech and action are the same;—speech being only a mode of action. Or, lastly, there may be lies of omission. A writer on English history, who, in his account of the reign of Charles the 1st, should wilfully suppress any evidence of that Prince's despotic measures and designs, might be said to lie; for, by entitling his book a History of

* How contrary is the spirit of this wise observation, and the following ones, to that which Paley manifests in his toleration of servants being taught to deny their masters!

England, he engages to relate the whole truth of the history, or, at least, all he knows of it."

I feel entire unity of sentiment with Paley on all that he has advanced in these extracts, except in those passages which are printed in *Italic*; but Chalmers and Scott have given a complete refutation to his opinion on the innocence of a servant's denying his master, in the extracts given in a *preceding* chapter; and it will be ably refuted in some succeeding extracts. But, eloquent and convincing as Paley generally is, it is not from his Moral Philosophy that he derives his purest reputation. He has long been considered as lax, negligent, and inconclusive, on many points, as a moral philosopher.

It was when he came forward as a Christian warrior against infidelity, that he brought his best powers into the field; and his name will live for ever as the author of *Evidences of Christianity*, and the *Horæ Paulinæ*.* I shall now avail myself of the assistance of a powerful and eloquent writer of more modern date, William Godwin, with whom I have entire correspondence of opinion on the subject of spontaneous truth, though, on some other subjects, I decidedly differ from him. "It was further proposed," says he, "to consider the value of truth in a practical view, as it relates to the incidents and commerce of ordinary life, under which form it is known by the denominations of sincerity.

"The powerful recommendations attendant on sincerity are obvious. It is intimately connected with the general dissemination of *innocence*, energy, intellectual improvement, and philanthropy. Did every man impose this law upon himself; did he regard himself as not authorized to conceal any part of his character and conduct; this circumstance alone would prevent millions of actions from being perpetrated, in which we are now induced to en-

* I heard the venerable bishop of — say that when he gave Dr Paley some very valuable preferment, he addressed him thus; "I give you this, Dr Paley, not for your Moral Philosophy, nor for your Natural Theology, but for your *Evidences of Christianity*, and your *Horæ Paulinæ*."

gage, by the prospect of success and impunity." "There is a further benefit that would result to me from the habit of telling every man the truth, regardless of the dictates of worldly prudence and custom; I should acquire a clear, ingenuous, and unembarrassed air. According to the established modes of society, whenever I have a circumstance to state which would require some effort of mind and discrimination, to enable me to do it justice, and state it with proper effect, I fly from the task, and take refuge in silence and equivocation."

"But the principle which forbade me concealment would keep my mind for ever awake, and for ever warm. I should always be obliged to exert my attention, lest in pretending to tell the truth, I should tell it in so imperfect and mangled a way, as to produce the effect of falsehood. If I spoke to a man of my own faults, or those of his neighbor, I should be anxious not to suffer them to come distorted or exaggerated to his mind, or permit what at first was fact, to degenerate into *satire*. If I spoke to him of the errors he had himself committed, I should carefully avoid those inconsiderate expressions which might convert what was in itself beneficent, into offence, and my thoughts would be full of that kindness and generous concern for his welfare which such a task necessarily brings with it. The effects of sincerity upon others would be similar to its effects on him that practised it. Plain dealing, truth spoken with kindness, but spoken with sincerity, is the most wholesome of all disciplines." . . . "The only species of sincerity which can, in any degree, prove satisfactory to the enlightened moralist and politician, is that where frankness is perfect, and every degree of reserve is discarded."

"Nor is there any danger that such a character should degenerate into ruggedness and brutality.

"Sincerity, upon the principles on which it is here recommended, is practised from a consciousness of *its utility*, and from sentiments of philanthropy.

"It will communicate frankness to the voice, fervor to the gesture, and kindness to the heart.

"The duty of sincerity is one of those general principles which reflection and experience have enjoined upon us as conducive to the happiness of mankind.

"Sincerity and plain dealing are eminently conducive to the interests of mankind at large, because they afford that ground of confidence and reasonable expectation which are essential to wisdom and virtue."

I feel it difficult to forbear giving further extracts from this very interesting and well-argued part of the work from which I quote; but the limits necessary for my own book forbid me to indulge myself in copious quotations from this. I must, however, give two further extracts from the conclusion of this chapter. "No man can be eminently either respectable, or amiable, or useful, who is not distinguished for the frankness and candor of his manners He that is not conspicuously sincere, either very little partakes of the passion of doing good, or is pitifully ignorant of the means by which the objects of true benevolence are to be effected." The writer proceeds to discuss the mode of *excluding visitors*, and it is done in so powerful a manner, that I must avail myself of the aid which it affords me.

"Let us then, according to the well-known axiom of **MORALITY**, put ourselves in the place of that man upon whom is imposed this ungracious task. Is there any of us that would be contented to perform it in person, and to say that our father and brother was not at home, when they were really in the house? Should we not feel ourselves contaminated by the **PLEBEIAN LIE**? Can we thus be justified in requiring that from another which we should shrink from as an act of dishonor in ourselves?" I must here beg leave to state that, generally speaking, masters and mistresses only command their servants to tell a lie which they would be very willing to *tell themselves*. I have heard wives deny their husbands, husbands their wives, children their parents, and parents their children, with as much unblushing effrontery as if there were no such thing as truth, or its obligations; but I respect his question on this subject, envy him his ignorance, and admire his epithet **PLEBEIAN LIE**.

But then, I think that *all* lies are plebeian. Was it not a king of France, a captive in his kingdom, who said, (with an honorable consciousness, that a sovereign is entitled to set a high example to his people,) "if honor be driven from every other spot, it should always inhabit the breast of kings!" and if truth be banished from every other description of persons, it ought more especially to be found on the lips of those whom rank and fortune have placed above the reach of strong temptation to falsehood.

But, while I think that, however exalted be the rank of the person who utters a lie, that person suffers by his deceit a worse than plebeian degradation, I also assert, that the humblest plebeian, who is known to be incapable of falsehood, and to utter, on all occasions, spontaneous truth, is raised far above the mendacious patrician in the scale of real respectability; and in comparison, the plebeian becomes patrician, and the patrician plebeian.

I shall conclude my references, with extracts from two modern Scotch philosophers of considerable and deserved reputation, Dr Reid, and Dr Thomas Browne.*

"Without fidelity and trust, there can be no human society. There never was a society even of savages, nay, even of robbers and pirates, in which there was not a great degree of veracity and fidelity amongst themselves. Every man thinks himself injured and ill-used when he is imposed upon. Every man takes it as a reproach when falsehood is imputed to him. There are the clearest evidences that all men disapprove of falsehood, when their judgment is not biassed." *Reid's Essays on the Power of the Human Mind*, chap. vi. "On the nature of a Contract."

"The next duty of which we have to treat, is that of veracity, which relates to the knowledge or belief of others, as capable of being affected by the meanings, true

* This latter gentleman, with whom I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted, has, by his early death, left a chasm in the world of literature, and in the domestic circle in which he moved, which cannot easily be filled up.

or false, which our words or our conduct may convey ; and consists in the faithful conformity of our language, or of our conduct, when it is intended tacitly to supply the place of language to the truth which we profess to deliver ; or, at least, to that which is at the time believed by us to be true. So much of the happiness of social life is derived from the use of language, and so profitless would the mere power of language be, but for the truth which dictates it, that the abuse of the confidence which is placed in our declarations may not merely be in the highest degree injurious to the individual deceived, but would tend, if general, to throw back the whole race of mankind into that barbarism from which they have emerged, and ascended through still purer air, and still brighter sunshine, to that noble height which they have reached. It is not wonderful, therefore, that veracity, so important to the happiness of all, and yet subject to so many temptations of personal interest in the violation of it, should, in all nations, have had a high place assigned to it among the virtues."—*Dr Thomas Browne's Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. iv. p. 225.

It may be asked why I have taken the trouble to quote from so many authors, in order to prove what no one ever doubted ; namely, the importance and necessity of speaking the truth, and the meanness and mischief of uttering falsehood. But I have added authority to authority, in order renewedly to force on the attention of my readers that not one of these writers mentions any allowed exception to the general rule, that truth is always to be spoken ; no *mental reservation* is pointed out as permitted on *special occasions* ; no individual is authorized to be the judge of right or wrong in his own case, and to set his own opinion of the propriety and necessity of lying, in particular instances, against the positive precept to abstain from lying ; an injunction which is so commonly enforced in the page of the moralist, that it becomes a sort of imperative command. Still, in spite of the universally acknowledged conviction of mankind, that truth is virtue, and falsehood vice, I scarcely know an individual

who does not occasionally shrink from acting up to his conviction on this point, and is not, at times, irresistibly impelled to qualify that conviction, by saying, that on "ALMOST all occasions the truth is to be spoken, and never to be withheld." Or they may, perhaps, quote the well known proverb, that "truth is not to be spoken at all times." But the *real* meaning of that proverb appears to me to be simply this; that we are never *officiously* or *gratuitously* to utter offensive truths; not that truth, when required, is ever to be *withheld*. The principle of truth is an immutable principle, or it is of no use as a guard, nor safe as the foundation of morals. A moral law on which it is dangerous to act to the uttermost, is, however admirable, no better than Harlequin's horse, which *was* the very best and finest of all horses, and worthy of the admiration of the whole world; but, unfortunately, the horse *was* DEAD; and if the law to tell the truth inviolably, is not to be strictly adhered to, without any regard to consequences, it is, however admirable, as useless as the merits of Harlequin's dead horse. King Theodoric, when advised by his courtiers to debase the coin, declared, "that nothing which bore his image should ever lie." Happy would it be for the interests of society, if, having as much proper self-respect as this good monarch had, we could resolve never to allow our looks or words to bear any impress, but that of the *strict truth*; and were as reluctant to give a false impression of ourselves, in any way, as to circulate light sovereigns and forged bank notes. Oh! that the day may come when it shall be thought as dishonorable to commit the slightest breach of veracity, as to pass counterfeit shillings; and when both shall be deemed equally detrimental to the safety and prosperity of the community.

I intend in a future work to make some observations on several *collateral descendants* from the large family of lies. Such as INACCURACY IN RELATION; PROMISE-BREAKING; ENGAGEMENT BREAKING, and WANT OF PUNCTUALITY. Perhaps PROCRASTINATION comes in a degree under the head of lying; at least procrastinators lie to

themselves ; they say " I will do so and so tomorrow," and as they believe their own assertions, they are guilty of self-deception, the most dangerous of all deceptions. But those who are enabled by constant watchfulness never to deceive others, will at last learn never to deceive *themselves* ; for truth being their constant aim in all their dealings, they will not shrink from that most effective of all means to acquire it, SELF-EXAMINATION.

CHAPTER XV.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE EXTRACTS FROM HAWKESWORTH AND OTHERS.

In the preceding chapter, I have given various extracts from authors who have written on the subject of truth, and borne their testimony to the necessity of a strict adherence to it on all occasions, if individuals wish not only to be safe and respectable themselves, but to establish the interests of society on a sure foundation ; but, before I proceed to other comments on this important subject, I shall make observations on some of the above mentioned extracts.

Dr Hawkesworth says, " that the liar, and only the liar, is universally despised, abandoned, and disowned." But is this the fact? Inconvenient, dangerous, and disagreeable, though it be, to associate with those on whose veracity we cannot depend ; yet which of us has ever known himself, or others, refuse intercourse with persons who habitually violate the truth? We dismiss the servant indeed, whose habit of lying offends us, and we cease to employ the menial, or the tradesman ; but when did we ever hesitate to associate with the liar of rank and opulence? When was our moral sense so delicate as to make us refuse to eat of the costly food, and reject the favor or services of any one, because the lips of the obliger were stained with falsehood, and the conversation with

guile? *Surely*, this writer overrates the delicacy of moral feeling in society, or we, of these latter days, have fearfully degenerated from our ancestors.

He also says, "that the imputation of a lie, is an insult for which life only can atone." And amongst men of worldly honor, duel is undoubtedly the result of the lie given, and received. Consequently, the interests of truth are placed under the secure guardianship of fear on great occasions. But, it is not so on daily, and more common ones, and the man who would thus fatally resent the imputation of falsehood, does not even reprove the lie of convenience in his wife or children, nor refrain from being guilty of it himself; he will often, perhaps, be the bearer of a lie to excuse them from keeping a disagreeable engagement; and will not scruple to make lying apologies for some negligence of his own. But, is Dr Hawkesworth right in saying that offenders like *these* are shunned and despised? Certainly not; nor are they even *self-reprobated*, nor would they be censured by others, if their falsehood were detected. Yet, are they not liars? and is the lie, imputed to them (in resentment of which imputation they were willing to risk their life, and the life of another,) a greater breach of the *moral law*, than the little lies which they are so willing to tell? and who, that is known to tell lies on trivial occasions, has a right to resent the imputation of lying on great ones? Whatever flattering unction we may lay to our souls, there is only one wrong and one right; and I repeat, that, as those servants who pilfer grocery only are with justice called thieves, because they have thereby shown that the principle of honesty is not in them,—so may the utterers of little lies be with justice called liars, because they equally show that they are strangers to the restraining and immutable principles of truth.

Hawkesworth says, "that indirect lies more effectually destroy mutual confidence, that band of society, than any others;" and I fully agree with him in his idea of the "great turpitude, and greater meanness, of those forms of speech, which deceive without direct falsehood;" but

I cannot agree with him, that these deviations from truth are "*universally infamous*;" on the contrary, they are even scarcely reckoned a fault at all; their very frequency prevents them from being censured, and they are often considered both necessary and justifiable.

In that touching and useful tale by which Hawkesworth illustrates the pernicious effect of *indirect*, as well as direct lies, "a lie put into the mouth of a chairman, and another lie, accompanied by WITHHOLDING OF THE WHOLE TRUTH, are the occasion of duel and of death."

And what were these lies, direct and indirect, active and passive? Simply these. The bearer of a note is desired to *say* that he comes from a *milliner*, when, in reality, he comes from a lady in the neighborhood; and one of the principal actors in the story leaves word that he is gone to a coffee-house, when, in point of fact, he is gone to a friend's house. That friend, on being questioned by him, *withholds*, or conceals part of the truth, meaning to *deceive*; the wife of the questioner *does the same*, and thus, though both are innocent even in thought, of any thing offensive to the strictest propriety, they become involved in the fatal consequences of imputed guilt, from which a disclosure of the whole truth would at once have preserved them.

Now, I would ask if there be any thing *more common* in the daily affairs of life, than those *very lies* and dissimulations which I have selected?

Who has not given, or heard given, this order, "do not say where you come from;" and often accompanied by "if you are asked, say you do not know, or you come from *such* a place." Who does not frequently conceal where they have been; and while they own to the questioner that they have been to such a place, and seen such a person, *keep back* the information that they *have been* to *another* place, and seen *another person*, though they are very conscious that the two latter were the *real* objects of the *inquiry* made?

Some may reply, "yes; I do these things every day perhaps, and so does every one; and where is the harm

of it? You cannot be so absurd as to believe that such innocent lies, and a concealment such as I have a *right* to indulge in, will certainly be visited by consequences like those imagined by a writer of fiction?"

I answer, no; but though I cannot be *sure* that *fatal* consequences will be the result of that IMPOSSIBLE thing, an INNOCENT LIE, some consequences attend on *all* deviations from truth, which it were better to avoid. In the first place, the lying order given to a servant, or *inferior*, not only lowers the standard of truth in the mind of the person so commanded, but it *lowers* the person who *GIVES* it; it weakens that *salutary respect* with which the lower orders regard the higher; servants and inferiors are shrewd observers; and those domestics who detect a laxity of morals in their employers, and find that they do not hold truth sacred, but are ready to teach others to lie for their service, deprive themselves of their best claim to respect and obedience from them, that of a deep conviction of their MORAL SUPERIORITY. And they who discover in their intimate friends and associates a systematic habit, an assumed and exercised right of telling only as *much of the truth as suits their inclinations and purposes*, must feel their confidence in them most painfully destroyed; and listen, in future, to their disclosures and communications with unavoidable suspicion, and degrading distrust.

The account given by Boswell of the regard paid by Dr Johnson to truth on all occasions, furnishes us with a still better shield against deviations from it, than can be afforded even by the best and most *moral fiction*. For, as Longinus was said "to be himself the great sublime he draws," so Johnson was himself the great example of the benefit of those precepts which he lays down for the edification of others; and what is still more useful and valuable to us, he proves that however difficult it may be to speak the truth, and to be accurate on all occasions, it is certainly *possible*; for, as Johnson could do it, why cannot others? It requires not his force of intellect to enable us to follow his example; all that is necessary is

a knowledge of right and wrong, a reverence for truth, and an abhorrence of deceit.

Such was Johnson's *known* habit* of telling the truth, than even improbable things were believed, if *he* narrated them ! Such was the respect for truth which his practice of it excited, and such the beneficial influence of his example, that all his intimate companions "were distinguished for a love of truth and an accuracy" *derived* from association with him.

I can never read this account of our great moralist, without feeling my heart glow with EMULATION and TRIUMPH ! With emulation, because I know that it must be my own fault, if I become not as habitually the votary of truth as he himself was ; and with triumph, because it is a complete refutation of the commonplace arguments against enforcing the necessity of spontaneous truth, that it is *absolutely impossible* ; and that, *if possible*, what would be gained by it ?

What would be gained by it ? Society at large would, in the end, gain a degree of safety and purity far beyond what it has hitherto known ; and, in the meanwhile, the individuals who speak truth would obtain a prize worthy the highest aspirations of earthly ambition,—the constant and involuntary confidence and reverence of their fellow-creatures.

The consciousness of truth and ingenuousness gives a radiance to the countenance, a freedom to the play of the lips, a persuasion to the voice, and a graceful dignity to the person, which no other quality of mind can equally bestow. And who is not able to recollect the direct contrast to this picture exhibited by the conscious utterer of falsehood and disingenuousness ? Who has not observed the downcast eye, the snapping restless eyelid, the changing color, and the hoarse, impeded voice, which sometimes contradict what the hesitating lip utters, and stamp, on the positive assertion, the undoubted evidence of deceit and insincerity ?

Those who make up the usual mass of society are, when tempted to its common dissimulations, like little

boats on the ocean, which are continually forced to shift sail, and row away from danger ; or, if obliged to await it, are necessitated; from want of power, to get on one side of the billow, instead of directly meeting it. While the firm votaries of truth, when exposed to the temptations of falsehood, proceed undaunted along the direct course, like the majestic vessel, coming boldly and directly on, breasting the waves in conscious security, and inspiring confidence in all whose well-being is entrusted to them. Is it not a delightful sensation to feel and to inspire confidence ? Is it not delightful to know, when we lie down at night, that, however darkness may envelope us, the sun will undoubtedly rise again, and chase away the gloom ? True, he may rise in clouds, and his usual splendor may not shine out upon us during the whole diurnal revolution ; still we know that though there be not sunshine, there will be light, and we betake ourselves to our couch, confiding in the assurances of past experience, that day will succeed to night, and light to darkness. But, is it not equally delightful to feel this cheering confidence in the moral system of the circle in which we move ? And can any thing inspire it so much as the constant habit of truth in those with whom we live ? To know that we have friends on whom we can always rely for honest counsel, ingenuous reproof, and sincere sympathy,—to whom we can look with never doubting confidence in the night of our soul's despondency, knowing that they will rise on us like the cheering, never failing light of day, speaking unwelcome truths perhaps, but speaking them with tenderness and discretion,—is, surely, one of the dearest comforts which this world can give. It is the most precious of the earthly staffs, permitted to support us as we go, trembling, short sighted, and weary pilgrims, along the chequered path of human existence.

And is it not an ambition worthy of thinking and responsible beings, to endeavor to qualify ourselves, and those whom we love, to be such friends as these ? And if habits of unblemished truth will bestow this qualification, were it not wise to labor hard in order to attain them,

undaunted by difficulty, undeterred by the sneers of worldlings, who cannot believe in the possibility of that moral excellence which they feel themselves unable to obtain?

To you, O ye parents and preceptors ! I particularly address myself. Guard your own lips from "speaking leasing," that the quickly discerning child or servant, may not, in self-defence, set the force of your example against that of your precepts. If each individual family would seriously resolve to avoid every species of falsehood themselves, whether authorized by custom or not, and would visit every deviation from truth, in those accused, with punishment and disgrace, the example would unceasingly spread ; for, even now, wherever the beauty of truth is seen, its influence is immediately felt, and its value acknowledged. Individual efforts, however humble, if firm and repeated, must be ultimately successful, as the feeble mouse in the fable was, at last, enabled, by its perseverance, to gnaw the cords asunder which held the mighty lion. Difficult, I own, would such general purification be ; but what is impossible to zeal and enterprise ?

Hercules, as fabulous but instructive story tells us, when he was required to perform the apparently impossible task of cleansing the Augean stables, exerted all his strength, and turned the course of a river through them to effect his purpose, proving by his success, that nothing is impossible to perseverance and exertion ; and however long the duration, and wide-spreading the pollutions of falsehood and dissimulation in the world, there is a river, which, if suffered to flow over their impurities, is powerful enough to wash away every stain, since it flows from the " FOUNTAIN OF EVER-LIVING WATERS."

CHAPTER XVI.

RELIGION THE ONLY BASIS OF TRUTH.

ALL the moralists from whom I have quoted, and those on whom I have commented in the preceding chapters, have treated the subject of truth, as moralists only: They do not lay it down as an indisputable fact, that truth, as a principle of action, is obligatory on us all, in enjoined obedience to the clear dictates of revealed religion. Therefore, they have kept out of sight the strongest motives to abhor lying, and cleave unto truth, OBEDIENCE TO THE DIVINE WILL; yet, as necessary as were the shield and the buckler to the ancient warriors, is the "breastplate of faith" to the cause of spontaneous truth. It has been asserted that morality might exist in all its power and purity, were there no such thing as religion, since it is conducive to the earthly interests and happiness of man. But, are moral motives sufficient to protect us in times of particular temptations? There appears to me the same difference between morality, unprotected by religious motives, and morality derived from them, as between the palace of ice, famous in Russian story, and a castle built of ever during stone; perfect to the eye, and, as if formed to last for ever was the building of frost-work, ornamented and lighted up for the pleasure of the sovereign; but, it melted away before the power of natural and artificial warmth, and was quickly resolved to the element from which it sprung. But the castle formed of stones joined together by a strong and enduring cement, is proof against all assailment; and, even though it may be occasionally shattered by the enemies, it still towers in its grandeur, indestructible, though impaired. In like manner, unassailable and perfect, in appearance, may be the virtue of the mere moralist; but when assailed by the warmth of the passions on one side, and by different enemies on the other, his virtue, like the palace of ice, is likely to melt away, and be as though it had not been. But, the virtue

of the truly religious man, even though it may on occasion be slightly shaken, is yet proof against any important injury; and remains, spite of temptation and danger, in its original purity and power. The moral man *may*, therefore, utter spontaneous truth; but the *religious* man *must*; for he remembers the following precepts, which amongst others he has learned from the scriptures; and knows that to speak lies is displeasing to the GOD OF TRUTH.

In the 6th chapter of Leviticus, the Lord threatens the man "Who lies to his neighbor, and who deceives his neighbor." Again he says, "Ye shall not deal falsely, neither lie to one another." We read in the Psalms that "the Lord will destroy those who speak leasing." He is said to be angry with the wicked every day, who have conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood. "He that worketh deceit," says the Psalmist, "shall not dwell within my house—he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight." The Saviour, in the 8th chapter of John, calls the devil "a liar, and the father of lies." Paul, in the 3d chapter of Colossians, says, "Lie not one to another!" Prov. vi. 19, "The Lord hates a false witness that speaketh lies." Prov. ix. "And he that speaketh lies shall perish." Prov. xix. 22, "A poor man is better than a liar." James iii. 14, "Lie not against the truth." Isaiah xvii. "The Lord shall sweep away the refuge of lies." Prov. xviii. "Let the lying lips be put to silence." Psalm cxix. 29, "Remove from me the way of lying." Psalm lxiii. 11, "The mouth that speaketh lies shall be stopped." The fate of Gehazi, in the 5th chapter of the second book of Kings, who lied to the prophet Elisha, and went out of his presence "a leper whiter than snow;" and the judgment on Ananias and Sapphira, in the 5th chapter of Acts, on the former for WITHHOLDING THE TRUTH, INTENDING TO DECEIVE, and on the latter for telling a DIRECT LIE, are awful proofs how hateful falsehood is in the sight of the Almighty; and, that though the seasons of his immediate judgments may be past, his vengeance against every species of falsehood is tremendously certain.

But though, as I have stated more than once, all persons, even those who are most negligent of truth, exclaim continually against lying; and liars cannot forgive the slightest imputation against their veracity, still, few are willing to admit that telling lies of courtesy, or convenience, is lying; or that the occasional violator of truth, for what are called innocent purposes, ought to be considered as a liar; and *thence* the universal falsehood which prevails. And, surely, that moral precept which every one claims a right to violate, according to his wants and wishes, loses its restraining power, and is, as I have before observed, for all its original purposes, wholly annihilated.

But, as that person has no right to resent being called a sloven who goes about in a stained garment, though that stain be a single one; so that being who allows himself to indulge in any one species of lie, cannot declare with justice that he deserves not the name of a liar. The general voice and tenor of Scripture say "lie not at all."

This may appear a command very difficult to obey, but he who gave it, has given us a still more appalling one; "be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." Yet, surely, he would never have given a command impossible for us to fulfil. However, be that as it may, we are to try to fulfil it. The drawing-master who would form a pupil to excellence, does not set incorrect copies before him, but the most perfect models of immortal art; and that tyro who is awed into doing nothing by the perfection of his model, is not more weak than those who persevere in the practice of lying by the seeming *impossibility* of constantly telling the truth. The pupil may never be able to copy the model set before him, because his aids are only human and earthly ones. But,

He who has said that "as our day our strength shall be;" He whose ear is open to the softest cry; He whom the royal Psalmist called upon to deliver him from those "whose mouth speaketh vanity, and whose right hand is a right hand of falsehood;"—This pure, this powerful, this perfect Being, still lives to listen to the supplications

of all who trust *in him* ; and will, in the hour of temptation to utter falsehood and deceit, strengthen them out of Zion.

In all other times of danger the believer supplicates the Lord to grant him force to resist temptation ; but, whoever thinks of supplicating him to be enabled to resist daily temptation to what is called little, or *white lying* ? Yet, has the Lord revealed to us what species of lying he tolerates, and what he reproves ? Does he tell us that we may tell the lie of courtesy and convenience, but avoid all others ? The lying of Ananias was only the passive lie of concealing that he had kept back part of *his own property*, yet he was punished with instant death ! The only safety is in believing, or remembering, that all lying and insincerity whatever, is rebellion against the revealed will of the great God of Truth ; and they who so believe, or remember, are prepared for the strongest attacks of the soul's adversary, "that devil, who is the father of lies ;" for their weapons are derived from the armory of heaven ; their steps are guided by light from the sanctuary, and the cleansing river by which they are enabled to drive away all the pollutions of falsehood and deceit, is that pure river of "the water of life, flowing from the throne of God, and of the Lamb."

I trust, that I have not in any of the preceding pages underrated the difficulty of always speaking the truth ;— I have only *denied* that it was *impossible* to do so, and I have pointed out the only means by which the possibility of resisting the temptation to utter falsehood might be secured to us on all occasions ; namely, religious motives derived from obedience to the will of God.

Still, in order to prove how well aware I am of the difficulty in question, I shall venture to bring forward some distinguished instances on record of holy men, who were led by the fear of death and other motives to lie against their consciences ; thereby exhibiting beyond a doubt, the difficulty of a constant adherence to the practice of sincerity. But they also prove that the real christian must be miserable under a consciousness of having

violated the truth, and that to escape from the most poignant of all pangs, the pangs of self-reproach, the delinquents in question sought for refuge from their remorse, by courting that very death which they had endeavored to escape from, by being guilty of falsehood. They at the same time furnish convincing proofs that it is in the power of the sincere penitent to retrace his steps, and be reinstated in the height of virtue whence he has fallen, if he will humble himself before the great Being whom he has offended, and call upon Him who can alone save to the uttermost."

My first three examples are taken from the martyred reformers, who were guilty of the most awful species of lying, in signing recantations of their opinions, even when their belief in them remained unchanged; but who, as I have before observed, were compelled by the power of that word of God written on the depth of the secret heart, to repent with agonizing bitterness of their apostasy from truth, and to make a public reparation for their short lived error, by a death of patient suffering, and even of rejoicing.

JEROME OF PRAGUE comes first upon the list. He was born at the close of the thirteenth century; and in the year 1415, after having spent his youth in the pursuit of knowledge at the greatest Universities in Europe,—namely, those of Prague, Paris, Heidelberg, and Cologne,—we find him visiting Oxford, at which place he became acquainted with the works of Wickliffe; and at his return to Prague he not only professed himself an open favorer of the doctrines of that celebrated reformer; but, finding that John Huss was at the head of Wickliffe's party in Bohemia, he attached himself immediately to that powerful leader. It were unnecessary for me to follow him through the whole of his polemical career, as it is the close of it only which is fitted for my purpose; suffice, that having been brought before the Council of Constance, in the year 1415, to answer for what they deemed his heresies, a thousand voices called out, even after his first examination, "away with him! burn him!

burn him ! burn him !” On which, little doubting that his power and virtuous resistance could ever fail him in time of need, Jerome replied, looking round on the assembly with dignity and confidence, “ Since nothing can satisfy you but my blood, God’s will done ! ”

Severities of a most uncommon nature were now inflicted on him, in order to constrain him to recant, a point of which the council were excessively desirous. So rigorous was his confinement, that at length it brought upon him a dangerous illness, in the course of which he entreated to have a confessor sent to him ; but he was given to understand, that only on certain terms would this indulgence be granted ; notwithstanding, he remained immovable. The next attempt on his faithfulness was after the martyrdom of Huss ; when all its affecting and appalling details were made known to him, he listened, however, without emotion, and answered in language so resolute and determined, that they had certainly no hope of his *sudden* conversion. But, whether, too confident in his own strength, he neglected to seek, as he had hitherto done, that only strength “ which cometh from above,” it is certain that his constancy at length gave way. “ He withstood,” says Gilpin, in his *Lives of the Reformers*, “ the simple fear of death ; but imprisonment, chains, hunger, sickness, and torture, through a succession of months, was more than human nature could bear ; and though he still made a noble stand for the truth, when brought three times before the infuriated council, he began at last to waver, and to talk obscurely of his having misunderstood the tendency of some of the writings of Huss. Promises and threats were now redoubled upon him, till, at last, he read aloud an ample recantation of all the opinions that he had recently entertained, and declared himself in every article a firm believer with the church of Rome.”

But with a heavy heart he retired from the council ; chains were removed from his body, but his mind was corroded by chains of his conscience, and his soul was burthened with a load, till then unknown to it. Hitherto,

the light of an approving conscience had cheered the gloom of his dungeon, but now all was dark to him both without and within.

But in this night of his moral despair, the day spring from on high was again permitted to visit him, and the penitent was once more enabled to seek assistance from his God. Jerome had long been apprized that he was to be brought to a second trial, upon some new evidence which had appeared ; and this was his only consolation in the midst of his painful penitence. At length the moment so ardently desired by him arrived ; and, rejoicing at an opportunity of publicly retracting his errors, and deploring his unworthy falsehood, he eagerly obeyed the summons to appear before the council in the year 1416. There after delivering an oration, which was, it is said, a model of pathetic eloquence, he ended by declaring before the whole assembly, "that, though the fear of death, and the prevalence of human infirmity, had induced him to retract those opinions with his lips which had drawn on him the anger and vengeance of the council, yet they were *then* and *still* the opinions near and dear to his heart, and that he solemnly declared they were opinions in which he alone believed, and for which he was ready, and even glad to die." "It was expected," says Poggé the Florentine, who was present at his examination, "that he would have retracted his errors ; or, at least, have apologized for them ; but he plainly declared that he had nothing to retract." After launching forth into the most eloquent encomiums on Huss, declaring him to be a wise and holy man, and lamenting his unjust and cruel death, he avowed that he had armed himself with a firm resolution to follow the steps of that blessed martyr, and suffer with constancy whatever the malice of his enemies should inflict ; and he was mercifully enabled to keep his resolution.

When brought to the stake, and when the wood was beginning to blaze, he sang a hymn, which he continued with great fervency, till the fury of the fire scorching him, he was heard to cry out, "O Lord God ! have

mercy on me ! ” and a little afterwards, “ thou knowest,” he cried, “ how I have loved thy truth ; ” and he continued to exhibit a spectacle of intense suffering, made bearable by as intense devotion, till the vital spark was in mercy permitted to expire ; and the contrite, but then triumphant spirit was allowed to return unto the God who gave it.

THOMAS BILNEY, the next on my list, “ was brought up from a child (says Fox, in his Acts and Monuments) in the University of Cambridge, profiting in all kind of liberal sciences, even unto the profession of both laws. But, at last, having gotten a better school master, even the Holy Spirit of Christ enduing his heart by privie inspiration with the knowledge of better and more wholesome things, he came unto this point, that forsaking the knowledge of man’s lawes he converted his studie to those things which tended more unto godlinesse, than gainfulnesse. At the last, Bilney forsaking the universitie went into many places teaching and preaching, being associate with Thomas Arthur, which accompanied him from the universitie. The authorite of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinall of York, at that time was greate in England, but his temper and pride much greater, which did evidently declare unto all wise men the manifest vanitie, not only of his life, but also of all the Bishops and clergie ; whereupon, Bilney with other good men, marvelling at the incredible insolence of the clergie, which they could no longer suffer or abide, began to shake and reprove this excessive pompe, and also to pluck at the authority of the Bishop of Rome.”

It therefore became necessary that the cardinal should rouse himself and look about him. A chapter being held at Westminster for the occasion, Thomas Bilney with, his friends, Thomas Arthur and Hugh Latimer, were brought before them. Gilpin says, “ that, as Bilney was considered as the Heresiarch, the rigor of the court was chiefly levelled against him. The principal persons at this time concerned in Ecclesiastical affaires besides Cardinal Wolsey, were Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Tun-

boats on the ocean, which are continually forced to shift sail, and row away from danger ; or, if obliged to await it, are necessitated; from want of power, to get on one side of the billow, instead of directly meeting it. While the firm votaries of truth, when exposed to the temptations of falsehood, proceed undaunted along the direct course, like the majestic vessel, coming boldly and directly on, breasting the waves in conscious security, and inspiring confidence in all whose well-being is entrusted to them. Is it not a delightful sensation to feel and to inspire confidence ? Is it not delightful to know, when we lie down at night, that, however darkness may envelope us, the sun will undoubtedly rise again, and chase away the gloom ? True, he may rise in clouds, and his usual splendor may not shine out upon us during the whole diurnal revolution ; still we know that though there be not sunshine, there will be light, and we betake ourselves to our couch, confiding in the assurances of past experience, that day will succeed to night, and light to darkness. But, is it not equally delightful to feel this cheering confidence in the moral system of the circle in which we move ? And can any thing inspire it so much as the constant habit of truth in those with whom we live ? To know that we have friends on whom we can always rely for honest counsel, ingenuous reproof, and sincere sympathy,—to whom we can look with never doubting confidence in the night of our soul's despondency, knowing that they will rise on us like the cheering, never failing light of day, speaking unwelcome truths perhaps, but speaking them with tenderness and discretion,—is, surely, one of the dearest comforts which this world can give. It is the most precious of the earthly staffs, permitted to support us as we go, trembling, short sighted, and weary pilgrims, along the chequered path of human existence.

And is it not an ambition worthy of thinking and responsible beings, to endeavor to qualify ourselves, and those whom we love, to be such friends as these ? And if habits of unblemished truth will bestow this qualification, were it not wise to labor hard in order to attain them,

undaunted by difficulty, undeterred by the sneers of worldlings, who cannot believe in the possibility of that moral excellence which they feel themselves unable to obtain?

To you, O ye parents and preceptors ! I particularly address myself. Guard your own lips from "speaking leasing," that the quickly discerning child or servant, may not, in self-defence, set the force of your example against that of your precepts. If each individual family would seriously resolve to avoid every species of falsehood themselves, whether authorized by custom or not, and would visit every deviation from truth, in those accused, with punishment and disgrace, the example would unceasingly spread ; for, even now, wherever the beauty of truth is seen, its influence is immediately felt, and its value acknowledged. Individual efforts, however humble, if firm and repeated, must be ultimately successful, as the feeble mouse in the fable was, at last, enabled, by its perseverance, to gnaw the cords asunder which held the mighty lion. Difficult, I own, would such general purification be ; but what is impossible to zeal and enterprise ?

Hercules, as fabulous but instructive story tells us, when he was required to perform the apparently impossible task of cleansing the Augean stables, exerted all his strength, and turned the course of a river through them to effect his purpose, proving by his success, that nothing is impossible to perseverance and exertion ; and however long the duration, and wide-spreading the pollutions of falsehood and dissimulation in the world, there is a river, which, if suffered to flow over their impurities, is powerful enough to wash away every stain, since it flows from the "FOUNTAIN OF EVER-LIVING WATERS."

There can be no doubt but that his friends again interposed to shake his resolution ; but that Being who had lent a gracious ear to the cry of his penitence and his agony, "girded up his loins for the fight," and enabled him to sacrifice every human affection at the foot of the cross, and strengthened him to take up that cross, and bear it, unfainting to the end. He therefore broke from all his Cambridge ties, and set out for Norfolk, the place of his nativity, and which, for that reason, he chose to make the place of his death.

When he arrived there, he preached openly in the fields, confessing his fault, and preaching publicly that doctrine which he had before abjured, to be the **VERY TRUTH**, and willed all men to beware by him, and never to trust to their *fleshly friends in causes of religion* ; and so setting forward in his journey towards the celestial Jerusalem, he departed from thence to the Anchresse in Norwich, (whom he had converted to Christ) and there gave her a New Testament of Tindall's translation, and "the obedience of a christian man ;" whereupon he was apprehended, and carried to prison.

Nixe, (the blind Bishop Nixe, as Fox calls him) the then Bishop of Norwich, was a man of a fierce, inquisitorial spirit, and he lost no time in sending up for a writ to burn him.

In the meanwhile, great pains were taken by divers religious persons to re-convert him to what his assailants believed to be the truth ; but he having "planted himself upon the firm rocke of God's word, was at a point, and so continued to the end."

While Bilney lay in the county gaol, waiting the arrival of the writ for his execution, he entirely recovered from that melancholy which had so long oppressed him ; and "like an honest man who had long lived under a difficult debt, he began to resume his spirits when he thought himself in a situation to discharge it."—*Gilpin's Lives of the Reformers*, p. 358.

"Some of his friends found him taking a hearty supper the night before his execution, and expressing

their surprise, he told them he was but doing what they had daily examples of in common life ; he was only keeping his cottage in repair while he continued to inhabit it." The same composure ran through his whole behavior, and his conversation was more agreeable that evening than they had ever remembered it to be.

Some of his friends put him in mind "that though the fire which he should suffer the next day should be of great heat unto his body, yet the comfort of God's Spirit should coole it to his everlasting refreshing." At this word the said Thomas Bilney putting his hand toward the flame of the candle burning before them, (as he also did divers times besides,) and feeling the heat thereof, "Oh!" said he, "I feel by experience, and have knowne it long by philosophie, that fire by God's ordinance is naturally hot, but yet I am persuaded by God's holy word, and by the experience of some spoken of in the same, that in the flame they felt no heate, and in the fire they felt no consumption; and I constantly believe that, howsoever the stubble of this my bodie shall be wasted by it, yet my soule and spirit shall be purged thereby; a paine for the time, whereon, notwithstanding, followeth joy unspeakable." He then dwelt much upon a passage in Isaiah. "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, and called thee by thy name. Thou art mine own; when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; when thou walkest in the fire, it shall not burn thee, and the flame shall not kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel."

"He was led to the place of execution* without the citie gate, called Bishop's gate, in a low valley, com-

* "In the Lollard's pit, I find that many persons of a sect, known by the name of Lollards, in the city of Norwich, were thrown, after being burnt, in the year 1424, and for many years afterwards; and thence it was called the *Lollard's pit*; and the following account of the meaning of the term Lollard may not be unacceptable. Soon after the commencement of the 14th century, the famous sect of the Cellite brethren and sisters arose at Antwerp; they were also styled the Alexian brethren and sisters, because St Alexius was their patron; and they were named Cellites, from the cells in which they were

monly called the Lollard's pit, under Saint Leonard's hill. At the coming forth of the said Thomas Bilney out of the prison doore, one of his friends came to him, and prayed him, in God's behalf, to be constant, and take his death as patiently as he could. Whereunto the said Bilney answered with a quiet and mild counte-

accustomed to live. As the clergy of this age took little care of the sick and the dying, and deserted such as were infected with those pestilential disorders which were then very frequent, some compassionate and pious persons at Antwerp formed themselves into a society for the performance of those religious offices which the sacerdotal orders so shamefully neglected. In the prosecution of this agreement, they visited and comforted the sick, assisted the dying with their prayers and exhortations, took care of the interment of those who were cut off by the plague, and on that account forsaken by the terrified clergy, and committed them to the grave with a *solemn funeral dirge*. It was with reference to this last office that the common people gave them the name of *Lollards*. The term Lollhard, or Lullhard, or as the ancient Germans wrote it, Lollert, Lullert, is compounded of the old German word lullen, lollan, lallen, and the well-known termination of hard, with which many of the old High Dutch words end. Lollen, or Lullen, signifies to sing with a low voice. It is yet used in the same sense among the English, who say *lulla sleep*, which signifies to sing any one into a slumber with a sweet indistinct voice.

"Lollhard, therefore, is a singer, or one who frequently sings. For, as the word *beggen*, which universally signifies to request any thing fervently, is applied to devotional requests, or prayers, so the word *lollen* or *lallen* as transferred from a common to a sacred song, and signifies, in its most limited sense, to sing a hymn. Lollhard, therefore, in the vulgar tongue of the ancient Germans, denotes a person who is continually praising God with a song, or singing hymns to his honor.

"And as prayers and hymns are regarded as an external sign of piety towards God, those who were more frequently employed in singing hymns of praise to God than others, were, in the common popular language, called Lollhards."

"But the priests, and monks, being inveterately exasperated against these good men, endeavored to persuade the people that innocent and beneficent as the Lollhards appeared to be, they were tainted with the most pernicious sentiments of a religious kind, and secretly addicted to all sorts of vices; hence the name of Lollard at length became infamous. Thus, by degrees it came to pass, that any person who covered heresies, or crimes, under the appearance of piety, was called a Lollard, so that this was not a name to denote any one particular sect, but was formerly common to all persons, and all sects, who were supposed to be guilty of impiety towards God, and the church, under an external profession of extraordinary piety."—*Mac-lane's Eccles. History*, p. 355—356.

nance, 'ye see when the mariner is entered his ship to saile on the troublous sea, how he is for a while tossed in the billows of the same, but yet in hope that he shall come to the quiet haven, he beareth in better comfort the perils which he feeleth; so am I now toward this sayling; and whatsoever stormes I shall feele, yet shortly after shall my ship be in the haven, as I doubt not thereof, by the grace of God, desiring you to helpe me with your prayers to the same effect."

While he kneeled upon a little ledge coming out of the stake, upon which he was afterwards to stand, that he might be better seen, he made his private prayers with such earnest elevation of his eyes and hands to heaven, "and in so good quiet behavior, that he seemed not much to consider the terror of his death," ending his prayer with the 43d Psalm, in which he repeated this verse thrice, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord! for in thy sight shall no man living be justified;" and so finishing the Psalm, he concluded. "Nor did that God in whom he trusted forsake him in the hour of his need; while the flames raged around him, he held up his hands, and knocked upon his breast, crying 'Jesus,' and sometimes 'Credo,' till he gave up the ghost, and his body being withered, bowed downward upon the chaine, 'while triumphing over death, (to use the words of the poet laureate) 'he rendered up his soul in the fulness of faith, and entered into his reward.'"

"So exemplary," says Bloomfield, in his History of Norwich, "was Bilney's life and conversation, that when Nixe, his persecutor, was constantly told how holy and upright he was, he said he feared that he had burnt *Abel*."

I have recently visited the Lollard's pit; that spot where my interesting martyred countryman met his dreadful death. The top of the hill retains, probably, much the same appearance as it had when he perished at its foot; and, without any great exertion of fancy, it would have been easy for me to figure to myself the rest of the scene, could I have derived sufficient comfort

from the remembrance of the fortitude with which he bore his sufferings, to reconcile me to the contemplation of them. Still it is, I believe, salutary to visit the places hallowed in the memory, as marked by any exhibition of virtuous acts and sufferings endured for the sake of conscience. To the scaffold, and to the stake, on account of their religious opinions, it is humbly to be hoped that Christians will never again be brought. But all persecution, on the score of religion, is, in a degree, an infliction of martyrdom on the mind and on the heart. It matters not that we forbear to kill the body of the Christian, if we afflict the soul by aught of a persecuting spirit.

Yet does not our daily experience testify, that, there is nothing which calls forth petty persecutions, and the mean warfare of a detracting spirit, so much as any marked religious profession?

And while such a profession is assailed, by ridicule on the one hand, by distrust of its motives on the other; while it exposes the serious Christian, converted from the errors of former days, to the stigma of wild enthusiasm, or of religious hypocrisy; who shall say that the persecuting spirit of the Lauds, and the Bonners, is not still the spirit of the world? Who shall say to the tried and shrinking souls of those who, on account of their having made a religious profession, are thus calumniated, and thus judged, the time of martyrdom is over, and we live in mild, and liberal, and truly Christian days?

Such were the thoughts uppermost in my mind, while I stood, perhaps on the very spot where Bilney suffered, and where Bilney died; and though I rejoiced to see that the harmless employment of the lime-burner had succeeded to the frightful burning of the human form, I could not but sigh as I turned away, while I remembered that so much of an intolerant, uncandid spirit still prevailed amongst professed Christians, and, that the practice of persecution still existed, though applied in a very different manner. I could not but think, that many of the present generation might do well to visit scenes thus

fraught with the recollection of martyrdom. If it be true that "our love of freedom would burn brighter on the plains of Marathon," and that our devotion "must glow more warmly amidst the ruins of Ionia, sure am I that the places where the martyrs for conscience' sake have passed through the portals of fire and agony to their God, must assist in bestowing on us power to endure with fortitude the mental martyrdom which may, unexpectedly, become our portion in life; and by recalling the sufferings of others, we may, meekly bowing to the hand that afflicts us for good, be in time enabled to bear, and even to love, our own.

The last, and third, on my list, is **THOMAS CRANMER**, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was promoted to that see by the favor of Henry the Eighth, and degraded from it in consequence of his heretical opinions, by virtue of an order from the sovereign pontiff, in the reign of Queen Mary. "The ceremony of his degradation," says Gilpin, which took place at Oxford, "was performed by Thirlby, Bishop of Ely, a man recently converted, it should seem, to catholicism; who, in Cranmer's better days, had been honored with his particular friendship, and owed him many obligations.

As this man, therefore, had long been so much attached to the Archbishop, it was thought proper by his new friends, that he should give an extraordinary test of his zeal; for this reason the ceremony of his degradation was committed to him. He had undertaken, however, too hard a task. The mild benevolence of the primate, which shone forth with great dignity, though he stood in mock grandeur of canvass robes, struck the old apostate to the heart. All the past came throbbing to his breast, and a few repentant tears began to trickle down the furrows of his aged cheek. The Archbishop gently exhorted him not to suffer his private to overpower his public affections. At length, one by one, the canvass trappings were taken off, amidst the taunts and exultations of Bonner, bishop of London, who was present at the ceremony.

Thus degraded, he was attired in a plain freize gown,

the common habit of a yeoman at that period, and had what was then called a townsman's cap put upon his head. In this garb he was carried back to prison, Bonner crying after him, "He is now no longer my Lord ! he is now no longer my Lord !" — *Gilpin's Lives of the Reformers.*

I know not what were Cranmer's feelings at these expressions of mean exultation from the contemptible Bonner ; but, I trust that he treated them, and the ceremony of degradation at the time, with the indifference which they merited. Perhaps, too, he might utter within himself, this serious and important truth, that none of us can ever be truly *degraded*, but by *ourselves alone* ; and this moment of his external humiliation was, in the eyes of all whose esteem was worth having, one of triumph and honor to the bereaved ecclesiastic. But what, alas ! were those which succeeded to it ? That period, and that alone, was the period of his real degradation, when, overcome by the flatteries and the kindness of his real and seeming friends, and subdued by the entertainments given him, the amusements offered him, and, allowed to indulge in the "lust of the eye, and the pride of life," he was induced to lend a willing ear to the proposal of being reinstated in his former dignity, on condition that he would conform to the present change of religion, and "gratify the queen by being wholly a catholic !"

The adversary of man lured Cranmer, as well as Billeney, by the unsuspected influence of mild and amiable feelings, rather than the instigations of fear ; and he who was armed to resist, to the utmost, the rage and malice of his enemies, was drawn aside from truth and duty by the suggestions of false friends.

After the confinement of a full year in the gloomy walls of a prison, his sudden return into social intercourse dissipated his firm resolves. That love of life returned, which he had hitherto conquered ; and when a paper was offered to him importing his assent to the tenets of popery, his better resolutions gave way, and in an evil hour he signed the fatal scroll !

Cranmer's recantation was received by the popish party with joy beyond expression ; but, as all they wanted was to blast the reputation of a man, whose talents, learning, and virtue, were of such great importance to the cause which he espoused, they had no sooner gained what they desired, than their thirst for his blood returned, and though he was kept in ignorance of the fate which awaited him, a warrant was ordered for his execution with all possible expedition.

But long before the certainty of his approaching fate was made known to him, the self-convicted culprit sighed for the joy and the serenity which usually attend the last days of a martyr for the truth which he loves.

Vainly did his friends throw over his faults the balm afforded by those healing words, "the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." In his own clear judgment he was fully convicted, while his days were passed in horror and remorse, and his nights in sleepless anguish.

To persevere in his recantation was an insupportable thought ; but, to retract it was scarcely within the verge of possibility ; but he was allowed an opportunity of doing so which he did not expect, and though death was the means of it, he felt thankful that it was afforded him, and deemed his life a sacrifice not to be regarded for the attainment of such an object.

When Dr Cole, one of the heads of the popish party, came to him on the twentieth of March, the evening preceding his intended execution, and insinuated to him his approaching fate, he spent the remaining part of the evening in drawing up a full confession of his apostacy, and of his bitter repentance, wishing to take the best opportunity to speak or publish it, which he supposed would be afforded him when he was carried to the stake ; but, beyond his expectation, a better was provided for him. It was intended that he should be conveyed immediately from his prison to the place of his execution, where a sermon was to be preached ; but, as the morning of the appointed day was wet and stormy, the ceremony was performed under cover.

About nine o'clock, the Lord Williams of Thame, attended by the magistrates of Oxford, received him at the prison gate, and conveyed him to St Mary's church, where he found a crowded audience awaiting him, and was conducted to an elevated place, in public view, opposite to the pulpit. If ever there was a broken and a contrite heart before God and man; if ever there was a person humbled in the very depths of his soul, from the consciousness of having committed sin, and of having deserved the extreme of earthly shame and earthly suffering; that man was Cranmer!

He is represented as standing against a pillar, pale as the stone against which he leaned. "It is doleful," says a popish, but impartial spectator, "to describe his behavior during the sermon, part of which was addressed to him; his sorrowful countenance; his heavy cheer, his face bedewed with tears; sometimes lifting up his eyes to heaven in hope; sometimes casting them down to the earth for shame. To be brief, he was an image of sorrow. The dolour of his heart burst out continually from his eyes in gushes of tears; yet he retained ever a quiet and grave behavior, which increased pity in men's hearts, who unfeignedly loved him, *hoping that it had been his repentance for his transgressions.*" And so it was; though not for what many considered his transgressions; but it was the deep contrition of a converted heart, and of a subdued and penitent soul, prepared by the depth of human degradation and humility, to rise on the wings of angels, and meet in another world its beloved and blessed Redeemer.

The preacher having concluded his sermon, turned round to the audience, and desired all who were present to join with him in silent prayers for the unhappy man before them. A solemn stillness ensued; every eye and heart were instantly lifted up to heaven. Some minutes having been passed in this affecting manner, the degraded primate, who had also fallen on his knees, arose in all the dignity of sorrow, accompanied by conscious penitence and Christian reliance, and thus addressed his audience.

"I had myself intended to desire your prayers. My desires have been anticipated, and I return you all that a dying man can give, my sincerest thanks. To your prayers for me let me add my own! Good Christian people!" continued he, "my dearly beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, I beseech you most heartily, to pray for me to Almighty God, that he will forgive me all my sins and offences, which are many, without number, and great beyond measure. But one thing grieveth my conscience more than all the rest; whereof, God willing, I mean to speak hereafter. But, how great and how many soever my sinnes be, I beseech you to pray God, of his mercy, to pardon and forgive them all." He then knelt down and offered up a prayer as full of pathos as of eloquence; then he took a paper from his bosom, and read it aloud, which was to the following effect.

"It is now, my brethren, no time to dissemble—I stand upon the verge of life—a vast eternity before me—what my fears are, or what my hopes, it matters not here to unfold. For one action of my life, at least, I am accountable to the world. My *late shameful subscription to opinions, which are wholly opposite to my real sentiments*. Before this congregation I solemnly declare, that the fear of death alone induced me to this ignominious action—that it hath cost me many bitter tears—that, in my heart, I totally reject the Pope, and doctrines of the church of Rome, and that"——

As he was continuing his speech, the whole assembly was in an uproar. "Stop the audacious heretic," cried Lord Williams of Thame. On which several priests and friars, rushing from different parts of the church, seized, or pulled him from his seat, dragged him into the street, and, with indecent precipitation, hurried him to the stake, which was already prepared.

As he stood with all the horrid apparatus of death around him, amidst taunts, revilings, and execrations, he alone maintained a dispassionate behavior. Having discharged his conscience, he seemed to feel, even in his awful circumstances, an inward satisfaction, to which he

had long been a stranger. His countenance was not fixed as before, in sorrow on the ground ; but he looked round him with eyes full of sweetness and benignity, as if at peace with all the world.

Who can contemplate the conduct of Cranmer, in the affecting scene that followed, without feeling a deep conviction of the intensity of his penitence for the degrading lie, of which he had been guilty ! and who can fail to think that Cranmer, in his proudest days, when the favorite, the friend, the counsellor of the king, and bearing the highest ecclesiastical rank in the country, was far inferior in real dignity and real consequence to Cranmer, when, prostrate in soul before his offended, yet pardoning God, but erect and fearless before his vindictive enemies, he thrust the hand, with which he had signed the lying scroll of recantations, into the fast rising flames, crying out, as he did so, "this hand hath offended ! this hand hath offended !"

It is soothing to reflect, that his sufferings were quickly over ; for, as the fire rose fiercely round him, he was involved in a thick smoke, and it was supposed that he died very soon.

"Surely," says the writer before quoted, "his death grieved every one ; his friends sorrowed for love ; his enemies for pity ; and strangers through humanity."

To us of these latter days, his crime and his penitence afford an awful warning, and an instructive example.

The former proves how vain are talents, learning, and even exalted virtues, to preserve us in the path of rectitude, unless we are watchful unto prayer, and unless, wisely distrustful of our own strength, we wholly and confidently lean upon "that rock, which is higher than we are." And the manner in which he was enabled to declare his penitence and contrition for his falsehood and apostacy, and to bear the tortures which attended on his dying hours, is a soothing and comforting evidence, that sinners, who prostrate themselves with contrite hearts before the throne of their God, and their Redeemer, "he

will in no wise cast out," but will know his Almighty arm to be round about them, "till death is swallowed up in victory."

It is with a degree of fearfulness and awe, that I take my fourth example from one who, relying too much on his own human strength, in his hour of human trial, was permitted to fall into the commission of human frailty, and to utter the most decided and ungrateful of falsehoods ; since he that thus erred was no less a person than the apostle Peter himself, who, by a thrice told lie, denied his Lord and Master ; but who, by his bitter tearful repentance, and by his subsequent faithfulness unto death, redeemed, in the eyes both of his Saviour and of men, his short-lived frailty, and proved himself worthy of that marked confidence in his active zeal, which was manifested by our great Redeemer, in his parting words.

The character of Peter affords us a warning, as well as an example, while the affectionate reproofs of the Saviour, together with the tender encouragement, and generous praise, which he bestowed upon him, prove to us, in a manner the most cheering and indisputable, how merciful are the dealings of the Almighty with his sinful creatures ; how ready he is to overlook our offences, and to dwell with complacency on our virtues ; and that "he willeth not the death of a sinner, but had rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live."

Self-confidence, and self-righteousness, proceeding perhaps from his belief in the superior depth and strength of his faith in Christ, seem to have been the besetting sins of Peter ; and that his faith was lively and sincere, is sufficiently evidenced by his unhesitating reply to the questions of his Lord ; "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God !" A reply so satisfactory to the great being whom he addressed, that he answered him, saying, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona ; for flesh and blood have not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in Heaven ; and I say unto thee, that thou art Peter ; and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

It seems as if Peter became, from this assurance, so confident in his own strength, that he neglected to follow his master's injunction, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation;" and therefore became an easy victim to the first temptation which beset him; for soon after, with surprising confidence in his own wisdom, we find him rebuking his Lord, and asserting, that the things which he prophesied concerning himself should not happen unto him. On which occasion, the Saviour says, addressing the adversary of Peter's soul, then powerful within him, "Get thee behind me, Satan! thou art an offence to me!" His want of implicit faith on this occasion was the more remarkable, because he had *just before* uttered that strong avowal of his confidence in Christ, to which I have already alluded.

In an early part of the history of the Gospel we read that Peter beholding the miraculous draught of fishes, fell on his knees, and exclaimed, in the fulness of surprise and admiration, and in the depth of conscious sinfulness and humility, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!"

On a subsequent occasion, ever eager as he was to give assurances of what he believed to be his undoubting faith, we find him saying to the Saviour, when he had removed the terror of his disciples at seeing him walking on the sea, by those cheering words, "'It is I, be not afraid!'"—'Lord! if it be thou, bid me come to thee on the water!'—And he walked on the water to come to Jesus; but, when he saw the wind boisterous, he *was again afraid*, and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, 'Lord, save me!' Immediately, Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, saying unto him, 'O thou of *little faith*, wherefore didst thou *doubt*?' " The first of these facts shows the great sensibility of his nature, and his exemplary aptitude to acknowledge and admire every proof of the power and goodness of his Redeemer; and the second is a further corroborating instance of his eager confidence in his own courage and belief, followed by its accustomed falling off in the hour of trial.

His unsubmitted and self-confident spirit shows itself again in his declarations, that Christ should not wash his feet ; as if he still set human wisdom against that of the Redeemer, till, subdued by the Saviour's reply, he exclaims, "not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."

The next instance of the mixed character of Peter, and of the solicitude which it excited in our Saviour, is exhibited by the following address to him, "'And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold ! Satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat ; but I have prayed for thee, (added the gracious Jesus,) that thy faith fail not ; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.' Peter replied, in the fulness of self-confidence, 'Lord, I am ready to go with thee into prison, and unto death !' And he said, 'I tell thee, Peter, that before the cock crows, thou shalt deny me thrice.'" It does not appear what visible effect this humiliating prophecy had on him to whom it was addressed, though Matthew says that he replied, "though I should die with thee, still I will not deny thee ;" but it is probable that, by drawing his sword openly in his defence, when they came out "with swords and with staves to take him," he hoped to convince his Lord of his fidelity. But this action was little better than one of mere physical courage, the result of sudden excitement at the time ; and was consistent with that want of moral courage, that most difficult courage of *all*, which led him, when the feelings of the moment had subsided, to deny his master, and to utter the degrading *lie of fear*. After he had thus sinned, the Lord turned and looked upon Peter ; and Peter remembered the words of the Lord, how he had said unto him, "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out, and wept bitterly."

It seems as if that self-confidence, that blind trusting in one's own strength, that tendency which we all have to believe, like Hazeal, that we can never fall into certain sins, and yield to certain temptations, was conquered, for a while, in the humbled, self-judged, and penitent

apostle. Perhaps the look of mild reproach which the Saviour gave him was long present to his view, and that, in moments of subsequent danger to this truth, those eyes seemed again to admonish him, and those holy lips to utter the salutary and saving precept, "watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Nevertheless, rendered too confident, probably, in his own unassisted strength, we find him sinning once more in the same way; namely, from *fear of man*; for, being convinced that the Mosaic law was no longer binding on the conscience, he ate and drank freely at Antioch with the Gentiles; but, when certain Jewish converts were sent to him from the apostle James, he separated from the Gentiles, lest he should incur the censure of the Jews; being thus guilty of a sort of *practical lie*, and setting those Jews, as it proved, a most pernicious example of dissimulation; for which disingenuous conduct, the apostle Paul publicly and justly reprovved him before the whole Church. But as there is no record of any reply given by Peter, it is probable that he bore the rebuke meekly; humbled, no doubt, in spirit, before the great Being whom he had again offended; and not only does it seem likely that he met this public humiliation with silent and christian forbearance, but, in his last Epistle, he speaks of Paul, "as his beloved brother," generously bearing his powerful testimony to the wisdom contained in his Epistles, and warning the hearers of Paul against rejecting aught in them which from want of learning, they may not understand, and "therefore wrest them, as the unlearned and unstable do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction."

The closing scene of this most interesting apostle's life, we have had no means of contemplating, though the Saviour's last affecting and pathetic address to him, in which he prophesies that he will die a martyr in his cause, makes one particularly desirous to procure details of it.

"So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?'

He saith unto him, 'Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.' He saith unto him, 'Feed my lambs !' He saith unto him again the second time, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' He saith unto him, 'Yea, Lord ! thou knowest that I love thee.' He saith unto him 'feed my sheep !' He saith unto him the third time, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? and he said unto him, 'Lord thou knowest that I love thee.' Jesus saith unto him, 'Feed my sheep. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdest thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldst ; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not.' This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God ; and when he had spoken this he saith unto him, follow me !"

"The case of Peter," says the pious and learned Scott, in his Notes to the Gospel of John, "required a more particular address than that of the other apostles, in order that both he and others might derive the greater benefit from his fall and his recovery. Our Lord, therefore, asked him by his original name, as if he had forfeited that of PETER by his instability, whether he loved him more than these. The latter clause might be interpreted of his employment and gains as a fisherman, and be considered as a demand whether he loved Jesus above his secular interests ; but Peter's answer determines us to another interpretation. He had before his fall, in effect, said that he loved his Lord more than the other disciples did ; for he had boasted that, though all men should forsake him, yet would not he. Jesus now asked him whether he would stand to this, and aver that he loved him more than the others did. To this he answered modestly by saying, 'thou knowest that I love thee,' without professing to love him more than the others. Our Lord therefore renewed his appointment to the ministerial and apostolical office ; at the same time commanding him to feed his lambs, or his *little lambs*, even the least of them, for the word is diminutive."

tive ; this intimated to him that his late experience of his own weakness ought to render him peculiarly condescending, complaisant, tender, and attentive to the meanest and feeblest believers. As Peter had *thrice* denied Christ, so he was pleased to repeat the same question a third time ; this grieved Peter, as it reminded him that he had given sufficient cause for being thus repeatedly questioned concerning the sincerity of his love to his Lord. Conscious, however, of his integrity, he more solemnly appealed to Christ, as knowing all things, even the secrets of his heart, that he knew he loved him with cordial affection, notwithstanding the inconsistency of his late behavior. Our Lord thus tacitly allowed the truth of his profession, and renewed his charge to him to feed his sheep."

"Peter," continues the commentator, "had earnestly professed his readiness to die with Christ, yet had shamefully failed when put to the trial ; but our Lord next assured him that he would at length be called on to perform that engagement, and signified the death by which he would, as a martyr for his truth, glorify God." No doubt that this information, however awful, was gratefully received by the devoted, ardent, though at times, the unstable, follower of his beloved master ; as it proved the Saviour's confidence in him, notwithstanding all his errors.

There was, indeed, an energy of character in Peter, which fitted him to be an apostle and a martyr. He was the questioning, the observing, the conversing disciple. The others were probably withheld by timidity from talking with their Lord, and putting frequent questions to him ; but Peter was the willing spokesman on all occasions ; and to him we owe that impressive lesson afforded us by the Saviour's reply, when asked by him how often he was to forgive an offending brother, "I say not unto thee until seven times, but unto seventy times seven."

But, whether we contemplate Peter as an example, or as a warning, in the early part of his religious career, it is cheering and instructive, indeed, to acquaint ourselves with him in his writings, when he approached the painful and awful close of it. When, having been enabled to

fight a good fight, in fulfilment of his blessed Lord's prayer, that "his faith might not fail;" and having been "converted himself," and having strengthened his brethren, he addressed his last awfully impressive Epistle to his Christian brethren, before he himself was summoned to that awful trial, after which he was to receive the end of "his faith," even "the salvation of his soul!" Who can read, without trembling awe, his eloquent description of the day of judgment; "that day," which, as he says, "will come like a thief in the night, in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; and the works that are therein shall be burned up," while he adds this impressive lesson, "seeing then that all things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" And who can contemplate, without affectionate admiration, the *undoubting* but *unfearing* certainty with which he speaks of his approaching death, as foretold by our Lord; "knowing," said he, "that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ has showed us!"

Soon after he had thus written, it is probable that he repaired to the expected scene of his suffering, and met his doom—met it, undoubtedly, as became one taught by experience to his own recurring weakness, admonished often by the remembrance of that eye, which had once beamed in mild reproof upon him; but which, I doubt not, he beheld in the hour of his last trial and dying agonies, fixed upon him with tender encouragement and approving love; while, in his closing ear, seemed once again to sound the welcome promise to the devoted follower of the cross, "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We, of these latter days, can see the founder of our religion only in the record of his word, and hear him only in his ever-enduring precepts; but, though we hear him not externally with our ears, he still speaks in the heart of us all, if we will but listen to his purifying voice;

and though the look of his reproachful eye can be beheld by us only with our mental vision, still, that eye is continually over us ; and when, like the apostle, we are tempted to feel too great security in our own strength, and to neglect to implore the assistance which cometh from above, let us recall the look which Jesus gave the offending Peter, and remember that the same eye, although unseen, is watching and regarding us still.

Oh ! could we ever lie, even upon what are called trifling occasions, if we once believed the certain, however disregarded *truth*, that the Lord takes cognisance of every species of falsehood, and that the eye, which looked the apostle into shame and agonizing contrition, beholds our lying lips with the same indignation with which it reproved him, reminding us that "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," and that *without* the city of life is "whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

I SHALL not give many individual instances of those whom even the fear of death has not been able to terrify into falsehood, because they were supported in their integrity by the fear of God ; but such facts are on record. The history of the primitive Christians contains many examples both of men and women whom neither threats nor bribes could induce for a moment to withhold or falsify the truth, or to conceal their newly embraced opinions, though certain that torture and death would be the consequence ; *fearless* and *determined* beings, who, though their rulers, averse to punish them, would gladly have allowed their change to pass unnoticed, persisted, like the prophet Daniel, openly to display the faith that

was in them, exclaiming at every interrogatory, and in the midst of tortures and of death, "we are Christians; we are Christians!" Some martyrs of more modern days, Catholics, as well as Protestants, have borne the same unshaken testimony to what they believed to be religious truth; but Latimer, more especially, was so famous among the latter, not only for the pureness of his life, but for the *sincerity* and goodness of his *evangelical doctrine*; (which, since the beginning of his preaching, had, in all points been conformable to the teaching of Christ and of his apostles,) that the very adversaries of God's truth, with all their menacing words and cruel imprisonment, could not withdraw him from it. But, whatsoever he had *once preached, he valiantly defended* the same before the world, *without fear of any mortal creature*, although of ever so great power and high authority; wishing and minding rather to suffer not only loss of worldly possessions, but of life, than that the glory of God, and the truth of Christ's Gospel should in any point be obscured or defaced through him." Thus this eminent person exhibited a striking contrast to that fear of man, which is the root of all lying, and all *dissimulation*; that mean, grovelling and pernicious fear, which every day is leading us either to disguise or withhold our real opinion; if not, to be absolutely guilty of uttering falsehood, and which induces us but too often, to remain silent, and ineffective, even when the oppressed and the insulted require us to speak in their defence, and when the cause of truth, and of righteousness, is injured by our silence. The early FRIENDS were exemplary instances of the power of faith to lift the Christian above all fear of man; and not only George Fox himself, but many of his humblest followers, were known to be persons "*who would rather have died than spoken a lie.*"

There was one female Friend amongst others, of the name of Mary Dyar, who, after undergoing some persecution for the sake of her religious tenets at Boston, in America, was led to the gallows between two young

men, condemned, like herself, to suffer for conscience' sake ; but, having seen them executed, she was reprieved, carried back to prison, and then, being discharged, was permitted to go to another part of the country ; but, apprehending it to be her duty to return to "the bloody town of Boston," she was summoned before the general court. On her appearance there, the governor, John Endicott, said, "Are you the same Mary Dyar that was here before ?" And it seems *he was preparing an evasion for her* ; there having been another of that name returned from Old England. But she was so far from disguising the truth, that she answered undauntedly, "I am the *same Mary Dyar that was here the last general court.*" The consequence was immediate imprisonment ; and soon after, death.

But the following narrative, which, like the preceding one, is recorded in Sewell's History of the people called Quakers, bears so directly on the point in question, that I am tempted to give it to my readers in all its details.

"About the fore part of this year, if I mistake not, there happened a case at Edmond's Bury, which I cannot well pass by in silence ; viz. a certain young woman was committed to prison for child murder. Whilst she was in jail, it is said, William Bennet, a prisoner for conscience' sake, came to her, and in discourse asked her whether, during the course of her life, she had not many times transgressed against her conscience ? and whether she had not often thereupon felt secret checks and inward reproofs, and been troubled in her mind because of the evil committed ; and this he did in such a convincing way, that she not only assented to what he laid before her, but his discourse so reached her heart, that she came clearly to see, that if she had not been so stubborn and disobedient to those inward reproofs, in all probability she would not have come to such a miserable fall as she now had ; for man, not desiring the knowledge of God's ways, and departing from him, is left helpless, and cannot keep himself from evil, though it may be such as formerly he would have abhorred in the highest

degree, and have said with Hazael, 'what ! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing ?' W. Bennet thus opening matters to her, did, by his wholesome admonition, so work upon her mind, that she, who never had conversed with the Quakers, and was altogether ignorant of their doctrine, now came to apprehend that it was the grace of God that brings salvation, which she so often had withstood, and that this grace had not yet quite forsaken her, but now made her sensible of the greatness of her transgression. This consideration wrought so powerfully, that, from a most grievous sinner, she became a true penitent ; and with hearty sorrow she cried unto the Lord, 'that it might please him not to hide his countenance.' And continuing in this state of humiliation and sincere repentance, and persevering in supplication, she felt, in time, ease ; and giving heed to the exhortations of the said Bennet, she obtained, at length, to a sure hope of forgiveness by the precious blood of the immaculate Lamb, who died for the sins of the world. Of this she gave manifest proofs at her trial before Judge Matthew Hale, who, having heard how penitent she was, would fain have spared her ; she being asked, according to the form, '*guilty or not guilty ?*' readily answered, '*guilty.*' This astonished the judge, and therefore he told her that she seemed not duly to consider what she said, since it could not well be believed that such a one as she, who, it may be, inconsiderately, and roughly handled her child, should have killed it '*wilfully and designedly.*' Here the judge opened a back door for her to avoid the punishment of death. But now the fear of God had got so much room in her heart, that no tampering would do ; no fig-leaves could serve her for a cover ; for she now knew that this would have been adding sin to sin, and to cover herself with a covering, but not of God's spirit ; and therefore she plainly signified to the court that indeed she had committed the mischievous act intendedly, thereby to hide her shame ; and that having sinned thus grievously, and being affected now with true repentance, she could by no means excuse her-

self, but was willing to undergo the punishment the law required; and, therefore, she could but acknowledge herself guilty, since otherwise how could she expect forgiveness from the Lord? This undisguised and free confession being spoken with a serious countenance, did so affect the judge that, tears trickling down his cheeks, he sorrowfully said, 'Woman! such a case as this I never met with before. Perhaps you, who are but young, and speak so piously, as being struck to the heart with repentance, might yet do much good in the world; but now you force me so that *ex officio*, I must pronounce sentence of death against you, since you will admit of no excuse.' Standing to what she had said, the judge pronounced the sentence of death; and when, afterward, she came to the place of execution, she made a pathetic speech to the people, exhorting the spectators, especially those of the young, 'to have the fear of God before their eyes; to give heed to his secret reproofs for evil, and so not to grieve and resist the good of the Lord, which she herself not having timely minded, it had made her run on in evil, and thus proceeding from wickedness to wickedness, it had brought her to this dismal exit. But, since she firmly trusted to God's infinite mercy, nay, surely believed her sins, though of a bloody dye, to be washed off by the pure blood of Christ, she could contentedly depart this life.' Thus she preached at the gallows the doctrine of the Quakers, and gave heart-melting proofs that her immortal soul was to enter into Paradise, as well as anciently that of the thief on the cross."

The preceding chapter contains three instances of martyrdom, undergone for the sake of religious truth, and attended with that animating publicity which is usual on such occasions, particularly when the sufferers are persons of a certain rank and eminence in society.

But, she who died, as narrated in the story given above, for the cause of *spontaneous* truth, and *willingly* resigned her life, rather than be guilty of a *lie* to save it, though that lie was considered by the law of the country,

and by the world at large, to be no lie at all ; this bright example of what a true and lively faith can do for us in an hour of strong temptation, was not only an humble, guilty woman, but a *nameless* one also. She was an obscure, friendless individual, whose name on earth seems to be no where recorded ; and probably, no strong interest was felt for her disastrous death, except by the preacher who converted her, and by the judge who condemned her. This afflicted person was also well aware that the courage with which she met her fate, and died rather than utter a falsehood, would not be cheered and honored by an anxious populace, or by the tearful farewells of mourning, but admiring friends ; she also knew that her honest avowal would brand her with the odious guilt of murdering her child, and yet she persevered in her adherence to the truth ! Therefore, I humbly trust that, however inferior she may appear, in the eyes of her fellow mortals, to martyrs of a loftier and more important description, this willing victim of what she thought her duty, offered as acceptable a sacrifice as theirs, in the eyes of her Judge and her Redeemer.

No doubt, as I before observed, the history of both public and private life may afford many more examples of equal reverence for truth, derived from religious motives ; but, as the foregoing instance was more immediately before me, I was induced to give it as an apt illustration of the precept which I wish to enforce.

The few, and not the many, are called upon to earn the honors of public martyrdom, and to shine like stars in the firmament of distant days ; and, in like manner, few of us are exposed to the danger of *telling* great and *wicked* falsehoods. But, as it is more difficult, perhaps, to bear with fortitude the little *daily* trials of life, than great calamities, because we summon up all our spiritual and moral strength to resist the latter, but often do not feel it to be a necessary duty to bear the former with meekness and resignation ; so is it more difficult to overcome and resist temptations to every day lying and deceit, than to falsehoods of a worse description ; since, while

these little lies often steal on us unawares, and take us unprepared, we know them to be so trivial, that they escape notice, and to be so *tolerated*, that even, if detected, they will not incur *reproof*. Still, I must again and again repeat the burden of my song, the *moral result*, which, however weakly I may have performed my task, I have labored incessantly, through the whole of my work, to draw, and to illustrate ; namely, that this little tolerated lying, as well as great and reprobated falsehood, is wholly inconsistent with the character of a serious Christian, and sinful in the eyes of the God of Truth ; that, in the daily recurring temptation to deceive, our only security is to lift up our soul, in secret supplication, to be preserved faithful in the hour of danger, and always to remember, without any *qualification* of the monitory words, that “ lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.”

CONCLUSION.

I SHALL now give a summary of the didactic part of these observations on lying, and the principles which, with much fearlessness and humility, I have ventured to lay down.

I have stated, that if there be no other true definition of lying than an intention to deceive, withholding the truth, with such an intention, partakes as much of the nature of falsehood as direct lies ; and that, therefore, lies are of two natures, active and passive ; or, in other words, direct and indirect.

That a PASSIVE LIE is equally as irreconcilable to moral principles as an active one.

That the LIES OF VANITY are of an active and passive nature ; and that, though we are tempted to be guilty of the former, our temptations to the latter are stronger still.

That many, who would shrink with moral disgust from committing the latter species of falsehood, are apt to re-

main silent when their vanity is gratified, without any overt act of deceit on their part ; and are contented to let the flattering representation remain uncontradicted.

That this disingenuous passiveness belongs to that common species of falsehood, *withholding the truth*.

That lying is a common vice, and the habit of it so insensibly acquired, that many persons violate the truth, without being conscious that it is a sin to do so, and even look on dexterity in *white lying*, as it is called, as a thing to be proud of ; but, that it were well to consider whether, if we allow ourselves liberty to lie on trivial occasions, we do not weaken our power to resist temptation to utter falsehoods which may be dangerous, in their results, to our own well being, and that of others.

That, if we allow ourselves to violate the truth, that is, deceive for any purpose whatever, who can say where this self-indulgence will submit to be bounded ?

That those who learn to resist the daily temptation to tell what are deemed trivial and innocent lies, will be better able to withstand allurements to serious and important deviations from truth.

That the LIES OF FLATTERY are, generally speaking, not only unprincipled, but offensive.

That there are few persons with whom it is so difficult to keep up the relations of peace and amity as flatterers by system and habit.

That the view taken by the flatterer of the penetration of the flattered is often erroneous. That the really intelligent are usually aware to how much praise and admiration they are entitled, be it encomium on their personal or mental qualifications.

That the LIE OF FEAR springs from the want of moral courage ; and that, as this defect is by no means confined to any class or age, the result of it, that fear of man, which prompts to the lie of fear, must be universal.

That some lies, which are thought to be LIES OF BENEVOLENCE, are not so in reality, but may be resolved into lies of fear, being occasioned by a dread of losing favor by speaking the truth, and not by real kindness of heart.

That the daily lying and deceit tolerated in society, and which are generally declared necessary to preserve good will, and avoid offence to the self-love of others, are the result of false, not real benevolence,—for that those, who practise it the most to their acquaintances when present, are only too apt to make detracting observations on them when they are out of sight.

That true benevolence would insure, not destroy, the existence of sincerity, as those who cultivate the benevolent affections always see the good qualities of their acquaintance in the strongest light, and throw their defects into shade; that, consequently, they need not shrink from speaking truth on all occasions. That the kindness which prompts to erroneous conduct cannot long continue to bear even a remote connexion with real benevolence; that *unprincipled benevolence* soon degenerates into *malevolence*.

That if those who possess good sense would use it as zealously to remove obstacles in the way of spontaneous truth, as they do to justify themselves in the practice of falsehood, the difficulty of always speaking the truth would in time vanish.

That the **LIE OF CONVENIENCE**—namely, the order to servants to say, “not at home,” that is, teaching them to lie for our convenience, is at the same time teaching them to lie for their own, whenever the temptation offers.

That those masters and mistresses who show their domestics, that they do not themselves value truth, and thus render the consciences of the latter callous to its requirings, forfeit their right, and lose their chance, of having servants worthy of confidence, degrade their own characters also in their opinions, and incur an awful guilt by endangering their servant’s well-being here, and hereafter.

That husbands who employ their wives, and wives their husbands, and that parents who employ their children to utter for them the lies of convenience, have no right to be angry, or surprised if their wedded or parental

confidence be afterwards painfully abused, since they have taught their families the habit of deceit, by encouraging them in the practice of what they call *innocent white lying*.

The LIES OF INTEREST are sometimes more excusable, and less offensive than others, but are disgusting when told by those whom conscious *independence* preserves from any strong temptation to violate truth.

That LIES OF FIRST RATE MALIGNITY, namely, lies intended wilfully to destroy the reputation of men and women, are less frequent than falsehoods of any other description, because the arm of the law defends reputations.

That, notwithstanding, there are many persons, worn both in body and mind by the consciousness of being the object of calumnies and suspicions which they have not power to combat, who steal broken hearted into their graves, thankful for the summons of death, and hoping to find refuge from the injustice of their fellow creatures in the bosom of their Saviour.

That against LIES OF SECOND RATE MALIGNITY the law holds out no protection.

That they spring from the spirit of detraction, and cannot be exceeded in base and petty treachery.

That LIES OF REAL BENEVOLENCE, though the most amiable and respectable of all lies, are, notwithstanding, objectionable, and ought not to be told.

That, to deceive the sick and the dying, is a dereliction of principle which not even benevolence can excuse; since, who shall venture to assert that a deliberate and wilful falsehood is justifiable?

That, withholding the truth with regard to the character of a servant, *alias*, the passive lie of benevolence, is a pernicious and reprehensible custom; that, if benevolent to the hired, it is malevolent to the hiring, and may be fatal to the person so favored.

That the masters and mistresses who thus perform what they call a benevolent action, at the expense of sincerity, often, no doubt, find their sin visited on their own

heads ; because, if servants know that, owing to the lax morality of their employers, their faults will not receive their proper punishment, that is, disclosure, when they are turned away,—one of the most powerful motives to behave well is removed, since those are not likely to abstain from sin, who are sure that they shall sin with impunity.

That it would be **REAL BENEVOLENCE** to tell, and not to withhold, the whole truth on such occasions ; because those who hire servants so erroneously befriended, may, from ignorance of their besetting sins, put temptations in their way to repeat their fault ; and may thereby expose them to incur, some day or other, the severest penalty of the law.

That it is wrong, however benevolently meant, to conceal the whole extent of a calamity from an afflicted person, not only because it shows a distrust of the wisdom of the Deity, and implies that he is not a fit judge of the proper degree of trial to be inflicted on his creatures, but because it is a *withholding of the truth with an intention to deceive*, and that such a practice is not only wrong, but *inexpedient* ; as we may thereby stand between the sufferer and the consolation which might have been afforded in some cases by the very nature and intensity of the blow inflicted ; and lastly, because such concealment is seldom ultimately successful, since the truth comes out, usually in the end, when the sufferer is not so well able to bear it.

That **LIES OF WANTONNESS**, are lies which are often told for no other motive than to show the utterer's total contempt for truth ; and that there is no hope for the amendment of such persons, since they thus sin from a depraved fondness for speaking, and inventing falsehood.

That dress affords good illustrations of **PRACTICAL LIES**.

That if false hair, false bloom, false eyebrows, and other artificial aids to the appearance, are so well contrived, that they seem palpably intended to pass for natural beauties, then do these aids of dress partake of the vicious nature of other lying.

That the ~~medical~~ man who desires his servant to call him out of church, or from a party, when he is not wanted, in order to give him the appearance of the great business which he has *not* ; and the author who makes his publisher put second and third edition before a work of which, perhaps even the *first* is not wholly sold, are also guilty of PRACTICAL LIES.

That the practical lies most fatal to others, are those acted by men who, when in the gulf of bankruptcy, launch out into increased splendour of living, in order to obtain further credit, by inducing an opinion that they are rich.

That another pernicious *practical* lie is acted by boys and girls at school, who employ their school-fellows to do exercises for them ; or who themselves do them for others ; that, by this means, children become acquainted with the practice of deceit as soon as they enter a public school ; and thus is counteracted the effect of those principles of spontaneous truth which they may have learnt at home.

That lying is mischievous and impolitic, because it destroys confidence, that best charm and only cement of society ; and that it is almost impossible to believe our acquaintances, or expect to be believed ourselves, when we or they have once been detected in falsehood.

That speaking the truth does not imply a necessity to wound the feelings of any one. That offensive, or home truths, should never be *volunteered*, though one lays it down as a principle, that truth must be spoken *when called for*.

That often the temporary wound given to us, on principle, to the self-love of others, may be attended with lasting benefit to them, and benevolence in reality be not wounded, but gratified ; since the truly benevolent can always find a balm for the wounds which duty obliges them to inflict.

That, were the utterance of spontaneous truth to become a general principle of action in society, no one would dare to put such questions concerning their de-

fects as I have enumerated ; therefore ~~the~~ difficulty of always speaking truth would be almost annihilated.

That those who, in the presence of their acquaintance, make mortifying observations on their personal defects, or wound their self-love in any other way, are **not** actuated by the love of truth, but that their sincerity is the result of *coarseness of mind*, and of the *mean wish to inflict pain*.

That all human beings are, in their closets, convinced of the importance of ~~truth~~ to the interests of society, though few, comparatively, think the practice binding on them, when acting in the busy scene of the world.

That we must wonder still less at the little shame attached to white lying, when we see it sanctioned in the highest assemblies in the kingdom.

That, in the heat of political debate, in either house of parliament, offence is given and received, and the unavoidable consequence is thought to be apology, or duel ; that the necessity of either is obviated only by **LYING**, the offender being at length induced to declare that by black he did not mean black, but white, and the offended says, "enough—I am satisfied."

That the supposed necessity of thus making apologies, in the language of falsehood, is much to be deplored ; and that the language of truth might be used with equal effect.

That, if the offender and offended were married men, the former might declare, that he would not, for any worldly consideration, run the risk of making his own wife a widow, and his own children fatherless, nor those of any other man ; and that he was also withheld by obedience to the divine command, "Thou shalt not kill."

That, though there might be many heroes present on such an occasion, whose heads were bowed down with the weight of their laurels, the man who could thus speak and act against the bloody custom of the world would be a greater hero, in the best sense of the word, as he would be made superior to the fear of man, by *fear of God*.

That some persons say, that they have lied so as to deceive, with an air of complacency, as if vain of their deceptive art, adding, "but it was only a white lie, you know;" as if, therefore, it was no lie at all.

That it is common to hear even the pious and the moral assert that deviation from truth, or a withholding of the truth, is *sometimes* absolutely necessary.

That persons who thus reason, if asked whether, while repeating the commandment, "thou shalt not steal," they may, nevertheless, pilfer in some small degree, would undoubtedly answer in the negative; yet, that white lying is as much an infringement of the moral law as little pilfering is of the commandment not to steal.

That I have thought it right to give extracts from many powerful writers, in corroboration of my own opinion on the subjects of lying.

That, if asked why I have taken so much trouble to prove what no one ever doubted, I reply, that I have done so in order to force on the attention of my readers that not one of these writers mentions any allowed exception to the general rule of truth; and it seems to be their opinion that no *mental reservation* is to be permitted on *special occasions*.

That the principle of truth is an *immutable principle*, or it is of no use as a guard to morals.

That it is earnestly to be hoped and desired, that the day may come, when it shall be as dishonorable to commit the slightest breach of veracity as to pass counterfeit shillings.

That Dr Hawkesworth is wrong in saying that the liar is universally abandoned and despised; for, although we dismiss the servant whose habit of lying offends us, we never refuse to associate with the liar of rank and opulence.

That, though, as he says, the imputation of a lie is an insult for which life only can atone, the man who would thus fatally resent it does not even reprove the *lie of convenience* in his wife or child, and is often guilty of it himself.

That the lying order given to a servant entails consequences of a mischievous nature ; that it lowers the standard of truth in the person who receives it, lowers the persons who gives it, and deprives the latter of their best claim to their servants' respect ; namely, a conviction of their MORAL SUPERIORITY.

That the account given, by Boswell, of Johnson's regard to truth, furnishes us with a better argument for it than is afforded by the best moral fictions.

That, if Johnson could always speak the truth, others can do the same ; as it does not require his force of intellect to enable us to be sincere.

That, if it be asked what would be gained by always speaking the truth ; I answer, that the individuals so speaking would acquire the involuntary confidence and reverence of their fellow creatures.

That the consciousness of truth and ingenuousness gives a radiance to the countenance, and a charm to the manner, which no other quality of mind can equally bestow.

That the contrast to this picture must be familiar to the memory of every one.

That it is a delightful sensation to feel and inspire confidence.

That it is delightful to know that we have friends on whom we can always rely for honest counsel and ingenuous reproof.

That it is an ambition worthy of thinking beings to endeavor to qualify ourselves, and those whom we love, to be such friends as these.

That if each individual family would resolve to avoid every species of falsehood, whether authorized by custom or not, the example would soon spread.

That nothing is impossible to zeal and enterprise.

That there is a river which, if suffered to flow over the impurities of falsehood and dissimulation in the world, is powerful enough to wash them all away ; since it flows from the FOUNTAIN OF EVER LIVING WATERS.

That the powerful writers, from whom I have given extracts, have treated the subject of truth as *moralists only* ; and have, therefore, kept out of sight the only *sure*

motive to resist the temptation to lie ; namely, OBEDIENCE TO THE DIVINE WILL.

That the moral man *may* utter spontaneous truth on all occasions ; but, the religious man, if he acts consistently *must* do so.

That, both the Old and New Testament abound in facts and texts to prove how odious the sin of lying is in the sight of the Almighty ; as I have shown in several quotations from Scripture, to that effect.

That as no person has a right to resent being called a sloven who goes about in a stained garment, though that stain be a single one ; so that person who indulges in any one species of lie cannot declare, with justice, that he deserves not the name of liar.

That the all-powerful Being who has said “ as is our day, our strength shall be,” still lives to hear the prayer of all who call on Him, and in the hour of temptation will “ strengthen them out of Zion.”

That, in all other times of danger, the believer supplicates for help, but few persons think of praying to be preserved from *little lying*, though the Lord has not revealed to us what species of lying he *tolerates*, and what he *reproves*.

That, though I am sure it is not impossible to speak the truth always, when persons are powerfully influenced by religious motives, I admit the extreme difficulty of it, and have given the conduct of some distinguished religious characters as illustrations of the difficulty.

That other instances have been stated, in order to exemplify the power of religious motives on some minds to induce undaunted utterance of the truth, even when death was the sure consequence.

That temptations to little lying are far more common than temptations to *great* and *important* lies ; that they are far more difficult to resist, because they come upon us daily and unawares, and because we know that we may utter white lies without fear of detection ; and, if detected, without any risk of being disgraced by them in the eyes of others.

That, notwithstanding, they are equally, with great lies, contrary to the will of God, and that it is necessary to be "watchful unto prayer," when we are tempted to commit them.

I conclude this summary by again conjuring my readers to reflect that there is no moral difficulty, however great, which **COURAGE**, **ZEAL**, and **PERSEVERANCE**, will not enable them to overcome; and, never, probably, was there a period, in the history of man, when those qualities seemed more successfully called into action, than at the present moment.

Never was there a better opportunity of establishing general society on the principles of truth, than that now afforded by the enlightened plan of educating the **INFANT POPULATION** of these United Kingdoms.

There is one common ground on which the most sceptical philosopher, and the most serious Christian meet, and cordially agree; namely, on the doctrines of the *omnipotence of motives*. They differ only on the *nature* of the motives to be applied to human actions; the one approving of moral motives alone, the other advocating the propriety of giving religious ones.

But, these motives only can be made to act upon the *infant* mind, which it is able to understand; and they are, chiefly, the hope of reward for obedience, and the dread of punishment for disobedience. But, these motives are all-sufficient; therefore, even at the earliest period of life, a love of truth and an abhorrence of lying may be inculcated with the greatest success. Moreover, **HABIT**, that best of friends, or worst of foes, according to the direction given to its power, may form an impregnable barrier to defend the pupils thus trained, against the allurements of falsehood.

Children taught to tell the truth from the motive of fear and of hope, and from the force of habit, will be so well prepared to admit and profit by the highest motives to do so, as soon as they can be unfolded to their minds, that, when they are removed to other schools, as they advance in life, they will be found to abhor every description of lying and deceit; and thus the cause of *spon-*

taneous truth and general education will go forward, progressing and prospering together.

Nor can the mere moralist, or the man of the world, be blind to the benefit which would accrue to them, were society to be built on the foundation of truth and of sincerity. If our servants, a race of persons on whom much of our daily comfort depends, are trained up in habits of truth, domestic confidence and security will be the happy result; and we shall no longer hear the common complaint of their lies and dishonesty; and, the parents who feel the value of truth in their domestics, will, doubtless, take care to teach their children those habits which have had power to raise even their inferiors in the scale of utility and of moral excellence. Where are the worldlings who, in such a state of society, would venture to persevere in what they now deem *necessary white lying*, when the lady may be shamed into truth by the refusal of her *waiting-maid* to utter the lie required; and the gentleman may learn to feel the meanness of falsehood, alias, of the **LIE OF CONVENIENCE**, by the respectful, but firm, resistance to utter it of his *valet-de-chambre*? But, if the minds of the poor and the laborious, who must always form the most extensive part of the community, are formed in infancy to the practice of moral virtue, the happiness, safety, and improvement, of the higher classes will, I doubt not, be thereby secured. As the lofty heads of the pyramids of Egypt were rendered able to resist the power of the storm and the whirlwind, through successive ages, by the extent of their basis, and by the soundness and strength of the materials of which they were constructed, so the continued security, and the very existence, perhaps, of the higher orders in society, may depend on the extended moral teaching and sound principles of the lowest orders; for treachery and conspiracy, with their results, rebellion, and assassination, are not likely to be the crimes of those who have been taught to practise *truth* and *openness* in all their dealings, on the ground of **MORAL ORDER**, and of obedience to the **WILL OF GOD**.

But, it is the bounden duty of the rich and of the great, to maintain their superiority of mind and morals, as well as that of wealth and situation. I beseech them to remember that it will always be their place to give and not to *take* example; and they must be careful, in the race of morality, to be neither outstripped, nor overtaken by their inferiors. They must also believe, in order to render their efforts successful, that, although morality without religion is, comparatively, weak, yet when these are combined, they are strong enough to overcome all obstacles.

Lying is a sin which tempts us on every side, but is more to be dreaded when it allures us in the shape of white lies; for against these, as I have before observed, we are not on our guard; and, instead of looking on them as enemies we consider them as friends.

BLACK LIES, if I may so call them, are beasts and birds of prey, which we rarely see; and which, when seen, we know that we must instantly avoid; but white lies approach us in the pleasing shape of *necessary courtesies and innocent self-defence*.

Finally, I would urge them to remember that if they believe in the records of holy writ, they can thence derive sufficient motives to enable them to tell spontaneous truth, in defiance of the sneers of the world, and of "evil and good report."

That faith in a life to come, connected with a close dependence on divine grace, will give them power in this, as well as in other respects, to emancipate themselves from their own bondage of corruption, as well as to promote the purification of others. For, Christians possess what Archimedes wanted; they have *another* sphere on which to fix their hold; and, by that means, can be enabled to move, to influence, and to benefit, this present world of transitory enjoyments; a world which is in reality safe and precious to those alone who "use it without abusing it," and who are ever looking beyond it "to a building of God, a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

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